MISTY
ANNUAL 1981
A FLEETWAY ANNUAL

Welcome
to my
midnight world...

WINTER, AND THE TINY VILLAGE OF ENDORF IS SNOW-COVERED. THE MOUNTAINS ARE BLEAK AND ICE-BOUND. THE VILLAGERS FIND THE HUNTING POOR . . .
THE WOODS ARE IN A VICE-LIKE, FROZEN STRANGLE HOLD . . .
Mountain Girl
BUT . . .
I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT, KARL . . . !
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, AND YET . . . THE CLEARING IS FREE OF WINTER. IT IS GREEN!
GRASS . . . FLOWERS . . . GROWING AS IF IT WERE SUMMER!
GREETINGS, MY FRIENDS – YOU ARE WELCOME!
IT IS A MIRACLE . . . !
WH-WHO ARE YOU? HOW HAVE YOU PRODUCED THIS MIRACLE?
£1.80

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IT IS NO MIRACLE – I AM VIKTOR, AND THIS GIRL IS MY GRANDDAUGHTER. WE LIVE IN THESE WOODS. WE ARE IN TUNE WITH NATURE. SENSITIVE TO IT . . . WE SIMPLY MOULD IT TO OUR NEEDS.
YOU REALISE WHAT THIS MIGHT MEAN, MY FRIENDS?
IF THEY SPEAK THE TRUTH, THEY COULD BE A GREAT BLESSING FOR OUR VILLAGE!
SURELY IT IS LONELY, LIVING HERE? COME WITH US TO ENDORF. WE WOULD WELCOME YOU WITH OPEN ARMS AND –
THANK YOU, BUT WE DO NOT CHOOSE TO LEAVE – THIS IS OUR HOME HERE!
YOU MISUNDERSTAND, OLD MAN. WE INSIST THAT YOU COME WITH US – YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!
AND SO . . .
GRANDFATHER, OUR CROPS AND FLOWERS WILL DIE . . . I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY WE MUST LEAVE OUR HOME.
YOU WILL, ANNA . . . YOU WILL!
WHEN THEY REACHED ENDORF . . .
SEE, THIS IS ONE OF OUR FIELDS. FROZEN, BARREN – SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO. HAVE OUR FIELD BLOOM AGAIN!
OUR GIFT IS NO CIRCUS ACT TO BE SHOWED OFF AT WILL!
HUSH, CHILD. DO AS THEY ASK . . . IT CAN DO NO HARM!

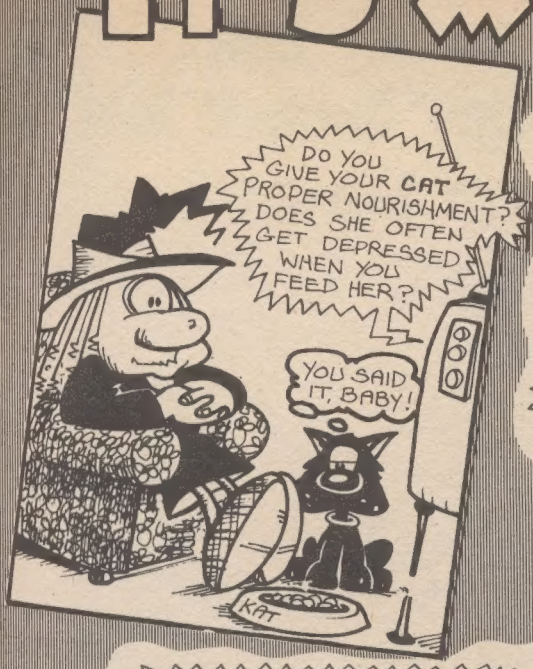
THE GIRL KNELT AND AS SHE TOUCHED THE GROUND, SO GRASS STARTED TO GROW AGAIN.
IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES . . .
I — I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
GRASS GROWING AND CORN, TOO!
NOW WE CAN GROW FOOD EVEN IN WINTER — WE WILL NEVER HUNGER AGAIN!
TELL ME, HOW DO YOU DO THIS TRICK, OLD MAN?
IT IS NO TRICK. WE ARE ONE WITH MOTHER NATURE, AND SHE GRANTS US GIFTS AND FAVOURS. MY POWERS GROW OLD AND WEAK, BUT ANNA'S ARE YOUNG AND FRESH . . .
FINE, NOW YOU WILL BOTH STAY HERE, AS GUESTS OF ENDORF!
NO — WE MUST RETURN HOME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. WE MISS THE MOUNTAINS . . . !
TOO BAD. YOU HAVE GREAT POWERS, AND YOU'RE STAYING HERE TO USE THEM — REFUSE AND YOUR GRANDDAUGHTER'S LIKELY TO END UP WITH A BULLET IN HER!
SO VIKTOR AND ANNA BECAME PRISONERS OF ENDORF. THEY HAD THE FREEDOM OF THE VILLAGE BUT WERE GUARDED NIGHT AND DAY . . .
NEVER ALLOWED BEYOND THE VILLAGE BOUNDARIES. IT BECAME A PRISON WITHOUT BARS . . .

THROUGH THE LONG WINTER MONTHS, ANNA OBEYED THE ORDERS OF THE VILLAGERS . . .
SHE NEVER FAILS . . . AND SHE GIVES US ANY KIND OF CROP. THE GIRL IS INDEED BLESSED.
OR BEWITCHED!
OUR GARDENS HAVE NEVER LOOKED BETTER . . .
EVEN THE TREES HAVE BLOSSOMED AND BEAR FRUIT THAT WE'VE NEVER SEEN IN THESE PARTS BEFORE . . . !
AND ENDORF BECAME AN OASIS OF SUMMER, IN THE MIDST OF WINTER!
BUT EVEN MIRACLES CAN TURN SOUR . . .
BECAUSE WE ARE NEIGHBOURS, THE OTHER VILLAGES THINK WE HAVE A DUTY TO GIVE THEM A SHARE OF OUR CROPS!
GIVE? NEVER, BUT WE'LL SELL THEM FOOD!
AT TWICE THE NORMAL PRICE OF COURSE!
HA-HAA-HAA-HA . . . !
I'VE DELIVERED ANOTHER WAGON LOAD TO ARNSBURG – WE GROW RICH QUICKLY, KARL!
AND WE SHALL CONTINUE TO DO SO, JUST AS LONG AS THE GIRL VALUES HER GRANDFATHER'S LIFE ENOUGH TO OBEY US . . . !
BUT . . .
WE ARE FRIENDS OF MOTHER EARTH, ANNA, YET WE ARE BETRAYING HER AND ABUSING HER GIFTS . . . SO IT IS TIME FOR US TO RETURN HOME . . .

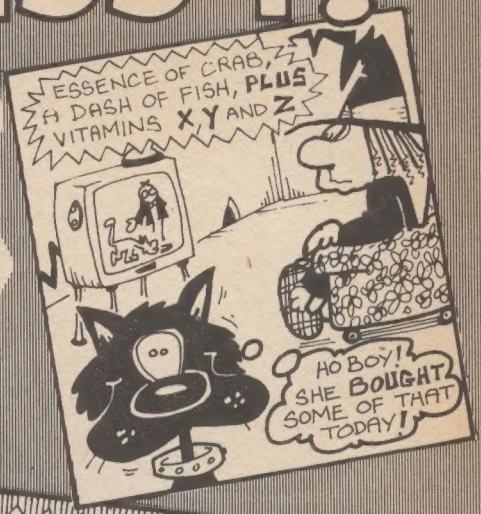
BUT . . .
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU TWO ARE GOING?
HOME TO OUR MOUNTAINS. WE HAVE DONE ENOUGH FOR YOU. YOU WILL BULLY US NO LONGER!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE – STOP OR I SHOOT!
BL-A-AMM!!
I . . . SAID . . . STOP!
GRANDFATHER . . . OH, GRANDFATHER . . . !
I – I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM. IT WAS MEANT TO BE A-A WARNING. THAT'S ALL!
THEY WATCHED HER GO IN SILENCE . . .
I AM GOING HOME, GRANDFATHER. I KNOW THAT IS WHAT YOU WOULD WANT.
HE IS DEAD NOW, AND I AM LEAVING YOUR VILLAGE – DO NOT TRY TO STOP ME!
DON'T FRET, FRANZ. THE VILLAGE IS ALREADY RICH BEYOND OUR DREAMS, AND OUR FIELDS ARE STILL FULL!
TRUE – MAYBE WE DON'T NEED THAT PAIR ANY MORE, ANYWAY . . . !

HE WAS ONE WITH NATURE HE SAID . . . HA, HA, A FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT DID HIM WHEN FRANZ'S BULLET HIT HIM, EH . . . ?
HA HA HA . . . HA HA . . .
AND IN THE HILLS, JUST WHERE ENDORF'S GREEN BECAME WINTER'S WHITE AGAIN . . .
LAUGHTER AND SINGING . . . MY GRANDFATHER LIES DEAD AT THEIR HANDS, AND THEY LAUGH AND SING . . . !
I INTENDED TO LET THEM BE. I THOUGHT THEIR GUILT AND SHAME WOULD BE PUNISHMENT ENOUGH, BUT THEY FEEL NO SHAME . . . WELL, THEY SHALL FEEL SOMETHING!
THERE HAS NEVER BEEN AN EARTHQUAKE IN THIS AREA, BUT THERE SHALL BE ONE NOW . . . !
AND THERE WAS . . .
AAAAGH . . . !
IT WAS SAVAGE, BRUTAL AND SWIFT. THE VILLAGE OF ENDORF WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED. PEOPLE WERE LEFT HOMELESS, THEIR WEALTH SCATTERED . . .
AND THE MOUNTAIN GIRL RETURNED HOME . . . !
THE END

IT'S ME-MISS T!


DO YOU GIVE YOUR CAT PROPER NOURISHMENT? DOES SHE OFTEN GET DEPRESSED WHEN YOU FEED HER?
YOU SAID IT, BABY!
KAT

SERVE HER NEW YUMMIKINS! IT HAS EVERYTHING YOUR MOGGY NEEDS


ESSENCE OF CRAB, A DASH OF FISH, PLUS VITAMINS X, Y AND Z
HO BOY! SHE BOUGHT SOME OF THAT TODAY!

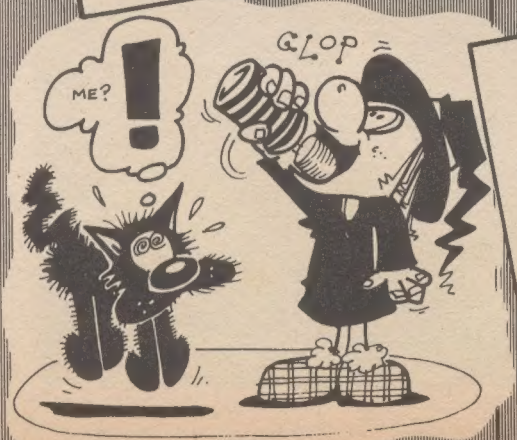
COME ON, GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR AND GO INTO THE KITCHEN. THINK OF THAT TASTY NOSH!
HEEEY!

DON'T DELAY. FEED PUSSY NOW WITH DELICIOUS YUMMIKINS!
IF ONLY SHE WOULD!

OPEN UP A TIN AND VIEW IT'S LIP-SMACKING CONTENTS...
SHE'S DOING IT! SHE'S GONE TO THE KITCHEN...
SHE'S OPENING A TIN OF YUMMY YUMMIKINS!

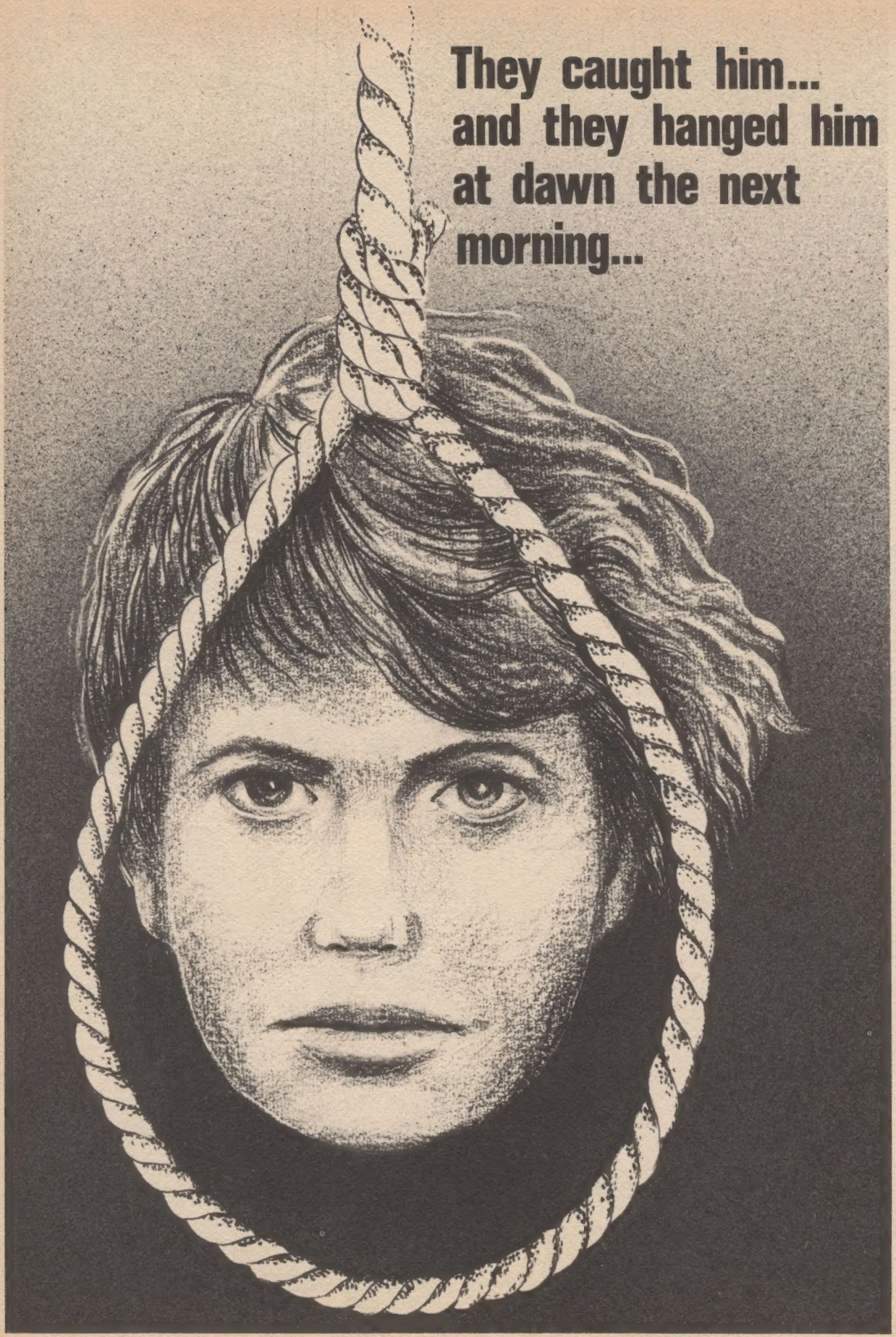
CLICK

MISS T'S GOING TO FEED ME! MISS T'S GOING TO FEED...
PURR


ME?
GLOP

THEY ADVERTISE THAT STUFF TOO WELL!
BURP

KAT


They caught him...
and they hanged him
at dawn the next
morning...

IT HAD BEEN fine in the daylight, talking it over with the gang, laughing about it. That was just after she'd accepted the dare. After all, she'd been passing the house on dark evenings all her life, and it had never looked *that* spooky. Well, not more than most empty houses do at night.

★ ★ ★

Only this one was *supposed* to be haunted. People said they'd seen lights moving about after dark, had heard cries. Jinny and her crowd didn't have much time for ghosts, or anything, come to that, which wasn't part of their own bright world of discos and Pop stars and thinking up new ways of getting out of homework. So she'd been the one to scoff loudest at the idea of the house being haunted, and then awful Lila Mason, who wasn't part of their crowd at all, but *would* hang around, said, "All right, then, clever, I dare you to spend the night there. Bet you a new disc you don't. A single," she added quickly.

Of course Jinny had pointed out that her parents wouldn't let her. "Otherwise I would," she assured the others, who were beginning to look at her with grins on their faces.

"What about the times you've slipped out to the disco when your Mum thought you were in bed?" said Sally Mount – she *would* remember that.

"It was only once," Jinny said. Her mother had thought she was looking 'peaked', a favourite word of hers. "Too many late nights, my girl. Coming in at all hours, not getting your proper sleep!" A positive ban was put on the disco that night – a night she'd been looking forward to all the week. Yawning hugely, Jinny had agreed that perhaps an early night would be a good idea, and had taken some hot milk up with her. Half an hour later she'd slipped, unnoticed, out of the back door while Mum and Dad sat laughing at some comedy show on the Box. They'd never found out. Mercifully, Mum wasn't the type who checked all the rooms last thing at night.

"We'll *all* give you a disc," said Sally. "Singles. Or we'll club together and buy you an L.P. How about it?"

"Listen," Jinny said, "why are you so anxious to get me into that house?"

But she knew that what lay behind all the prodding was just plain boredom, with the Christmas holidays still too far off to be interesting, and the disco closed till next week for repairs.

Funny, tonight of all nights her mother had cautioned her about leaving the house after dark.

"I hope you've nothing planned, Jinny. I hope you're staying in until they've caught that boy. They haven't managed to yet, he's still roaming around loose."

"What boy?" said Jinny absently. Her mind was on getting into that house – because she'd accepted the dare, of course, it wasn't in her nature not to, not when she was pushed.

"What boy?" she repeated. Her mother went on in a scandalized way about some Borstal boy who'd escaped from a working party and was said to have been seen in the vicinity. "Well, not exactly the *vicinity*," said her mother, a stickler for accuracy. "More over Riddley way – still, that's only fifteen miles and I don't want you running into him. Dangerous, they say he is . . . 'could become violent' . . . so the papers said. Poor boy," she added with one of her lightning changes of sympathy. "Spent last night in a ditch, I've no doubt. And tonight, too, unless they catch him."

"Better than spending it in a haunted house," Jinny thought. Now, with darkness coming on, she was having second thoughts about what lay ahead of her. But the thought of the new L.P. kept her going, that and thinking about the nasty smile Lila Mason would wear for days if she *didn't* go.

The 'escape' from the house went like clockwork; she stole through the back door like a shadow just as Mum was saying, "Switch to the other programme, Albert, there's a Quiz game coming on." The gang had been waiting to escort her to the house. They all had bikes and they left her at the gate. She was known to be honest, so no one even suggested she might sneak back home after they'd left, though awful Lila Mason probably thought it. Jinny waited until the last cycle had disappeared, then went boldly into the garden.

It was a dark, whispering place . . . a bit spooky in a way, but pleasant, too. The velvet shadows

SOMEWHERE

Please turn over...

SOMEWHERE

were a sort of dusky purple and a night bird called in a quiet, plaintive voice, as if he were saying her name. She found quite suddenly that she wasn't afraid; that in fact she was anxious to get inside the house. It looked peaceful under the pale moon, old and serene and enduring, and she felt ashamed in some odd way that she and her friends had laughed at it, called it Spook's Corner, and made a silly dare about it.

The locks on the windows were long since broken and it was easy to climb in. She stood now in the hall, and the moonlight slanted across it turning its floor and walls to dusty silver. She had the strange sensation that the house had been waiting for her, as if wanting to share its secrets with her. She glanced up at the top of the tall, winding stairs. It was hidden in the same soft darkness that seemed part of the old house. She'd walk around up there later. Right now she intended to find somewhere she could sleep. She opened the door of what must have been, in its day, the drawing room, and found herself looking straight into the face of the boy who sat there just inside the door.

He was the first to speak. He said, "I thought it was Them." She heard the capital T come across even though he spoke very softly. "I thought They'd come for me. I heard you moving about out there, and I was so certain. . . ."

His face was very pale. He sat wrapped in something that looked and smelled like an old horse blanket, but every now and then he shivered. She found her voice as her mother's words came back to her – though really it didn't sound like her voice at all.

"You spent last night in a ditch, didn't you? You must have caught a chill."

He gave a faint smile. "The wettest ditch in England. I haven't been able to get the cold and damp out of my bones yet. Lucky I found this place – and this blanket." He was watching her warily. He said suddenly, "Are you going to tell them I'm here?"

"Tell them? Oh, you mean the . . .!" She couldn't say the word. "Of course I'm not," she told him. She wanted to ask what he'd done. Surely it couldn't have been anything too bad. He didn't *look* violent, he didn't look much different from the boys in her crowd. Two or three years older, perhaps. She said, with some vague intention of comforting him. "They're out looking for you over Riddley way."

He seemed only mildly interested. "They're looking for me everywhere. There's hardly anywhere left for me to go. This house – it's my last refuge. This is where They are going to catch up with me."

"Why do you say that, how can you know?"

"I only know that I *do* know. I know that this is the end of my road." He repeated the words, "my road", almost tenderly. He said suddenly, "I've known freedom. Whatever they do to me, I've known that. Some people live all their lives without once knowing a moment of true liberty – but *I* have known it. It's meant loneliness . . . endless running . . . but it's given me the clean wind on the heath, the open sky, the long, dusty roads always leading . . . *somewhere*. It was the only way I could have lived."

In spite of his words she heard a faint note in his voice, almost like a cry.

She said, puzzled by him, "But couldn't you have had all those things without going against the Law?"

"How?" he asked her. "Tell me how?" She couldn't give him an answer, although she knew there must be one. She sat down near him, and this time her words came easily.

"Why are they after you, what did you do?"

"You don't know? I thought everyone did." Then, with a sudden sad smile, "I took things that didn't belong to me. Money. Other things, too . . . jewellery . . . watches. I took them from people on the roads. I needed the money, you see, to live the way I wanted to live. My father –" he gave a small grimace of disgust "– he wanted me to work as a clerk. I had to choose."

She'd realised, of course, that he must have done something criminal or he wouldn't have been in a Borstal, but to hear him confess to robbing people in the street shocked her. She supposed he must have held them up with a gun. It was all so far removed from anything in her own experience. He saw her expression and said gently, as if to comfort her, "I only took from rich people. People who could afford it. Not that that'll be taken into account, of course."

"I'll tell you what would," she said, suddenly bold. "If you gave yourself up. I mean, you were so sure they were going to catch you tonight, so why not just turn yourself in? Then, when they come to sentence you, they'll go easy on you, they always do. At least so I've heard."

Please turn over...

He was looking at her incredulously. "Go easy on me? What do you mean – that They'll forgive me my trespasses, is that what you mean?"

She saw that a boy like him – a Borstal boy – would of course have a different idea of Them to the one she had. "They'd surely want to give you a chance," she said softly.

"What you said about the wind on the heath . . . about the long,

dusty roads," she told him. "I wouldn't have expected you to talk like that. It was almost like poetry."

He smiled, as if she had pleased him. "I read a lot of poetry. Does that surprise you? I memorise it and then I say it over softly to myself as I lie under the stars."

"Have you slept rough a lot then?"

"Rough? You mean, not in a bed? Much more than I've slept *in* a bed, these last two years."

"Two years? Is that how long . . .?" She left the question hanging in the air, and he finished it for her.

"Is that how long since I took to the road? Yes, two years. I started younger than most. It was that or being a clerk, you see."

She thought of him lying out there on the lonely heath looking up at the sky and reciting poetry. Then she thought of her own home; of the things dear to her, the shabby-comfortable furniture, her mother moving about quietly in a kitchen that smelled of fresh baking and love and home. She felt a sudden terrible aching sadness for him and all the things he'd never had. She said, trying to swallow the lump in her throat, "I wish it could have been different for you. That you could have had what you wanted without – without coming to this."

"But it has come to this," he said. It was almost as if he spoke to himself. "This is where it all ends. Here. Tonight. In this room."

"No," she said. "No, not ends. If you're right . . . if they do catch you tonight, why, they'll just take you back to – to *that place*." She found she couldn't say the word. "They'll take you back there, and you'll stay there for a while, and then . . ." She wanted to say, "I'll be your friend. And all my crowd . . . Peggy, and Sheila and Joe and all of them . . . they'll be your friends, too. And Mum and Dad – they'll help . . . you'll see it's possible to live free but not outside the Law."

He said very softly, "You don't understand. They're going to kill me. They'll do it tonight, when

they catch me. These few hours in this quiet room are the last I have left on earth."

She was so shocked by his words she cried out, as if in pain. She said wildly, "You're wrong . . . *wrong* . . . what are you talking about? They don't kill Borstal boys in this country! They don't kill ANYBODY!"

He wasn't listening to her, but to something else she couldn't hear. His head raised, alert, like an animal scenting danger. He turned suddenly and looked at her. "They're coming," he said. "They'll soon be here. You must go now. I don't want you to be with me when it happens."

"I'll stay with you." She was still talking wildly.

He shook his head. He seemed amazingly calm. "Thank you for saying that. It was a true act of friendship. I shall carry the thought of it with me when I go. But *you* must go now. You mustn't be here when the moment comes."

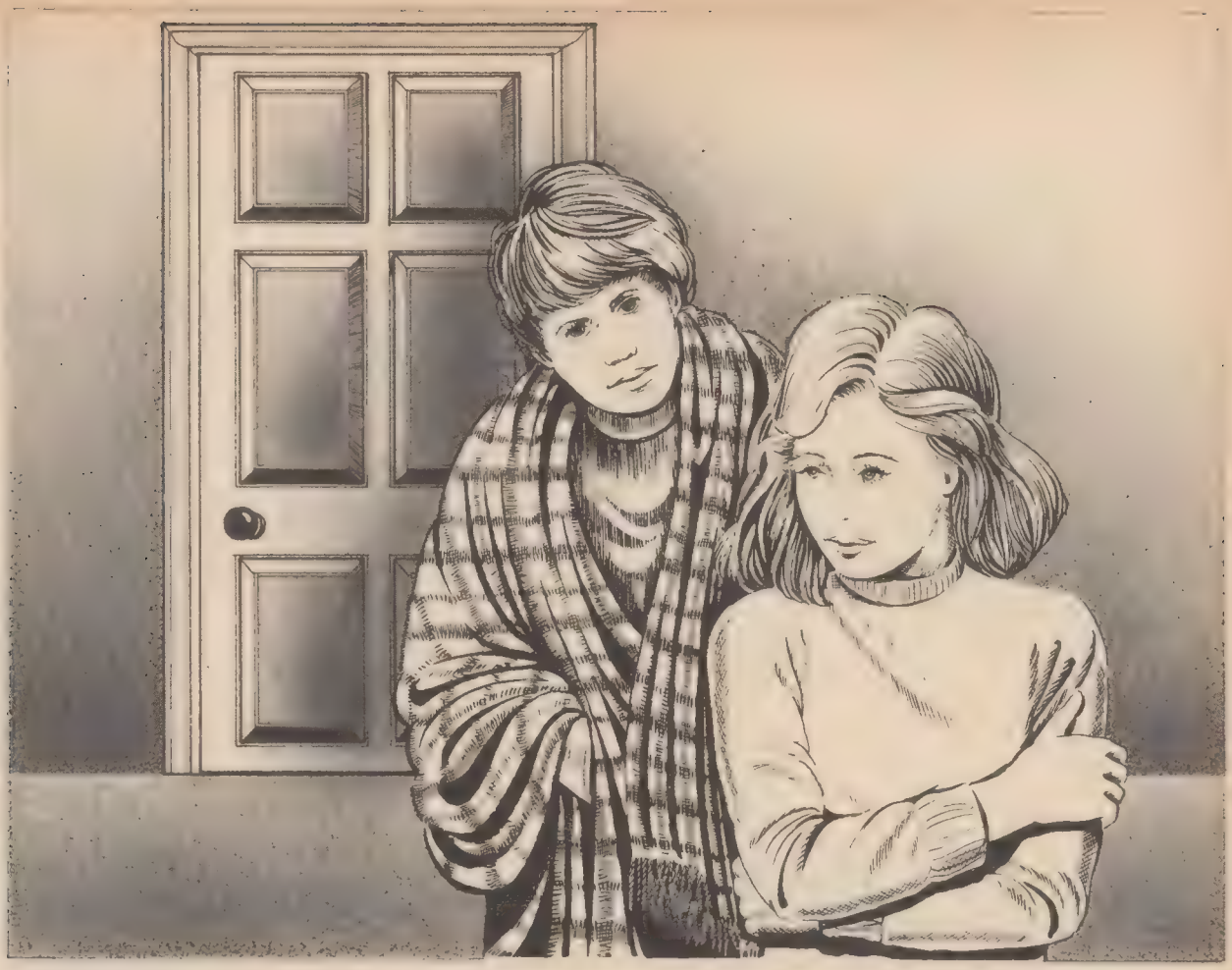
Impelled by his quiet urgency she moved towards the door. Turning as she opened it she told him, "I've liked talking to you. And it's not going to end like this. We'll see each other again."

"I know we will," he said, smiling. "Somewhere. Goodnight."

She found she was crying when she got outside. So much that she couldn't risk riding her bicycle home. She walked it all the way, hearing the church clock strike some late hour. She met no one. He must have been wrong about Them coming. They weren't going to find him in that house, and in the morning, before school, she'd cycle out to him with some food and whatever money she had in her money box. Part of her said he was a criminal who should pay his debt to society, but all she could think of was him shivering in his old blanket, the moon lighting his pale face, a boy without friends and without a future.

She slept late, which was surprising, because after all that had happened she hadn't expected to sleep at all. Eating her breakfast she planned what she would take

SOMEWHERE



She wanted to say, "I'll be your friend"...

the boy. Some rolls and ham from the corner shop – she could hardly ask her mother for food. Some cheese, perhaps, a bottle of coke. That's if he was still there, of course. That was if They hadn't caught up with him.

She said, elaborately casual, "That Borstal boy, Mum – the one you were talking about. Did they catch him?"

"Yes," said her mother. "They caught him. Well, they always do in the end. They got him about seven o'clock last night, as he was coming out of a chip shop, just getting dark it was. Poor lad was starving – didn't even put up a fight."

Jinny saw the floor coming up to meet her and heard her mother cry out. She came to lying on the sofa in the sitting room. She looked up, not into her mother's face, but into Sally's frightened one. She said, "I came to call for you for school – I knocked at the door just as you fainted, your Mum said. She's in the kitchen getting you some water."

Jinny lay looking at the ceiling and said suddenly, in a voice that sounded hard because she was trying to stop it from shaking, "That house. The one I was in last night. Who is it supposed to be haunted by?"

"Oh, that. I found out last night – my Aunt Rose told me. There was this young highwayman, you see – this all happened about two hundred years ago, or maybe it was three hundred, I forget. Anyway, they were hunting for him and he hid in that house. But they traced him there, I think someone gave him away. They caught him, and they hanged him at dawn the next morning. I don't know how true it is," she added.

"It's true," Jinny whispered. "It's true." She turned her face to the wall and wept quietly. Yet in some mysterious way she knew, in the midst of her pain for the poor, doomed boy of the night before, a strange peace. Because now she was sure she'd been right. Last night hadn't been where it ended. Because he was her friend. And as he, himself, had said . . . they'd meet again.

Somewhere . . .

THE END

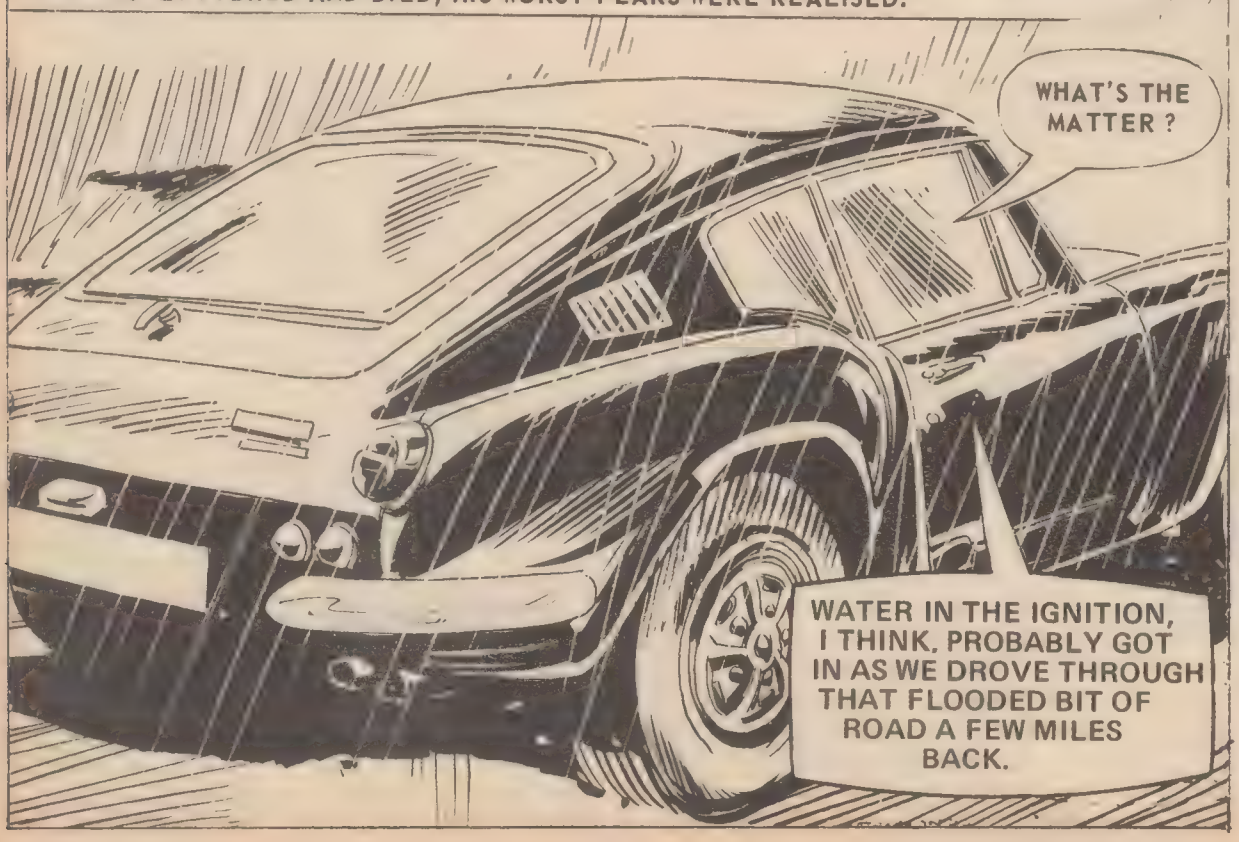
Emilie found she had become part of her...

STRANGE HERITAGE

ON THE WILD, RUGGED COAST OF YORKSHIRE, EMILIE HAVERSHAM FOUND A NEW LIFE AND THREE GENTLE COMPANIONS WHO WERE AS ENCHANTING AS THE SPRING IN WHICH THEY ALL CAME TOGETHER. BUT SORROW AND A STRANGE HERITAGE WERE WAITING FOR HER, TOO.

JOHN AND MARY TOWNSEND WERE ON THEIR HONEYMOON IN YORKSHIRE. IT WAS STILL EARLY IN THE YEAR AND DARKNESS AND BAD WEATHER WERE CLOSING IN AS THEY CROSSED DESOLATE SCATHBY FELL.

JOHN HAD TRIED TO KEEP HIS VOICE CHEERFUL, BUT ONLY MOMENTS LATER, AS THE ENGINE SPLUTTERED AND DIED, HIS WORST FEARS WERE REALISED.


WHAT'S THE MATTER ?
WATER IN THE IGNITION, I THINK. PROBABLY GOT IN AS WE DROVE THROUGH THAT FLOODED BIT OF ROAD A FEW MILES BACK.

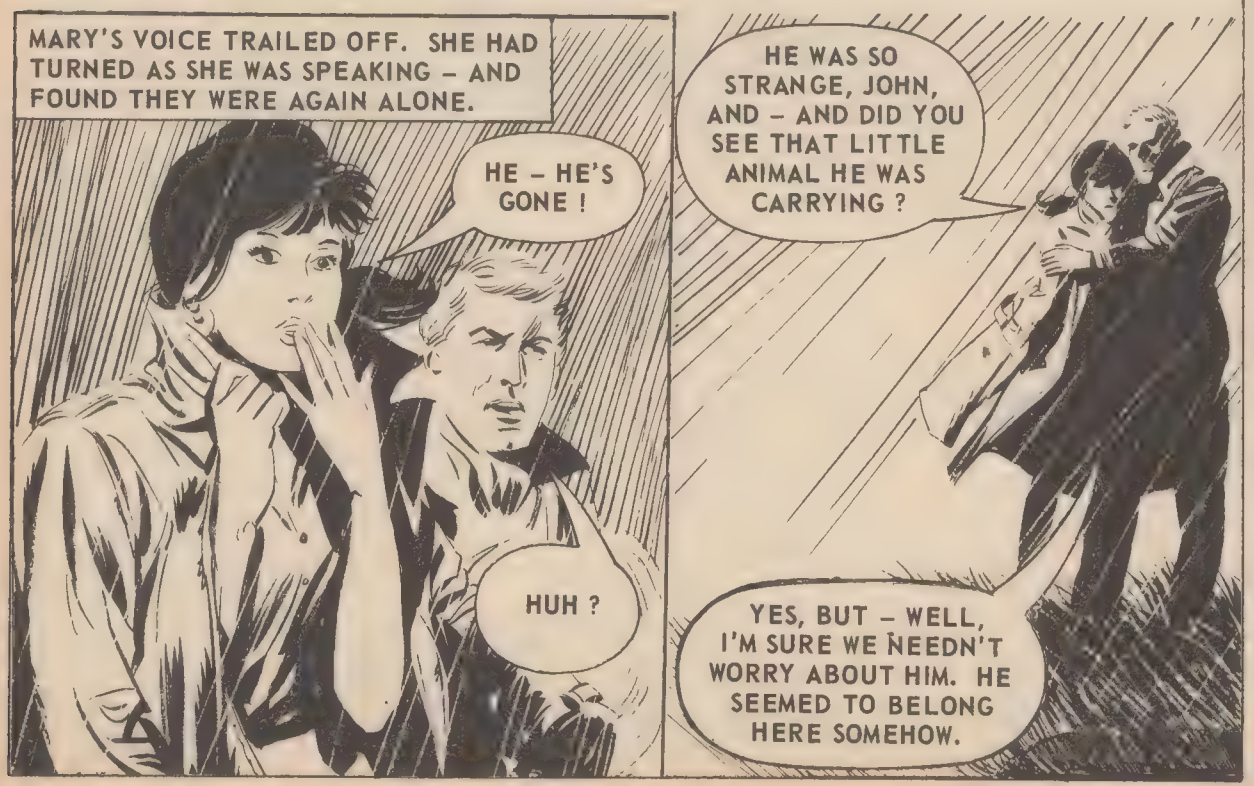
MARY LOOKED OUT INTO THE FAST FADING LIGHT AND SHIVERED. THE WARMTH AND COMFORT OF THE INN AT SCATHBY SEEMED SUDDENLY A LONG WAY OFF.

IT SEEMED A FORLORN HOPE, ON ONE SIDE, A WIND-LASHED SEA BATTERED AT GAUNT CLIFFS. ON THE OTHER, EMPTY MOORLAND UNDULATED INTO THE DARKNESS.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TRICK OF THE UNCERTAIN LIGHT, BUT THE SIGNPOST TURNED OUT TO BE NOTHING OF THE SORT . . .
JOHN – LOOK, IT – IT'S A BOY !
GOOD HEAVENS ! WHAT'S HE DOING UP HERE ? AND ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS ?
JOHN FLASHED HIS TORCH, AND MARY FOUND HERSELF STARING IN FASCINATION AT THE BRIGHT, UNWINKING EYES OF A SMALL ANIMAL CRADLED IN THE BOY'S ARMS.
OH – !

THEN JOHN BROKE THE SILENCE. HE HAD TO SHOUT TO MAKE HIMSELF HEARD ABOVE THE WIND.
OUR CAR HAS BROKEN DOWN. COULD YOU TELL US IF THERE IS ANYWHERE AROUND HERE WHERE WE COULD STAY FOR THE NIGHT, PLEASE ?
IF THE BOY ANSWERED, THE RAIN MUST HAVE SNATCHED HIS VOICE AWAY FOR THEY HEARD NO REPLY – BUT HE TURNED AND POINTED . . .
SOMEWHERE DOWN THERE ? OH, YES, I'M WITH YOU . . . !

THERE WAS A LIGHT THERE – LITTLE MORE THAN A PIN-PRICK, BUT IT HELD THE PROMISE OF HUMAN HABITATION.
SEE IT, MARY ? THERE MUST BE A HOUSE DOWN THERE !
GOSH, YES – WE'D NEVER HAVE SPOTTED IT THOUGH IF THIS BOY HADN'T –


MARY'S VOICE TRAILED OFF. SHE HAD TURNED AS SHE WAS SPEAKING – AND FOUND THEY WERE AGAIN ALONE.
HE – HE'S GONE !
HUH ?
HE WAS SO STRANGE, JOHN, AND – AND DID YOU SEE THAT LITTLE ANIMAL HE WAS CARRYING ?
YES, BUT – WELL, I'M SURE WE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. HE SEEMED TO BELONG HERE SOMEHOW.

ANYWAY, THERE'S A PATH OVER THERE. LET'S GET DOWN TO THE HOUSE BEFORE WE'RE SOAKED RIGHT THROUGH !
THEY SCRAMBLED DOWN THE PATH AND CAME AT LAST TO A HUGE HOUSE, GAUNT AND FORLORN WITH NEGLECT.
IT – IT LOOKS ALMOST DERELICT.
IT'S CERTAINLY SEEN BETTER DAYS. BUT AT LEAST SOMEONE STILL LIVES THERE, THANK GOODNESS !

THEY WERE LUCKY. THE FULL FURY OF THE RAIN-STORM BROKE JUST AS THEY REACHED THE SHELTER OF THE DOORWAY.
OH, COME ON – FOR PETE'S SAKE, SOMEONE ANSWER !
LONG MINUTES DRAGGED BY, THEN DRY BOLTS SCRAPED AS THEY WERE DRAWN BACK AND THE DOOR OPENED A FEW INCHES.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ?
CAN YOU GIVE US SHELTER, PLEASE ? OUR CAR BROKE DOWN AND WE'RE STRANDED !

Continued on page 41,

Alonzo the Brave... and Fair Imogene...

A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright
Conversed, as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the Knight,
The maid's was the Fair Imogene.

'And, oh!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,
Some others will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand.'

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' Fair Imogene said,
'Offensive to love and to me!
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

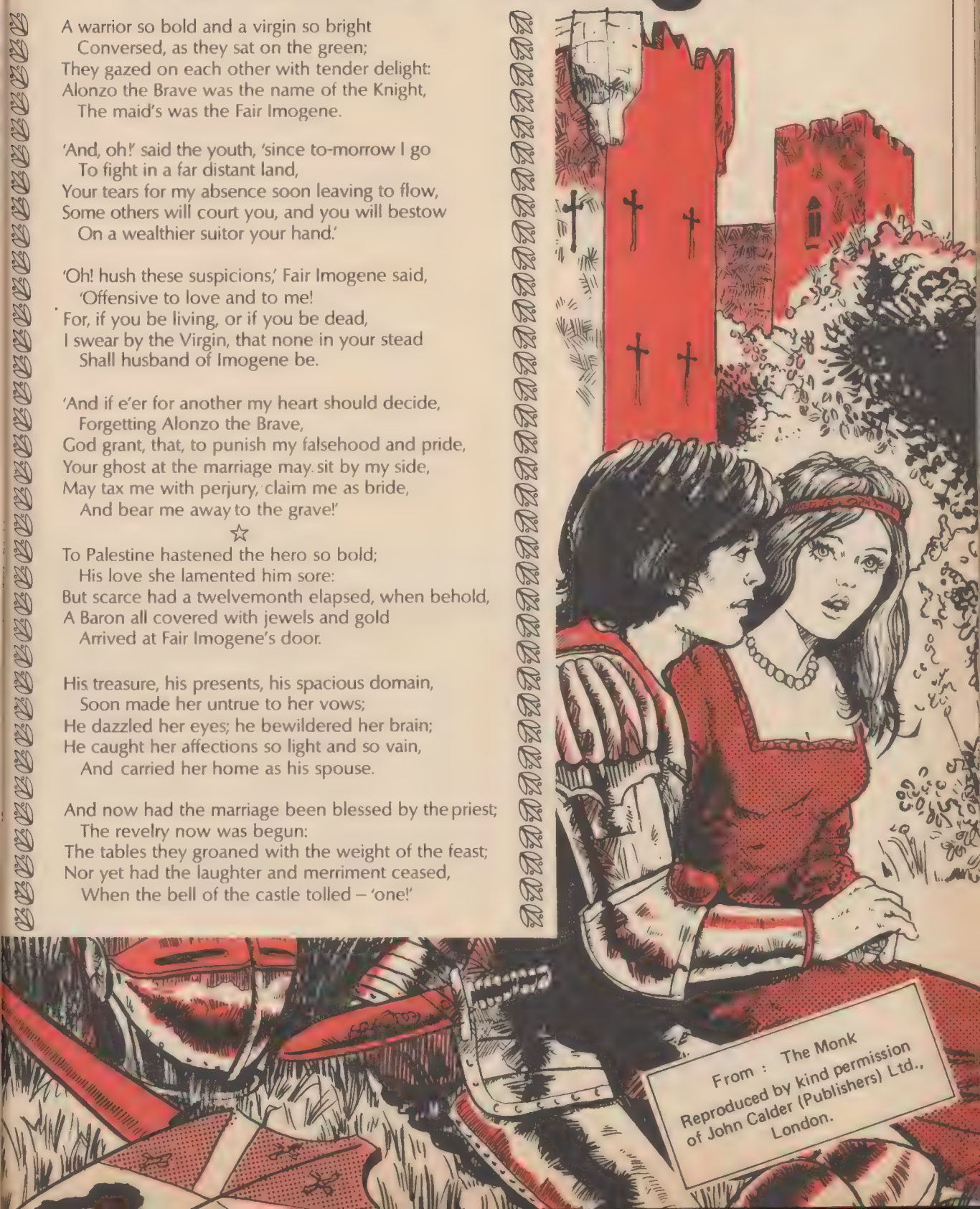
'And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant, that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!'

☆

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold;
His love she lamented him sore:
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold,
A Baron all covered with jewels and gold
Arrived at Fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes; he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blessed by the priest;
The revelry now was begun:
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle tolled – 'one!'



From : The Monk
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Then first with amazement Fair Imogene found
That a stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound;
He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height;
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The light in the chamber burnt blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear:
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled – 'I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.'

The lady is silent: the stranger complies,
His visor he slowly unclosed;
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogene's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout;
All turned with disgust from the scene.
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogene:

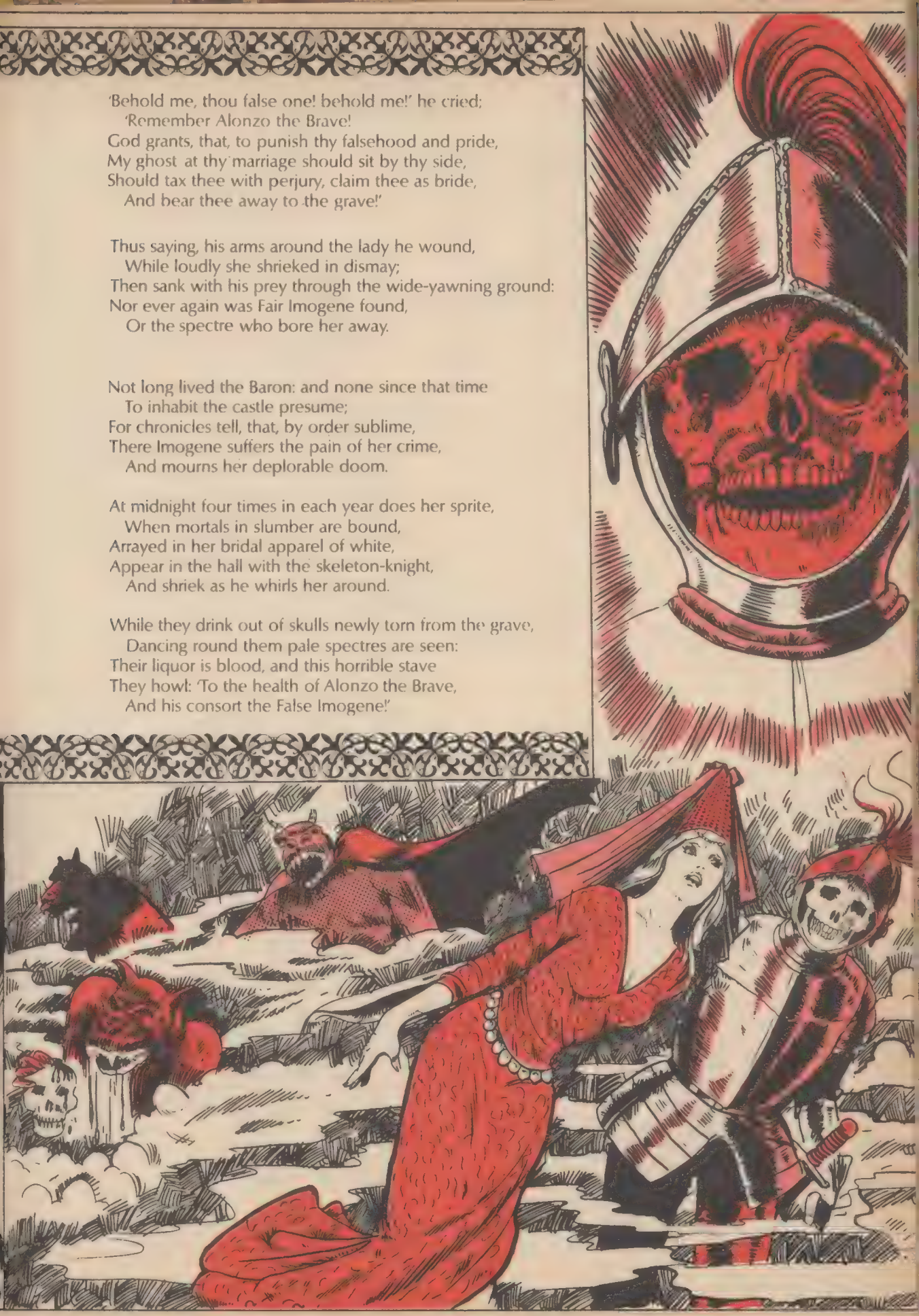
'Behold me, thou false one! behold me!' he cried;
'Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!'

Thus saying, his arms around the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide-yawning ground:
Nor ever again was Fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

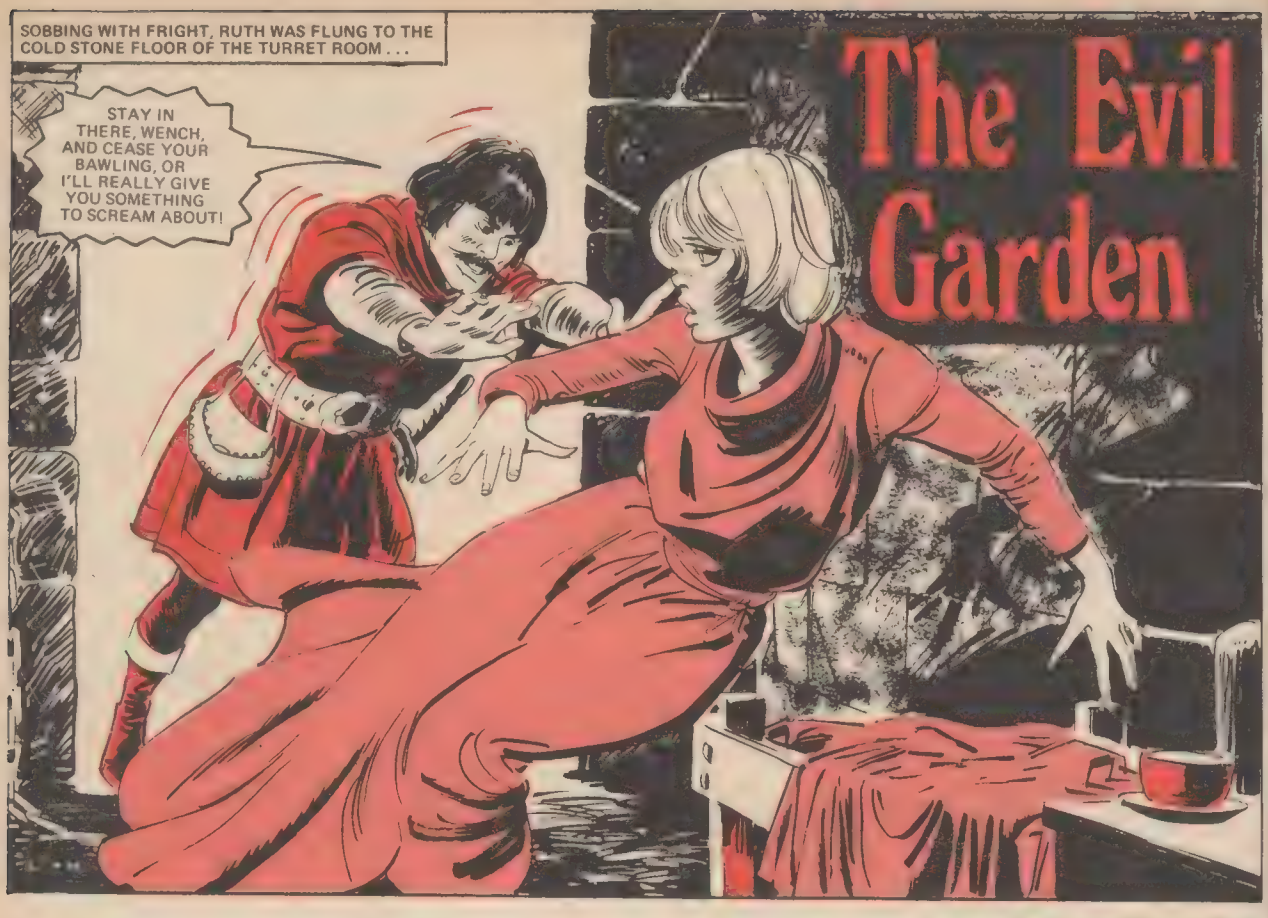
Not long lived the Baron: and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

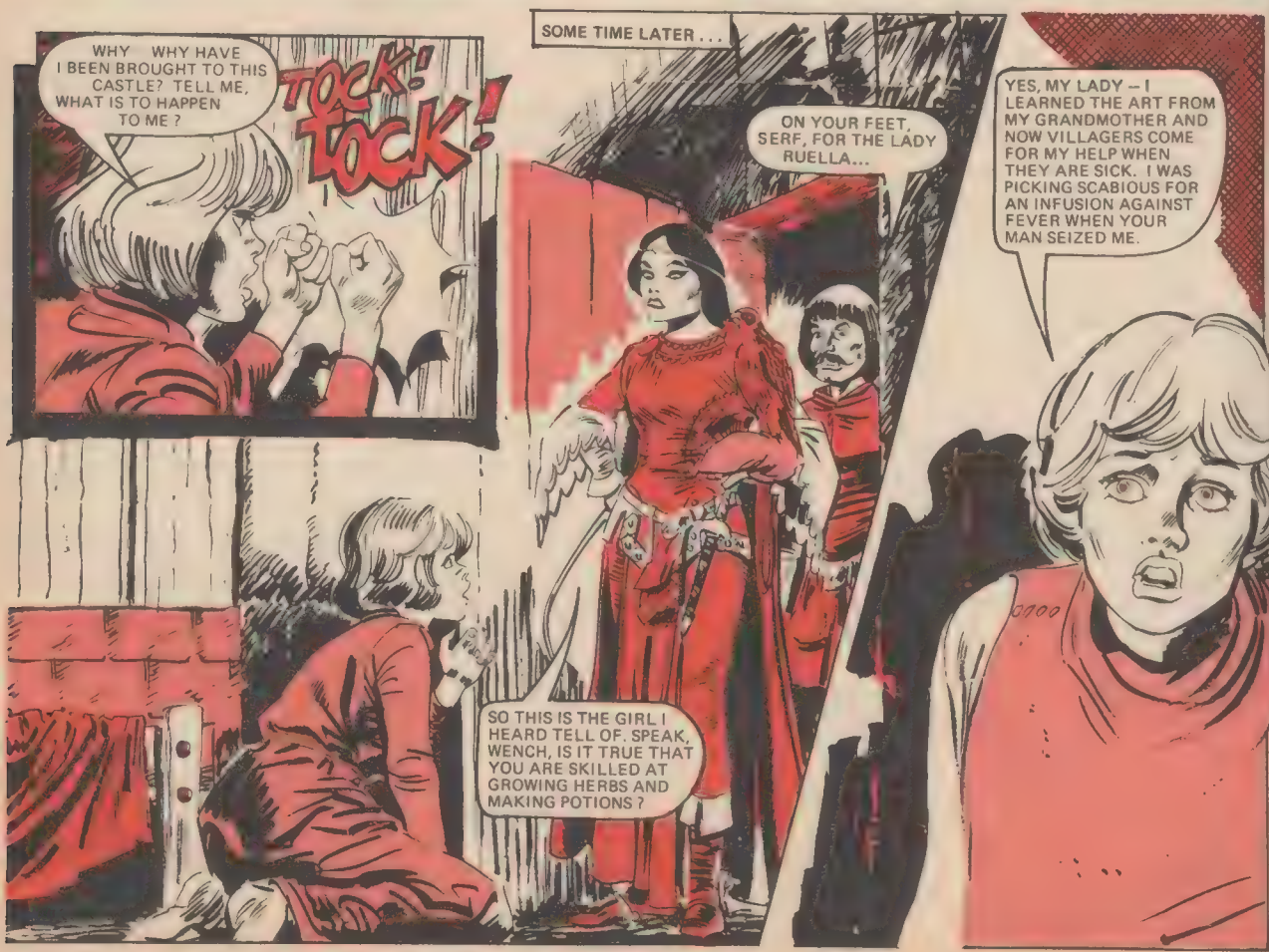
At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton-knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: 'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort the False Imogene!'



The Evil Garden


SOBBING WITH FRIGHT, RUTH WAS FLUNG TO THE COLD STONE FLOOR OF THE TURRET ROOM . . .
STAY IN THERE, WENCH, AND CEASE YOUR BAWLING, OR I'LL REALLY GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO SCREAM ABOUT!


WHY WHY HAVE I BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS CASTLE? TELL ME, WHAT IS TO HAPPEN TO ME?
TOCK! TOCK!
SOME TIME LATER . . .
ON YOUR FEET, SERF, FOR THE LADY RUELLA...
SO THIS IS THE GIRL I HEARD TELL OF. SPEAK, WENCH, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU ARE SKILLED AT GROWING HERBS AND MAKING POTIONS?
YES, MY LADY – I LEARNED THE ART FROM MY GRANDMOTHER AND NOW VILLAGERS COME FOR MY HELP WHEN THEY ARE SICK. I WAS PICKING SCABIOUS FOR AN INFUSION AGAINST FEVER WHEN YOUR MAN SEIZED ME.

LET ME FREE, MY LADY - GRANDMOTHER NEEDS ME AND MY PLACE IS WITH THE VILLAGE FOLK!
YOUR PLACE IS WHERE EVER I CHOOSE IT SHOULD BE, GIRL. AS FOR YOUR GRANDMOTHER, THE OLD CRONE CAN ROT IN HER HOVEL FOR ALL I CARE!
THE FIRST LESSONS MY SERVANTS LEARN IS COMPLETE OBEDIENCE. YOU BELONG TO ME LIKE THAT STOOL – INDEED, YOU ARE OF LESS VALUE.
HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS IN HER VELVETS AND FURS BUT HER EYES . . . PITILESS AS THE HAWK'S.
AS THE DAYS PASSED, RUTH LEARNT WHAT IS WAS TO BE AT THE LADY RUELLA'S MERCY . .
RUELLA, MUST YOU USE THE CHILD SO CRUELLY? SHE IS NEAR FAINTING!
FORCED TO CROUCH LIKE A DOG. SURELY IT WAS NOT FOR THIS THAT I WAS DRAGGED AWAY FROM ALL I LOVE . . . ?
HAVE A CARE, SISTER GRIZELDA. YOU ARE THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER AND LIVE ON MY CHARITY. I RULE HERE NOW OUR FATHER IS DEAD!
AND . . .
MAYBE A FEW BRUISES WILL TEACH YOU TO BRUSH MY HAIR GENTLY!
REVOLTING – FETCH SOMETHING MORE TO MY TASTE !
SPLAT!!

WILL I EVER ESCAPE FROM THIS PRISON? OH, GRANDMOTHER, HOW I LONG TO BE HOME WITH YOU AGAIN...
SHE IS NEARLY BROKEN THE TIME HAS COME TO SET HER TO HER REAL TASK
AND AS THE MOON ROSE THAT NIGHT, SILVERING THE CASTLE COURTYARD...
ENTER MY SECRET GARDEN AND NOW YOU SHALL BEGIN TO LABOUR AT THE TASK I HAD YOU BROUGHT HERE FOR!
NIGHTSHADE, YEW, THE DEADLY HELLEBORE... EVERYTHING, EVERY PLANT AND FLOWER HERE IS POISONOUS. THIS IS A GARDEN OF EVIL...!
YOU WILL TEND MY BEAUTIES AND WOE BETIDE YOU IF THEY FAIL TO FLOURISH!
THIS PLACE IS MONSTROUS, LIKE THE LADY RUELLA. THE CASTLE SERVANTS WHISPER THAT THOSE WHO OPPOSE HER DO NOT LIVE LONG...!
THERE ARE POISONS HERE TO WORK CUNNINGLY... TO SICKEN SLOWLY OR BRING ON SUDDEN SEEMINGLY NATURAL SEIZURE...!
THIS WHITE ROSE WILL BE THE ONLY GOOD AND PURE THING HERE MAY IT PROTECT ME FROM THE EVIL ALL ABOUT...!

TANSY'S SLAVERY CONTINUED UNTIL ONE DAY AN IMPORTANT GUEST CAME TO THE CASTLE
THAT IS THE LORD JOHN PIERS, RUTH HE'S RICH AND POWERFUL. LOOK HOW HE SMILES ON LADY GRIZELDA.
AND HOW LADY RUELLA HATES TO SEE IT . . . !
IT IS THE PRETTY CHILD FROM THE VILLAGE, AND SHE IS SHIVERING HERE, TAKE MY CLOAK, IT WILL WARM YOU!
MY LADY – OH, IF ONLY I COULD SERVE YOU . . . !
GRIZELDA'S KINDNESS WAS LIKE A BALM TO RUTH'S SORE HEART . . .
WHO CAN HELP LOVING HER, AS IT'S PLAIN LORD JOHN DOES . . . HOW GOOD IT IS TO HEAR LAUGHTER AGAIN!
BUT OTHER EYES WERE WATCHING . . .
WHEY FACED GRIZELDA THINKS TO MAKE THE DAZZLING MATCH THAT SHOULD BE MINE. SHE IS A FOOL, EH, GERARD MY PET?
AND ONLY A DAY OR SO LATER . . .
MY LADY – WHAT AILS YOU?
MY HEAD SPINS SO, ANNA . . . PERHAPS THE SWEETMEATS . . . HELP ME TO MY ROOM
THE NEWS REACHED RUTH . . .
IT IS THE LADY RUELLA'S DOING, I SWEAR IT . . . AND HER SHE COMES NOW . . . !

BRING THE BOWL HERE, GIRL, AND DON'T SPILL ANY JUICE OR YOU WILL RUE IT!
I CANNOT HELP SHAKING WITH DREAD . . . WHAT EVIL IS SHE PLANNING?

THERE, IT IS READY NOW . . . !

FORCED TO DRINK THE CUP OF ITS LAST BITTER DREGS, RUTH FELL WRITHING TO THE GROUND . . .
THE PAIN IS ACUTE. AS I HAD EXPECTED, BUT THE DOSE IS NOT LETHAL . . . THE MIXTURE NEEDS SOME CHANGE BEFORE I USE IT FOR ITS PROPER PURPOSE!
THE LADY GRIZELDA – YOU MEAN TO POISON HER . . . !–I'LL WARN HER . . . AAAH!

YOU? BY THE TIME YOU DRAG YOUR SKINNY BODY OUT OF HERE IT WILL ALL BE OVER – AND THEN I SHALL DEAL WITH YOU!
WE ARE LOST, BOTH OF US. OH, GENTLE LADY GRIZELDA, GOD HELP US AGAINST THIS VILE WOMAN . . . !

IT WAS AS LADY RUELLA WAS LEAVING THAT SHE SAW IT . . .
WHAT PALE THING IS THAT IN THE CORNER? A WHITE ROSE . . . !
IT SHALL DIE. DIE LIKE THE SLY BRAT WHO PLANTED IT – AAAH, IT PRICKS ME!
AND THE VERY NEXT DAY . .
HAPPILY, THE GIRL RUTH IS RECOVERING, BUT ALL SHE WILL SAY IS SOMETHING ABOUT A WHITE ROSE WORKING A MIRACLE . . .
EVERYTHING HAD BEEN DONE TO SAVE RUELLA, JOHN, BUT SHE IS SINKING . . . AND HER ONLY HURT IS A TINY SCRATCH!
AND SOON . . .
MY SISTER RUELLA IS DEAD, RUTH. MAY HER SINS BE FORGIVEN. MY HUSBAND TO BE, LORD JOHN, AND I WILL PROVIDE FOR YOUR GRANDMOTHER AND YOU SHALL BE MY MAID, IF YOU WISH IT!
I DO, MY LADY – AND THANK YOU WITH ALL MY HEART!
AND . . .
ONLY SWEET, HEALTHY THINGS GROW HERE NOW, GRANDMOTHER – AND THERE IS THE WHITE ROSE WHOSE GOODNESS AND PURITY WERE THE POISON TO THE BLACK BLOOD OF LADY RUELLA.
SHE IS GONE, PRAISE BE, LIKE HER GARDEN OF EVIL . . . FOREVER!
The End

VOODOO

IN THE village nothing much was known about Miss Fiske. They said that as a girl she'd lived in the Caribbean, wherever that was; that she'd once been well known as a sculptress, and had her work exhibited in famous galleries. But to the folk of Brinkley Green such matters belonged to a world that lay beyond the narrow boundaries of their village and so did not interest them. What they did find fascinating were Miss Fiske's known eccentricities, and her huge, dark old house in which no servant would stay for long. The wild, over-grown garden, and the weird curios from strange, foreign places that hung on the musty walls, glimpsed by tradesmen as they made their sparse deliveries.

Betty Carter, not notably a kind girl, laughed with the rest of the village at 'the old trout', but there was something about Miss Fiske and her gloomy mansion that both fascinated and repelled the girl.

What DID go on there? Did the old thing still hack out her huge, puzzling figures from great blocks of stone? Did she really go tapping about on her stick, bent as a twig, summoning up drifting shapes from the sombre shadows? Daft Nellie from the village, who'd worked there once as a maid, swore she did.

These and related questions occured to Betty at times when she should have been thinking of other things, and at last, almost against her will, she decided to, satisfy once and for all her restless curiosity. She chose her day well. Once a month Miss Fiske walked into the village, half a mile away, to draw some Government pension at the Post Office. Tapping her way along, her old head held high, apparently oblivious to the grins and comments that followed her progress, she could be relied upon to make the round trip last a good hour. That was plenty of time for Betty to slip through the tangled garden and find a window, surprisingly unlocked, through which she climbed to find herself in what must be Miss Fiske's studio.

Daft Nellie hadn't exaggerated about the statues. Yet how could an old lady as frail as Miss Fiske have chiselled these colossal shapes that stood brooding against the walls? All the same, she must have, for nobody else had ever been seen to enter or leave the house.

On some shelves stood miniature replicas of the statues. Evidently Miss Fiske fashioned them in wax, working out her ideas completely before transferring them to stone. There was a quantity of virgin wax in a great bowl. Betty took some of it. It was bland, spongey, curiously warm to the touch. Rolling it into a ball Betty was struck by an idea. Why not take some as a souvenir? It would be a giggle to hand it round the class – show off a bit about where she'd got it from. She began to play with the wax. How pliable it was. Much more than that daft modelling clay they gave you to play with when you were a kid.

This stuff almost seemed to shape itself. Look at that – she'd made a pig! No, it was a bird! Yes, a vulture, one of those things that in the old stories used to sit on the gallows tree when someone was due to be hung. She shivered suddenly. Why was she thinking such gloomy thoughts? Something to do with this house. It was weird, all right. Even the air of the place – the actual atmosphere, seemed thick somehow, as if it were pressing in on her from all sides. If you let your imagination run riot you could almost believe there were hands reaching out to touch you, eyes watching you. She laughed suddenly at her imaginings, but the laughter had an edgy quality, and suddenly she felt a need for light and air, for the brisk, cold autumn day that lay outside these sombre walls. She turned to go and saw Miss Fiske standing there in the doorway watching her with a malevolent expression.

Betty could think of nothing to say. She edged towards the open window feeling the old woman's eyes follow her, snake-like. Turning suddenly she tried to leap the last couple of yards to the window, but tripped and fell. As she scrambled to her feet she felt Miss Fiske's stick strike her a glancing blow. She leapt again for the window, scrambling through it, feeling the tangled bushes outside catch at her blouse as her feet hit the ground. It was a new one.

"Sheer carelessness" her mother said some time later. Betty was having her tea, sullenly eating bread and jam whilst her mother inspected her torn blouse. "Four pounds that cost me, and new on this morning" her mother went on. If you had to buy your own clothes, my girl, you'd take a bit more care! As it is you can pay for this out of your pocket money. Perhaps that'll teach you to be more careful."

Betty scraped back her chair from the table and ran upstairs. A good six weeks without pocket money to pay for a rotten old blouse! She felt like crying, and would have done if she hadn't been so angry. That stupid, doddering old Fiske! Why had she chosen today of all days to come back early from the village? If it hadn't been for her the blouse would never have got torn.

Please turn over...

VOODOO

She found she'd taken the ball of wax out of her pocket and was squeezing it as if it were the old trout's neck. The thought made her grin, in spite of her fury.

Almost without thinking she began to shape a small, crude figure, pretending it was Miss Fiske, jabbing spitefully at it with her finger nails. "Take *that*, you old trout . . . take *that*!"

She suddenly went very still, gazing at the figure. After a moment she went over to her dressing table and took a pin out of the pin-cushion there. She stuck it viciously into the wax figure. It was odd, the strange sense of satisfaction it gave her.

She chose another pin and stuck it in at random. Laughing, she took more pins from the pin cushion, choosing now where she would stick them, repeating again and again, and with increasing venom, the word her mother didn't like her to say.

Her dreams that night were oddly distorted, full of looming shapes that were vaguely menacing in a way she didn't understand. She woke up feeling as if she hadn't slept at all, and was listless as she got her school books together after breakfast. In this mood she didn't take in at first what her mother was saying.

"That poor old Miss Fiske – taken ill last night, she was. All on her own in that big place. Good thing George Milton was taking that dog of his for a walk. He saw her signalling from one of the windows. Doctor can't find out what's wrong with her. Pains everywhere, she's got."

Betty felt her face drain of colour. She felt she was going to faint. She turned and went quickly upstairs, leaving her mother still talking. The figure, stuck with pins, was still on her dressing table, and to her panic-stricken gaze it looked slightly bigger than it had the night before. She stuffed it into her school satchel and went downstairs again. On her way to school she threw it, without looking, into Drake's Pond. Of course, she knew that stupid trick of sticking in the pins hadn't really made Miss Fiske ill; all the same she wanted to get rid of the thing, if anyone saw it they'd think she was cracked or something.

The thought of the wax figure kept coming into her mind at odd moments during the rest of the day, and she got a lower mark in Maths than anyone in the class. "I've got to pull myself together" she told herself. On the way home from school she passed Drake's Pond again, more or less to assure herself that the Thing, as she now thought of it, had really sunk.

It hadn't.

It floated atop the scummy water, the pins sticking from it, and surely – *surely*, it looked bigger than before? Shock paralysed Betty for a moment. Then, without thinking about what she was going to do, she waded into the pond and scooped up the figure, thrusting it with difficulty under her coat.

Her thoughts would not come clearly. All she knew was that the Thing had to be destroyed. From a garden over to the left, grey smoke drifted lazily on the still air. A smell of burning leaves, a crackling of dead branches – sweet smells and sounds of autumn. And her chance to rid herself of something that was rapidly taking on the proportions of a nightmare.

Old Fred Brigg, who kept a market garden, was tending his blaze in a desultory manner. He was glad to see Betty. "Come to see old Fred's bonfire, have ye? Well, I'll tell you what, my gal, you just keep an eye on it for a minute, while I go and get a mug o' tea." He wheezed off, chuckling, seeming not to notice her anxiety for him to be gone. As soon as he was out of sight she threw the Thing into the middle of the fire. It lay there in the leaping flames, seeming to flicker for a moment with an unsteady light. The red glow all about it made it seem bigger, even bigger than it had seemed in the pond. **It was a full minute before she realised that it wasn't melting.**

"But it *must* melt, it *must!*" she whispered. "There's no way wax can't melt if you put it into a fire." And even as she spoke, the incandescent heart of the fire collapsed upon itself, the movement seeming to throw the Thing out, in a shower of sparks, to lie glowing at her feet. She snatched up the figure – it still glowed, but it wasn't even warm – and went running away with it, blindly, not knowing where she was heading.

She didn't go to school that afternoon, she told her mother she thought she had a cold coming. Her mother said the usual things about going out without a coat and walking about the house barefoot, then put her to bed. Betty cowered under the bedclothes, trying not to think. The figure . . . the Thing . . . was under her pillow, it was the only way she could be sure that no-one else would see it. She had tried taking out the pins, but they seemed now to form part of the figure, and there was no way of moving them. As for the figure itself, there was no doubt now that it had grown bigger. Even allowing for her tortured imagination she knew it was at least twice the size it had been the night before.

Supposing it went on growing? If it did, soon there'd be no way of hiding it. She could just throw it away, of course, deny all knowledge of it. But if word of it got to Miss Fiske's ears – always supposing she wasn't too ill – then she'd realise who was the culprit, for surely she must know the malevolent nature of the wax, and would guess who had taken it.

No. Since the Thing couldn't be destroyed . . . she'd proved that . . . then it must be hidden where

Please turn over...

VOODOO

nobody would ever find it. There was only one place she could think of.

Little Brinkley cemetery was very old, and very small. It had been, as one village wag put it, 'used up' long ago. Now people were buried in the new, modern cemetery a mile or two from the village, and the old one lay dreaming quietless in its ageless sleep, with the mellowed tombstones leaning awry as the years passed peacefully over them.

It was here that Betty buried the Thing. It had grown almost as big as a small child now. She buried it after dark, working swiftly, thrusting it further and further into the soft earth until it lay as deep as any of the silent dead around it. Then she went home and tried to sleep.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Now that the Thing was out of the way, however, she found herself obsessed by another fear.

What if Miss Fiske died? After all that had happened there was no way she could convince herself that the old woman's illness was not the result of sticking pins into that figure. So supposing, even though it was now buried, Miss Fiske went on being ill? Got worse until one day she . . . ? If that happened, then she, Betty, would be a murderess. She couldn't live with that for the rest of her life, she'd go mad. But perhaps the old trout wasn't really that ill – perhaps it was, after all, just a touch of rheumatism.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

"I'll go along tomorrow and see" Betty told herself. The thought caused panic to stir in her, but she repeated to herself firmly, "No, I'll go and see her. Take her some flowers. Apologise for breaking into her house. I can see then how bad she is. And – and if she's going to get better."

Miss Fiske turned out not to be ill after all. Perhaps she had been, but now she sat upright on one of the heavy, thronelike chairs that crowded the house. Betty, knocking, had received no answer, but saw that the front door was open.

Something stronger than herself had made her push it open and walk in.

Miss Fiske sat gazing at her, her wrinkled hands crossed on the knob of the stick she held before her. The room itself was ill-lit, and very little light came through the dusty windows. Shadows loomed from the unseen corners, shadows that seemed, to Betty's fevered imagination, to move; to shift subtly as she entered, then settle again, watching, as she heard the door close softly behind her.

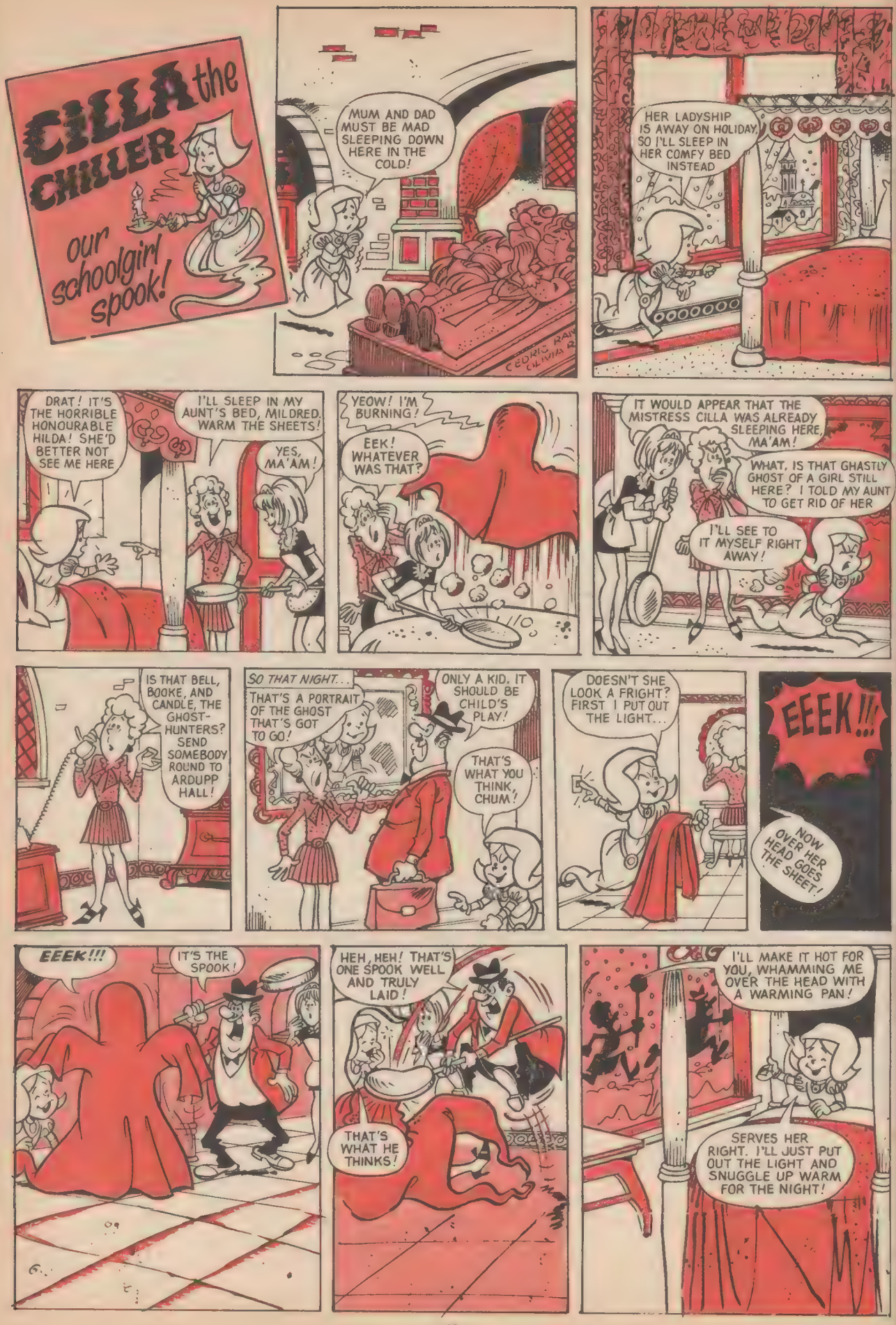
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

"I've been expecting you" said Miss Fiske softly. She turned and beckoned to something standing in the shadows behind her chair. The great wax figure towering now almost to the ceiling, lumbered forward, trailing with it the dank, musty odour of the graveyard. Betty could hear someone shrieking wordlessly, and realised it was herself. Yet through her screams she could still hear Miss Fiske's voice, soft and implacable, icy as the furthest stars, as she spoke to the Thing.

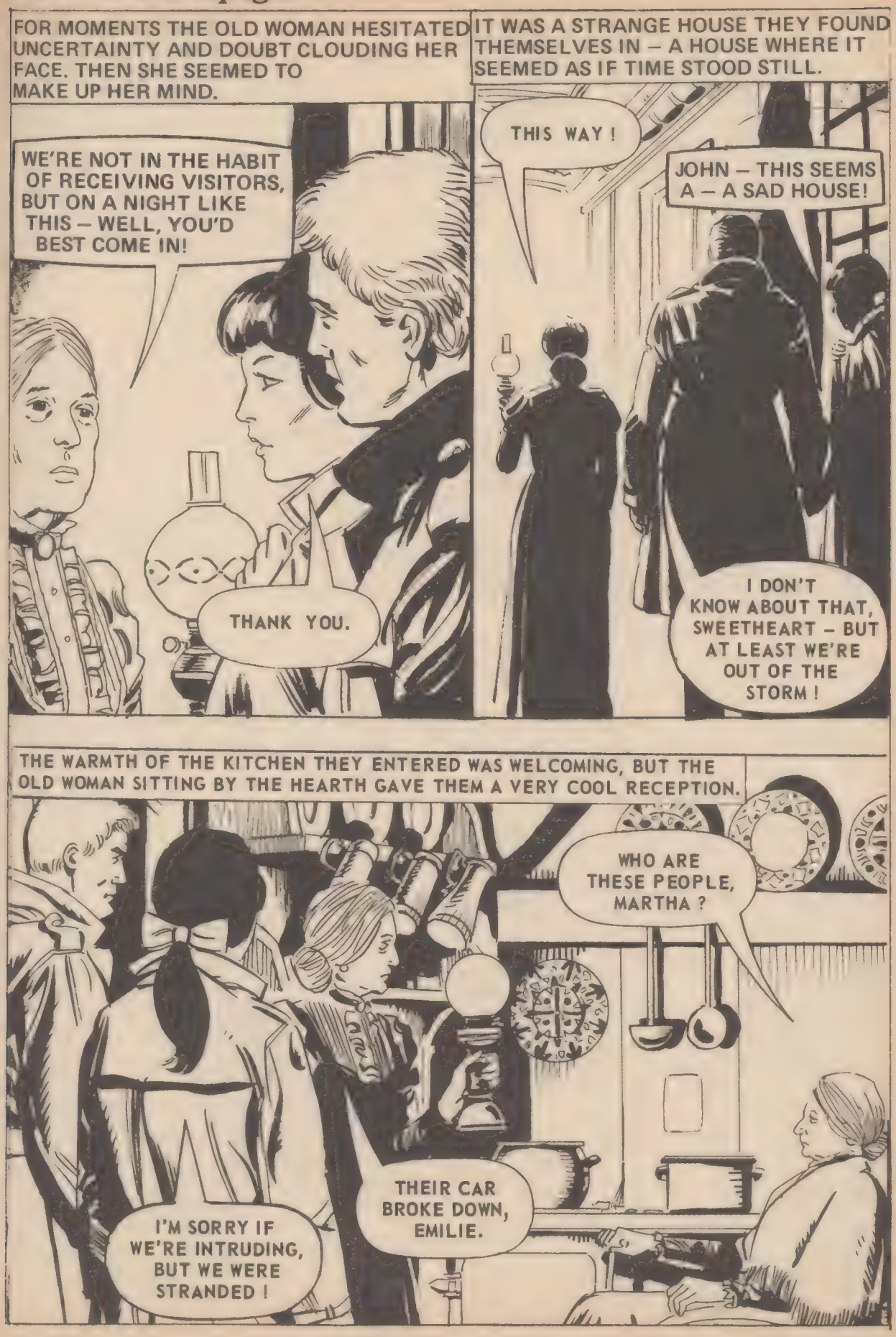
"Look at her. She is your creator. She brought you – a creature of monstrous Evil, into being. So though you must stay where she put you, among the mouldering dead, still she, your creator, cannot be separated from you. So take her with you. Keep her with you. Do it now."

Betty, rigid with terror, saw the deformed stumps that served the Thing as hands, the grave-dirt clinging to them, reach for her. They were the last things she saw before she slipped into the frightful darkness.

THE END


CILLA the CHILLER
our schoolgirl spook!
MUM AND DAD MUST BE MAD SLEEPING DOWN HERE IN THE COLD!
CEDRIC RAN
CILVIA R
HER LADYSHIP IS AWAY ON HOLIDAY, SO I'LL SLEEP IN HER COMFY BED INSTEAD
DRAT! IT'S THE HORRIBLE HONOURABLE HILDA! SHE'D BETTER NOT SEE ME HERE
I'LL SLEEP IN MY AUNT'S BED, MILDRED. WARM THE SHEETS!
YES, MA'AM!
YEOW! I'M BURNING!
EEK! WHATEVER WAS THAT?
IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THE MISTRESS CILLA WAS ALREADY SLEEPING HERE, MA'AM!
WHAT, IS THAT GHASTLY GHOST OF A GIRL STILL HERE? I TOLD MY AUNT TO GET RID OF HER
I'LL SEE TO IT MYSELF RIGHT AWAY!
IS THAT BELL, BOOKE, AND CANDLE, THE GHOST-HUNTERS? SEND SOMEBODY ROUND TO ARDUPP HALL!
SO THAT NIGHT...
THAT'S A PORTRAIT OF THE GHOST THAT'S GOT TO GO!
ONLY A KID. IT SHOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM!
DOESN'T SHE LOOK A FRIGHT? FIRST I PUT OUT THE LIGHT...
EEEK!!!
NOW OVER HER HEAD GOES THE SHEET!
EEEK!!!
IT'S THE SPOOK!
HEH, HEH! THAT'S ONE SPOOK WELL AND TRULY LAID!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU, WHAMMING ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A WARMING PAN!
SERVES HER RIGHT. I'LL JUST PUT OUT THE LIGHT AND SNUGGLE UP WARM FOR THE NIGHT!

Continued from page 24,


FOR MOMENTS THE OLD WOMAN HESITATED UNCERTAINTY AND DOUBT CLOUDING HER FACE. THEN SHE SEEMED TO MAKE UP HER MIND.
WE'RE NOT IN THE HABIT OF RECEIVING VISITORS, BUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS – WELL, YOU'D BEST COME IN!
THANK YOU.
IT WAS A STRANGE HOUSE THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN – A HOUSE WHERE IT SEEMED AS IF TIME STOOD STILL.
THIS WAY!
JOHN – THIS SEEMS A – A SAD HOUSE!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, SWEETHEART – BUT AT LEAST WE'RE OUT OF THE STORM!
THE WARMTH OF THE KITCHEN THEY ENTERED WAS WELCOMING, BUT THE OLD WOMAN SITTING BY THE HEARTH GAVE THEM A VERY COOL RECEPTION.
WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE, MARTHA?
I'M SORRY IF WE'RE INTRUDING, BUT WE WERE STRANDED!
THEIR CAR BROKE DOWN, EMILIE.

BOTH JOHN AND MARY FELT UNCOMFORTABLE BUT THE WOMAN WHO HAD ADMITTED THEM SPOKE UP AGAIN . . .
PLEASE, IF YOU WILL SIT AT THE TABLE. PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE SOME HOT SOUP ?
THAT IS VERY KIND OF YOU.
THE YOUNG COUPLE RELAXED AS MARTHA LADELLED OUT TWO BOWLS OF SOUP FROM A SAUCEPAN SIMMERING ON THE STOVE . . .
IT IS LITTLE ENOUGH !
WE WERE JOLLY LUCKY WE FOUND OUR WAY HERE AT ALL. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A BOY POINTING OUT YOUR LIGHT, WE –

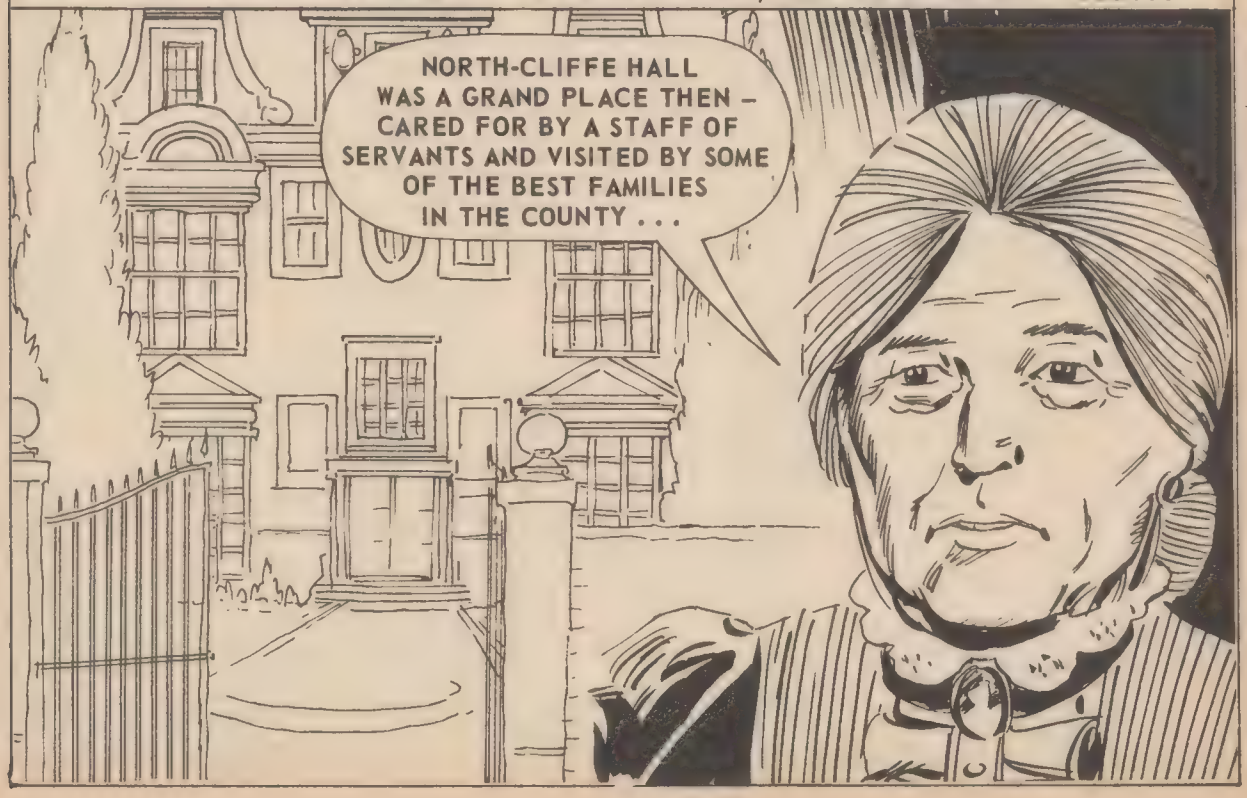
BOY –
WHAT BOY ?
MARY WAS STARTLED. UP TO THAT MOMENT, THE OLDER WOMAN CALLED EMILIE HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY IGNORED THEM.
WHY, A BOY WE MET ON THE CLIFF TOP. I EXPECT YOU WOULD KNOW HIM. HE CERTAINLY LOOKED AS IF HE WAS A LOCAL.
WHAT – WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE ?
HE WAS RATHER LIKE A GIPSY, REALLY. ABOUT FOURTEEN, I SUPPOSE, WITH DARK CURLY HAIR AND LARGE SAD EYES. AND HE HAD A LITTLE ANIMAL IN HIS ARMS. A FERRET, I THINK IT WAS, OR –

SUDDENLY, IN HER MIND'S EYE, MARY COULD SEE THE BOY AGAIN – QUITE CLEARLY.
NO – I'VE JUST REALISED. IT WAS A YOUNG OTTER HE WAS HOLDING !
WITH A SUDDEN CRY, THE OLD WOMAN GOT TO HER FEET . . .
AN OTTER . . . !
WHAT IS IT ? WHAT'S THE MATTER ?

IF EMILIE HEARD JOHN'S QUESTION, SHE MADE NO ANSWER..
HE'S COME BACK ! HE'S WAITING FOR ME !
EMILIE !
BY THE TIME JOHN AND MARY REACHED THE HALL, THE FRONT DOOR WAS OPEN – AND EMILIE WAS NOWHERE IN SIGHT . . .
DON'T TELL ME SHE'S GONE OUT INTO THAT! I DON'T UNDER-STAND!
AS THEY LOOKED OUT INTO THE WILD NIGHT, EMILIE'S VOICE, FRAIL AND ANGUISHED, CARRIED BACK TO THEM.
GIDEON ! GIDEON ! WAIT FOR ME . . . !

JOHN MADE AS IF TO GO AFTER HER – BUT A HAND STAYED HIM . . .
IT'S NO USE – EMILIE'S GONE ! YOU'LL NOT FIND HER NOW !
ANXIOUS AND BEWILDERED, JOHN AND MARY ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE LED BACK TO THE KITCHEN . . .
BUT – ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN TO HER OUT THERE !
AYE – BUT THERE'S NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO. YOU SEE, IT WAS JUST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS ALL THOSE YEARS AGO . . .

FOR SOME MOMENTS MARTHA LAPSED INTO SILENCE. WHEN AT LENGTH SHE DID SPEAK, HER WORDS FORMED A PICTURE AND IT WAS AS IF THEY COULD SEE THE HALL AGAIN, JUST AS IT HAD BEEN IN THAT WARM, GENTLE SPRING OF 1906 . . .


NORTH-CLIFFE HALL WAS A GRAND PLACE THEN – CARED FOR BY A STAFF OF SERVANTS AND VISITED BY SOME OF THE BEST FAMILIES IN THE COUNTY . . .

TO LITTLE EMILIE HAVERSHAM, IT HAD SEEMED LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A FAIRY TALE ON THAT FIRST DAY WHEN SHE HAD ARRIVED FROM LONDON . . .

OH! IT – IT'S ALL SO LOVELY!

AYE – HAPPEN IT IS, MISSIE, BUT A LONELY SPOT IN WINTER, MIND!

ORPHANED AT BIRTH, EMILIE HAD BEEN RAISED IN A CONVENT. THEN, AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE, SHE HAD BEEN SENT TO ONE OF THE GREAT FASHION DRAPERS OF LONDON TO EARN HER LIVING WITH A NEEDLE . . .

AND FOR THE MOST PART, HER WORLD HAD BEEN A CHEERLESS, GAS-LIT BASEMENT WHERE GIRLS SAT FOR ENDLESS HOURS MAKING ELABORATE FRIPPERY FOR THE FINE LADIES WHO PATRONISED THE STORE.
IT'S ALL SO CLEAN AND FRESH HERE. AND THOSE MOORS WE CAME ACROSS WERE SO GRAND THEY TOOK MY BREATH AWAY.
THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN SHE HAD SAT, WIDE-EYED, ON A TRAIN AS IT CARRIED HER TO SCATHBY. THERE TO BE MET BY OLD JOBSON, THE GARDENER, WITH THE PONY AND TRAP . . .
MAYBE SO, BUT WE'D BEST NOT BE CHATTING HERE WITH MRS. GRIFFITHS WAITING TO GREET YE !

MRS. GRIFFITHS WAS THE HOUSEKEEPER. SHE WAS SEVERELY DRESSED IN BLACK BUT HER FACE WAS NOT UNKIND . . .
YOU'LL BE THE YOUNG SEAMSTRESS FROM LONDON THE MISTRESS ENGAGED ?
YES, MA'AM.
H'MM – THEN COME ALONG. I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.
EMILIE'S ROOM WAS IN THE ATTIC, BUT IT WAS CLEAN AND BRIGHT.
I'M SURE I'LL WAKE UP IN A MINUTE AND FIND THIS HAS ALL BEEN A WONDERFUL DREAM !
NONSENSE, CHILD. FRESHEN YOURSELF FROM YOUR JOURNEY AND THEN SUPPER WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE KITCHEN.

LEFT ALONE, EMILIE LINGERED AT THE WINDOW, WATCHING IN FASCINATION AS THE DYING SUN SENT LONG SHADOWS DANCING ACROSS THE SANDS AND FENS.

OH, IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE SEEN BEFORE, I'LL HAVE SO MUCH TO LEARN HERE !

BY THIS TIME, DUSK WAS GATHERING IN THE LITTLE ROOM. A FAINT SCRATCHING NOISE OUTSIDE THE DOOR MADE EMILIE TURN SHARPLY.

WHAT – WHAT WAS THAT . . . ?

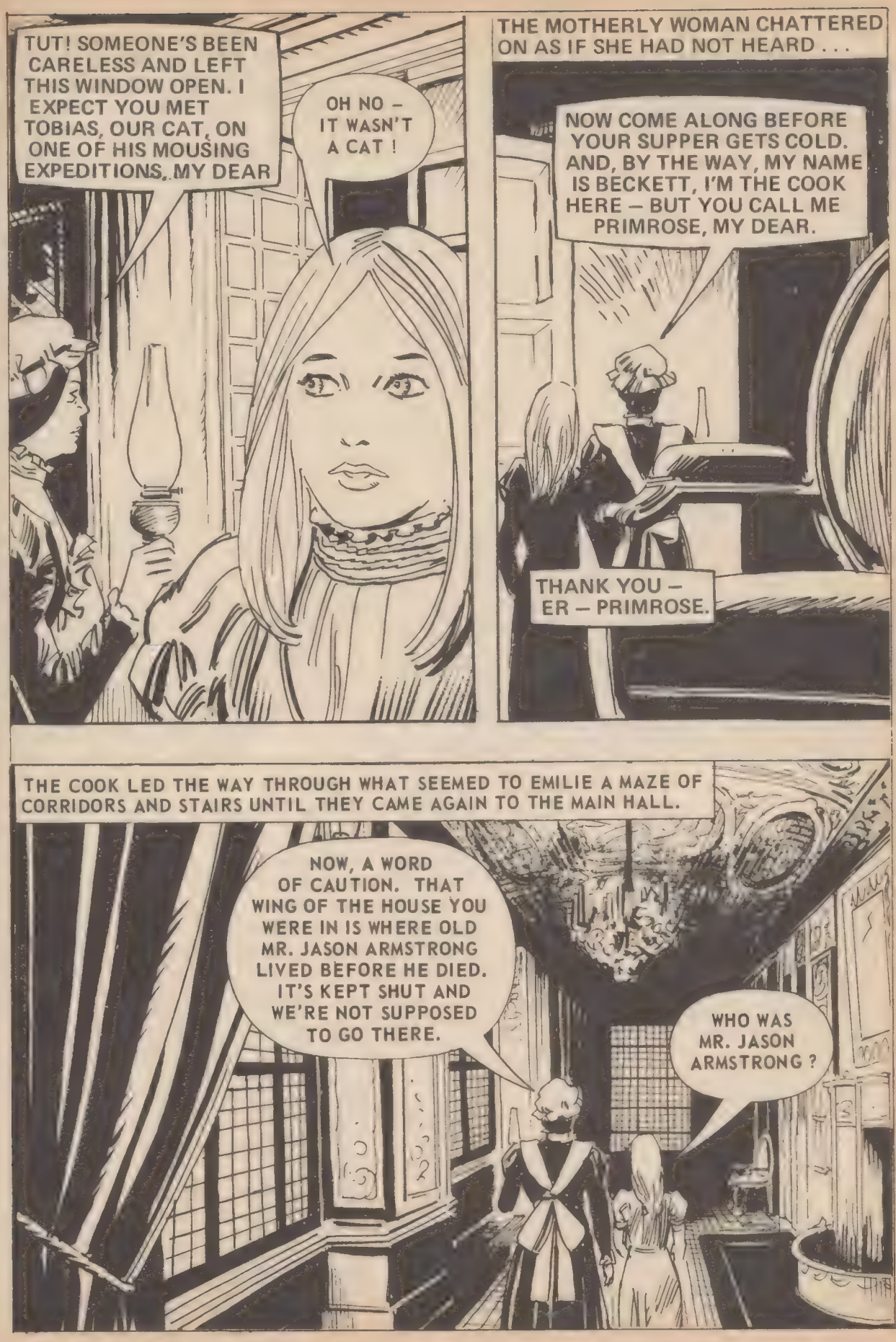
PAUSING ONLY TO LIGHT A CANDLE, SHE WENT TO THE DOOR . . .

OH – MY GOODNESS!

HAVING KNOWN ONLY THE PAVED STREETS OF LONDON, IT WAS NOT SURPRISING THAT EMELIE DID NOT RECOGNISE THE LITTLE ANIMAL SHE FOUND THERE – BUT SHE WAS ENCHANTED BY IT AT ONCE.
HALLO, LITTLE FELLOW– DO YOU LIVE HERE, TOO?
FOR A MOMENT BRIGHT, INQUISITIVE EYES REGARDED HER WITH INTEREST. THEN, WITH A COMICAL, WAGGLING MOTION, THE STRANGE LITTLE ANIMAL MADE OFF ALONG THE CORRIDOR.
DON'T GO – !
IMPULSIVELY, EMILIE FOLLOWED WHAT SEEMED LITTLE MORE THAN AN ELUSIVE SHADOW THAT SCAMPERED DOWN WINDING STAIRS AND ALONG LONG, SILENT CORRIDORS.
DO STOP – LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN, PLEASE !

THE CHASE ENDED IN A LARGE, DARKENED ROOM. AS EMILIE ENTERED, A SUDDEN DRAUGHT EXTINGUISHED HER CANDLE . . .
OOOOOH – !
THEN, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WINDOW, SHE SAW A FIGURE . . .

BUT THE SCREAM THAT ROSE TO HER THROAT WAS NEVER UTTERED. FOR, JUST THEN, ANOTHER VOICE CAME ECHOING THROUGH THE OLD WING OF THE HOUSE . . .
EMILIE – EMILIE, WHERE ARE YOU ?
AND, MOMENTS LATER, THE ROOM FILLED WITH THE WARM, SOFT LIGHT OF AN OIL LAMP.
GOODNESS, CHILD – WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME POSSESSED YOU TO COME WANDERING HERE IN THE DARK ?
THERE WAS A FUNNY LITTLE ANIMAL OUTSIDE MY ROOM. I – I FOLLOWED IT HERE . . . !


TUT! SOMEONE'S BEEN CARELESS AND LEFT THIS WINDOW OPEN. I EXPECT YOU MET TOBIAS, OUR CAT, ON ONE OF HIS MOUSING EXPEDITIONS, MY DEAR
OH NO – IT WASN'T A CAT !
THE MOTHERLY WOMAN CHATTERED ON AS IF SHE HAD NOT HEARD . . .
NOW COME ALONG BEFORE YOUR SUPPER GETS COLD. AND, BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS BECKETT, I'M THE COOK HERE – BUT YOU CALL ME PRIMROSE, MY DEAR.
THANK YOU – ER – PRIMROSE.
THE COOK LED THE WAY THROUGH WHAT SEEMED TO EMILIE A MAZE OF CORRIDORS AND STAIRS UNTIL THEY CAME AGAIN TO THE MAIN HALL.
NOW, A WORD OF CAUTION. THAT WING OF THE HOUSE YOU WERE IN IS WHERE OLD MR. JASON ARMSTRONG LIVED BEFORE HE DIED. IT'S KEPT SHUT AND WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO GO THERE.
WHO WAS MR. JASON ARMSTRONG ?

THE COOK PAUSED AND POINTED TO A LARGE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL . . .
THAT'S HIM UP THERE. AS YOU KNOW, MR. NATHAN ARMSTRONG OWNS THE HALL NOW. MR. JASON WAS HIS FATHER.
HE LOOKS NICE.
HE WAS A GOOD, KIND MAN, EMILIE – A GRAND OLD GENTLEMAN !
AND MR. NATHAN – IS HE NICE, TOO, PRIMROSE ?
THE COOK HESITATED A MOMENT BEFORE ANSWERING . . .
IT'S NOT THAT HE DOESN'T TREAT US PROPER MIND, BUT – WELL, HE'S NOT LIKE HIS FATHER AND YOU'LL FIND IT'S BEST NOT TO CROSS HIM. ANYWAY, YOU'LL SEE HIM YOURSELF TOMORROW.

Continued on page 65,

Misty waves her wand and spells your fashion and beauty problems away!

pretty magical!

A

A is for ABRACADABRA, the mystic word that transforms magically, turning an ugly duckling into a beautiful white swan before your very eyes! If your magic is a little rusty, it's going to take longer to make the most of your looks and figure . . . but follow the advice in this alphabet and you'll be enchanted by the results! There's no better start to beauty than the everyday APPLE. Crunch it up as a snack instead of biscuits and sweets.

☆

Far better for skin and figure, not to mention teeth. The old saying, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away", really has a lot of truth in it. By the way, an apple can foretell the name of your future boyfriend, according to superstition. Cut off the peel in one long strip, throw it over your shoulder, and whatever letter it forms as it lands will be the initial letter of your admirer's name.

B

BELLADONNA, juice of the enchanter's nightshade, comes next. Strange as it may seem, this deadly poison was used by fashionable ladies in olden days to beautify their eyes. A drop or two dilated the pupils and gave a lustrous look. A dangerous practice, and wise MISTY readers will try some better tricks. Eyes tired and puffy? Bring back the sparkle by resting for a few minutes with a slice of cool cucumber laid on each closed eye.

☆

Carefully strained cold tea makes a safe, soothing and cheap eyewash, and a smear of Vaseline prettifies lashes. The best eye beautifier, though, is plenty of sleep in a well ventilated room. And never read in a poor light, or face the glare of a mid-summer's day without good sunspecs . . . unless you want to end up as wrinkled as an old witch!

over . . .

C

CHARM, says the dictionary, has nothing to do with good looks, but is "the indefinable power of delighting" . . . elusive as a Will o' the Wisp. As with the dancing marsh light, it's no good grimly chasing after charm, which will remain forever out of reach of grasping hands.

The power to delight others, friends and family, comes more from being your own natural self, loving and giving. The plainest girl, blessed with the charm of a generous and happy personality, will outshine her prettier sisters. Like a glowing fire, she will always be surrounded by people basking in her warmth. Look around you . . . you'll see it's true.

D

D brings us with a shiver to . . . DRACULA. That ghoulish gentleman needed sharp teeth for his nocturnal blood-sucking. But he didn't risk ruining his fangs by recklessly chomping hard sweets, or lazily dropping into bed without a thorough dental clean-up. For a dazzling smile, remember these easy rules. DON'T tuck into too many sweets or sugary, sticky foods. Instead, for a snack, choose fresh fruit or a juicy carrot.

Clean your pearlies after every meal if you can, but certainly after breakfast and before going to bed. Visit your dentist for a regular check-up. Some teeth are naturally slightly yellow. That doesn't matter, so long as they're clean and sound.

Before we leave D, let's gather some early morning DEW. Folklore has it that bathing your face in dew, particularly during May, is a magical beautifier. Since dew is soft and pure, there's at least some truth in it!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

E

E stands for EXORCISM, the casting out of evil spirits – and evil habits. Like nail biting . . . even when you're reading MISTY. It's no good having soft hands and pretty rings and bangles if you're afraid to show your hands because of ugly chewed nails. First make up your mind that you really will break the habit. Any good chemist will recommend a preparation to paint on your nails that tastes so nasty you won't be tempted to nibble. Use this regularly, and it won't be long before you can show a hand prettily.

F

FREAKS belong in fairgrounds and fantasy, not in FASHION. Smart girls wisely avoid weird hairdos and outrageous clothes, but still have fun. Fun fashion is usually cheap – like motifs to sew or stick on, amusing and colourful T-shirts, snazzy sneakers, swinging bags, jaunty scarves or beautiful beads. Any of these can transform a dull old outfit in a flash. Experiment with what suits you and what you can afford . . . that's the way to develop Flair!

G

GOOSEFLESH is what you get during a spine-chilling encounter with ghouls

and ghosts. But woe betide the girl whose skin is always in this rough, pimply state.

It's a sign that her circulation needs pepping up. Chase away the problem with regular use at bath-time of a good, superfatted soap and a rough flannel or loofah. Vigorously wash the offending areas, rinse thoroughly in lukewarm water, then smooth in some baby lotion or hand cream. Before long you'll be silky as a kitten.

H

HORROR strikes – you particularly want to look nice, for a party maybe, or a longed-for outing, but a wretched spot's coming up on your face. What to do? On no account squeeze it, because that could make it spread or even cause a scar. First dab it lightly with antiseptic, then gently smooth on a little Calamine or one of the tinted camouflage creams available at chemists. If the spot's a real horror, try covering it with a small flesh-coloured dressing, like Elastoplast. Most girls get the odd spot sometimes, but wise eating and regular exercise help keep the skin clear.

I

I is for ILLUSIONS . . . but conjurers aren't the only people who can perform clever tricks to deceive the eyes. Fashion and beauty conscious girls learn the art as well. For example, up-and-down stripes give an illusion of slimness to a plump figure, while stripes the other way make a skinny girl look less thin. Dark stockings will appear to magically thin down plump legs, while light tights flatter the skinny brigade (as will stockings with seams). Just one attractive feature, cleverly highlighted, will give the illusion of beauty. Eye make-up, when later on you master the art, can transform the plainest face, as can blusher and a flattering hairstyle. So look around you and pick the illusions that can help you look the way you want to.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

J

J takes us to JINX, the bad-luck bringer . . . and you probably feel there's one on your nails if they keep splitting and flaking no matter how careful you are. Cheer up. You can beat that jinx with jelly. It's good stuff for improving brittle nails, and you should try to eat one cube of an ordinary jelly tablet every day until your nails are in better condition. Meanwhile, keep them quite short and gently rounded at the tips. Don't ever use your nails as tools, prising up staples and so on, and if you like wearing varnish, choose one that doubles as a nail strengthener. Any chemist will advise you.

over . . .

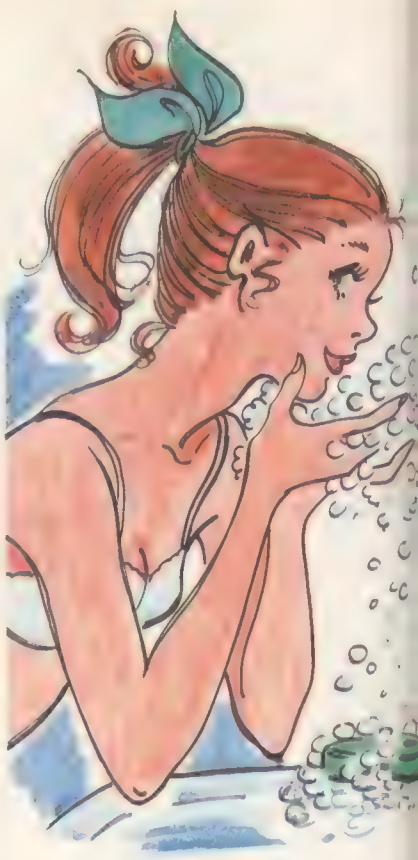
pleasantly scented. Use after bathing, or gently rub into any specially dry skin on knees and elbows.

L

LEMONS come next, and if you think this common fruit is not exactly magical, think again! Fresh lemon juice and water drunk first thing every morning works wonders for a muddy complexion.

☆

A final lemon rinse brings out the sunny glints in fair hair. (Just add the juice of half a lemon, strained, to the rinsing water.) Half a squeezed lemon rubbed over dingy elbows whitens them wonderfully, and will perform the same service for nail tips. Slimmers know that lemons can help them, too. The sharp, tangy taste turns them against sticky sweet foods that add unwanted ounces. And so on . . . For so many beauty problems, the answer's a lemon!



K

K stands for KITCHEN, the proper place for a brew-up, and even if you haven't got a witch's cauldron handy, you can still mix up some magical potions. Like . . . *Hand Lotion.* Put equal parts of lemon juice, your favourite cologne, and glycerine, from the chemist, into a small bottle. Shake well and use. *Scented Bath Oil.*

☆

Make this in the summer. Fill a screw-top jar with fresh scented petals or flowers, such as lavender, rose petals, geranium petals or leaves, etc. Then pour in enough oil (corn, olive or almond) to half-fill the jar. Shake, and press down the flowers. Leave overnight with the top on, then squash the petals down again and strain off the oil. Re-fill the bottle with more fresh flowers of the same kind and pour the scented oil back over them. Repeat daily for a week, or until the oil is quite

M

MYRTLE, a pretty shrub with scented flowers, has many superstitions attached to it. Once upon a time, young girls drank an infusion made from the leaves to beautify them. Alas for superstition, plenty of plain water will do a girl more good. MOLES, too, figure a great deal in folklore. There was an old saying, "Moles that on our bodies grow, do promise either bliss or woe".

☆

On the back, a mole was believed to foretell great riches. A mole on the chin signified a talkative person, one on the left of the throat, danger from water, while a mole in the centre of the forehead foretold that the person concerned would have many children.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

N

NIGHT-CREATURES, like the flitting owl and the stealthy fox, are in their element during the hours of darkness. As dusk falls, they wake up and go about their business. Not so YOU – an occasional late night won't hurt, but plenty of sleep is essential for health and lively good looks, particularly during the growing years. You don't want dark rings round your eyes, do you? Or a lacklustre skin? Or a yawny feeling that lasts all day? Of course you don't! So don't moan when Mum reminds you it's bedtime. It's not an old wives' tale to talk about "beauty" sleep.

O

ORACLES, those mysterious soothsayers of the ancient past, may have been able to foretell the outcome of a great war or the downfall of a haughty king, but they wouldn't have been much use giving practical advice on troublesome matters like ORANGE-PEEL SKIN or OVERWEIGHT. Orange-peel skin is a way of describing open pores, often found in greasy skins. Proper deep cleansing, either with cold cream or a good toilet soap, followed by an invigorating cold-water splash, will help matters. So will plenty of exercise in the fresh air. As for OVERWEIGHT, you're probably sick of hearing people say that it's only puppy fat and will go. It's often true, though, that a slight plumpness in the teens will melt away as a girl grows up. That

doesn't mean you shouldn't help it on its way by eating and exercising sensibly. More serious weight problems should be taken to the doctor, and never diet except under medical supervision.

P

PERFUME . . . wherever Misty moves in her midnight world, she leaves her own haunting fragrance, the distilled essence of moonflower and nightingale song, a perfume not available to ordinary mortals. But any girl can surround herself with a sweet-smelling aura, at no great cost. The best way to use scent, if you're lucky enough to get a little bottle as a present, is to apply it direct to your skin where the warmth of your body will develop it – in the crook of the elbow, at the throat, temples, inside the wrists and behind the ears. Just a touch is enough. Toilet water and cologne can be used more lavishly, and even a generous dusting of lightly perfumed talc will make people glad to be near you. Needless to say, all the perfume in Arabia won't sweeten anyone who isn't fastidious about washing and personal hygiene.

Q

QUICKSILVER . . . some girls naturally move with the proverbial swift grace of quicksilver. If you're not one of

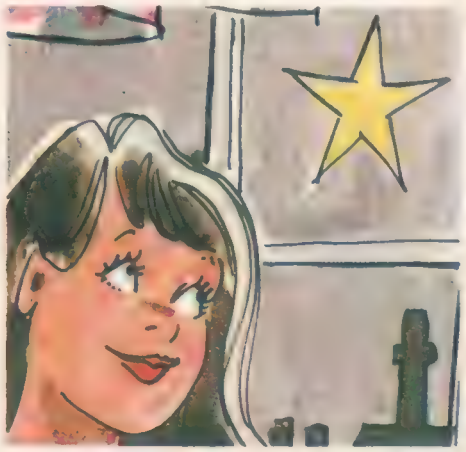
these lucky ones, it will pay you to make a conscious effort to walk and sit well, as an otherwise attractive appearance can be quite spoilt by bad posture. No, you don't have to march along like a soldier, with shoulders squared and muscles tensed. Walk tall and relaxed, imagining there is an invisible cord drawing the crown of your head up to the sky, and everything will fall into place. When sitting, tuck the base of your spine comfortably into the back of the chair. An inelegant sprawl will give you round shoulders and a protruding tummy in years to come. Ugh!

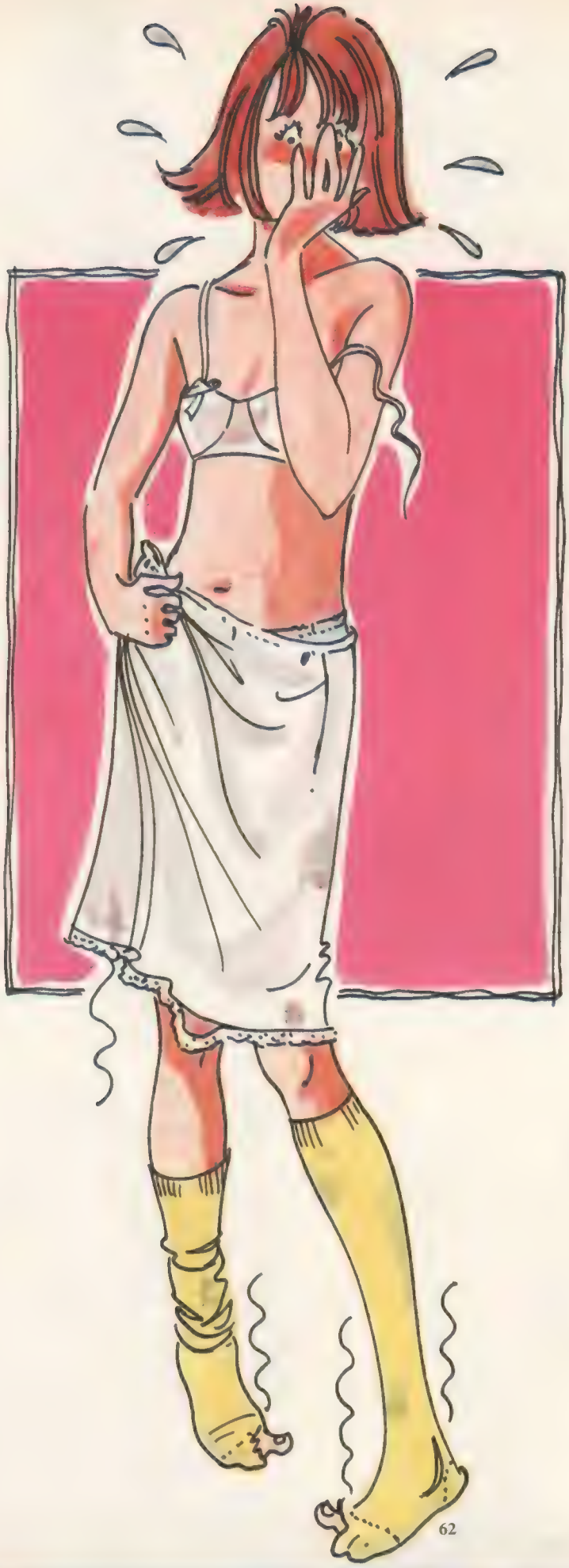
R

R is for all the colours of the RAINBOW. Each has a special significance, so wear clothes to suit your mood. Red denotes love and bravery; pink is for unselfishness and sensitivity; orange is the colour of ambition and pride; yellow stands for wisdom; green is the most sympathetic and friendly shade; blue means coolness and devotion, and white purity. Now let's turn to RAPUNZEL, of fairytale fame, who let down her fabulously long golden hair to be used as a rope. Such rough treatment would have done her crowning glory no good at all. Gentle care is the secret of shining and supple locks. Wash regularly with a mild shampoo, using warm not hot water.

Never tug at tangles, particularly while hair is wet, but carefully ease through a wide-toothed comb. Brush firmly but not hard enough to scratch the scalp. Protect

over . . .





your hair from extremes of cold and heat, and have it properly trimmed as often as you can afford it. Groomed and gleaming, any head will look pretty, whether dark or fair, straight or curly, long or short.

S

S gives us the SHIVERS, enjoyable when reading spooky stories, but not much fun when they're brought on by wintry weather. Remember that several thin garments are a lot warmer and more adaptable than a single thick one, and luckily the layered look is top fashion.

Warm woolly tights or knee socks will cheat the wind and look great. Always wear gloves in raw weather, even if your hands don't feel the cold, otherwise you could end up with red, chapped skin, even chilblains. Final tip . . . doctors say the human body loses more heat through the top of the head than anywhere else, so wear a jaunty beret or cap and glow, girl, glow!

T

T is for the TRANSFORMATION worked by a TAN. Wear white to show it off after a summer holiday, and keep tanned skin supple and in good condition by gently rubbing in inexpensive baby lotion after washing. Even if you tan easily, never stretch out in the sun's glare for any length of time without protection. The chemists are full of good suntan creams and lotions. And if you're a delicate paleskin, either get your tan from a bottle or look fragile and feminine under a shady hat.

U

U takes us down into the UNDERWORLD, region of nameless horrors . . . and we do hope that doesn't describe your UNDERWEAR! Nothing is more unfashionable, untidy and unappealing than things like safety-pinned straps, off-white panties and slips, sagging elastic and holey socks and tights. What the world doesn't see should be as clean and nice as what it does. In these days of easy-care fabrics, it's no trouble to rinse through your undies every night, giving yourself a fresh start the next day. And try keeping a lavender sachet tucked among your clean clothes for a lingering fragrance.

V

VAMPIRES fly on the scene next, with their shuddery diet of human blood. It may have kept Dracula going, but we need more variety. There's an old saying that we are what we eat, and it's certainly a fact that the right food in the right quantity can affect our whole lives. For vitality, shining hair and a sleek figure, eat as much as you can of fresh fruit, green vegetables, salads and protein (meat, fish, cheese and eggs), and cut

down on chocolate, sweets, sugar, bread, pastries and fried foods. Drink plenty of water, fruit juice and milk.

W

WISHING, even on a star or by a wishing well, won't necessarily make dreams come true. How often have you wished you . . . had a prettier nose, different colour hair or eyes, a fairer or darker complexion, were taller or shorter, fatter or thinner? Every girl who has ever looked in a mirror has probably felt the same at some time, because nobody is really ever satisfied with their appearance. If there's really nothing you can sensibly do about your particular moan, just remember that somebody somewhere is certain to be envying YOU!

X

X-PERIMENT can lead to some X-TRA-ORDINARY X-PERIENCES, as Frankenstein discovered when he created his monster. But trial and error is a vital part of growing up. Now is the time to have fun trying lots of different styles and looks until you find what really suits you best, in make-up and clothes, whether it's fluffily feminine or boyishly casual . . . or maybe both, depending on your mood. In any case, don't ever think, "I'd look a fright in that", until you've tried. You could be in for some exciting surprises. X also marks the spot where some X-ERCISE would improve the picture. The midriff is the most common problem area.

Try this waist whittler. Stand erect, legs apart, arms stretched out to sides at shoulder level, then bend and twist to touch left foot with right hand. Rise and bend again to touch right foot with left hand. Repeat six times each side, daily. To keep fit and lithe, make good use of your school's gym and playing fields, or see our next heading . . .

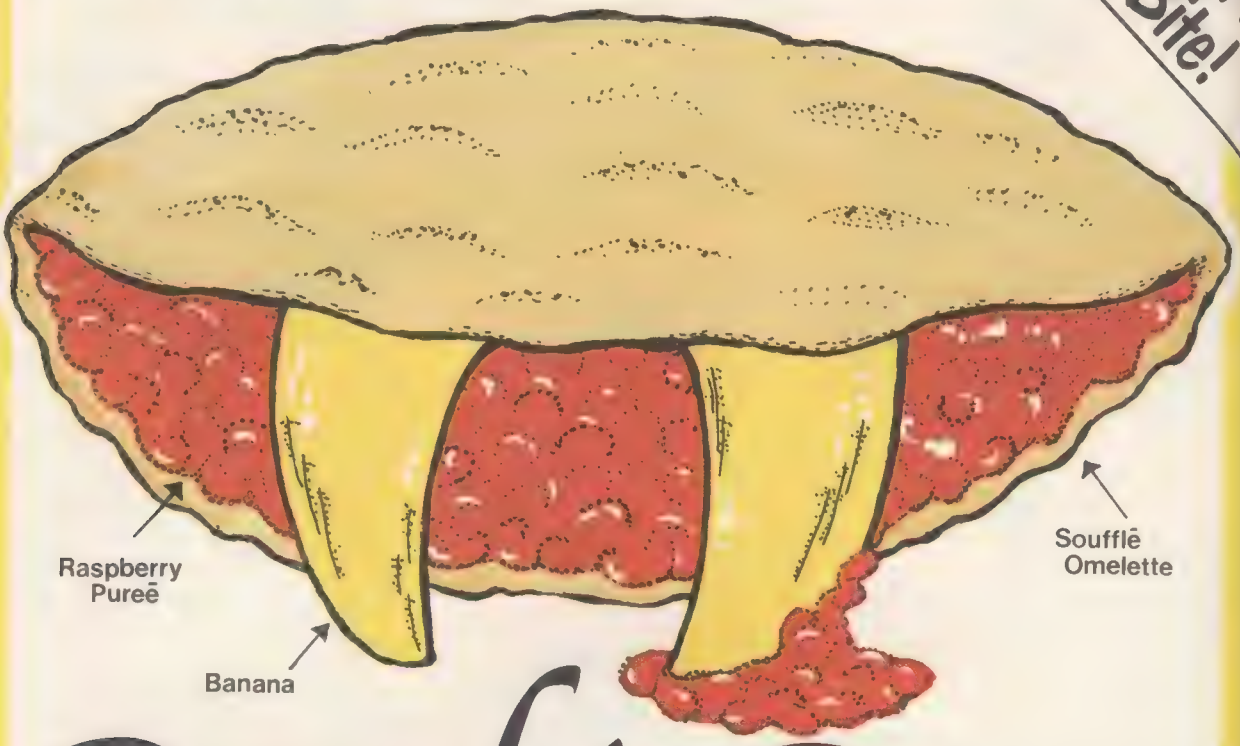
Y

YOGA, the Hindu system of meditation and mysticism, is also a fascinating and effective way of toning up your body. More and more people are learning how to practise it. Perhaps you could get a class started in your school or youth club? If team sports bore you rigid, yoga could be just the thing for you.

Z

Z is for ZODIAC. Each heavenly sign has its own lucky birthstone and colour. Wear yours to make fortune smile on you. Aries – diamond, scarlet; Taurus – emerald, any shade of blue; Gemini – pearl or agate, orange and chestnut brown; Cancer – carnelian, green and grey; Leo – ruby, yellow and gold; Virgo – sapphire, brown and silver grey; Libra – opal, sea green; Scorpio – topaz, dark red and crimson; Sagittarius – turquoise, sky blue; Capricorn – garnet, black; Aquarius – amethyst, grey; Pisces – bloodstone, purple and mauve.

Who's got a sweet fang? Here's a tasty pud you can keep all for yourself, because it'll scare away your greedy little brother!



Dracula's Dream Dessert

YOU will need 2 size 4 eggs, 2 teaspoons cold water, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, ½ oz butter or marge, 3 tablespoons raspberry purée, jam or tinned pie-filling, half a banana and a little icing-sugar.

Make a soufflé omelette like this:

1. Carefully separate the egg-yolks from the whites, by cracking each egg in half over a bowl and sliding the yolk from one egg-shell half to the other, letting the white fall into the bowl.
2. Whisk the egg-whites, until they are so stiff that you can turn the bowl upside-down without them falling out. (Try this out over your little brother's head, not your own!)
3. Whisk the yolks, sugar and water in another bowl until pale and creamy. Then gently fold in the stiff whites with a metal spoon.
4. Melt the butter in a clean omelette-pan or frying-pan over a *LOW* heat. Pour in the omelette mixture.
5. Let it cook, without moving it, until the bottom is set and pale golden-brown. (Just lift one edge with a palette-knife to check.)
6. Then hold the pan under a hot grill until the top is just set and no longer runny.
7. Slide the omelette on to a warm plate, spread the raspberry purée on half of it, split the half banana lengthways into two "fangs" and arrange them as shown in the pic.
8. Fold over the other half of the omelette and dust the top with icing sugar.

Now it's ready to get your fangs in!

Continued from page 56,

AT LAST, AFTER SUPPER, AND TIRED OUT BY THE EXCITEMENT OF HER FIRST DAY AT NORTH-CLIFFE, EMILIE WENT TO BED AND SLEPT SOUNDLY. HER SLEEP WAS UNTROUBLED BY THOUGHTS OF THE SHADOWY FIGURE SHE HAD ENCOUNTERED.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WITH THE EXPECTATION OF THE ARRIVAL OF MR. AND MRS. ARMSTRONG AND THEIR CHILDREN FROM PARIS, THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD WAS A HIVE OF ACTIVITY.

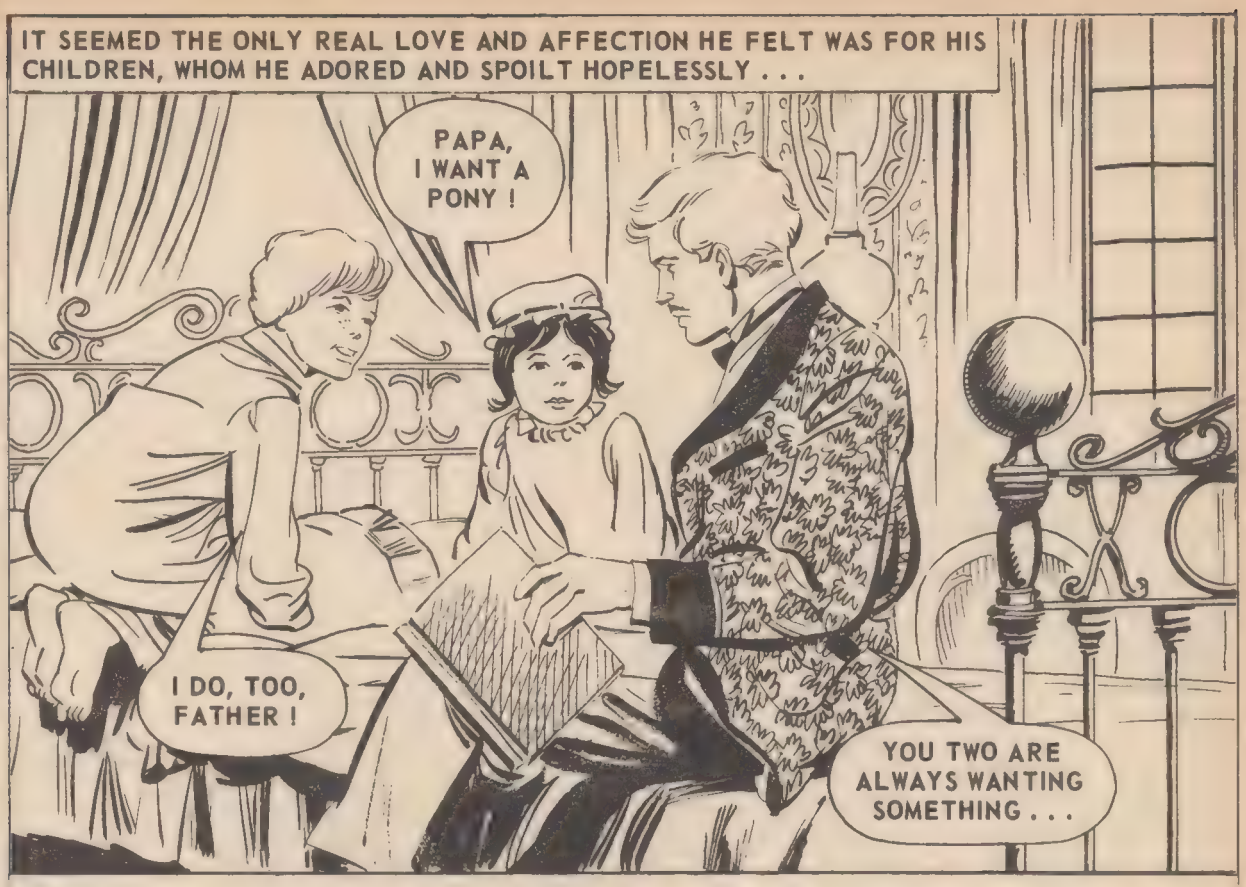
HERE, EMILIE – TAKE THIS FRESH LINEN TO LIZZIE, AND THEN HELP JAME GET THE DINING-ROOM READY.

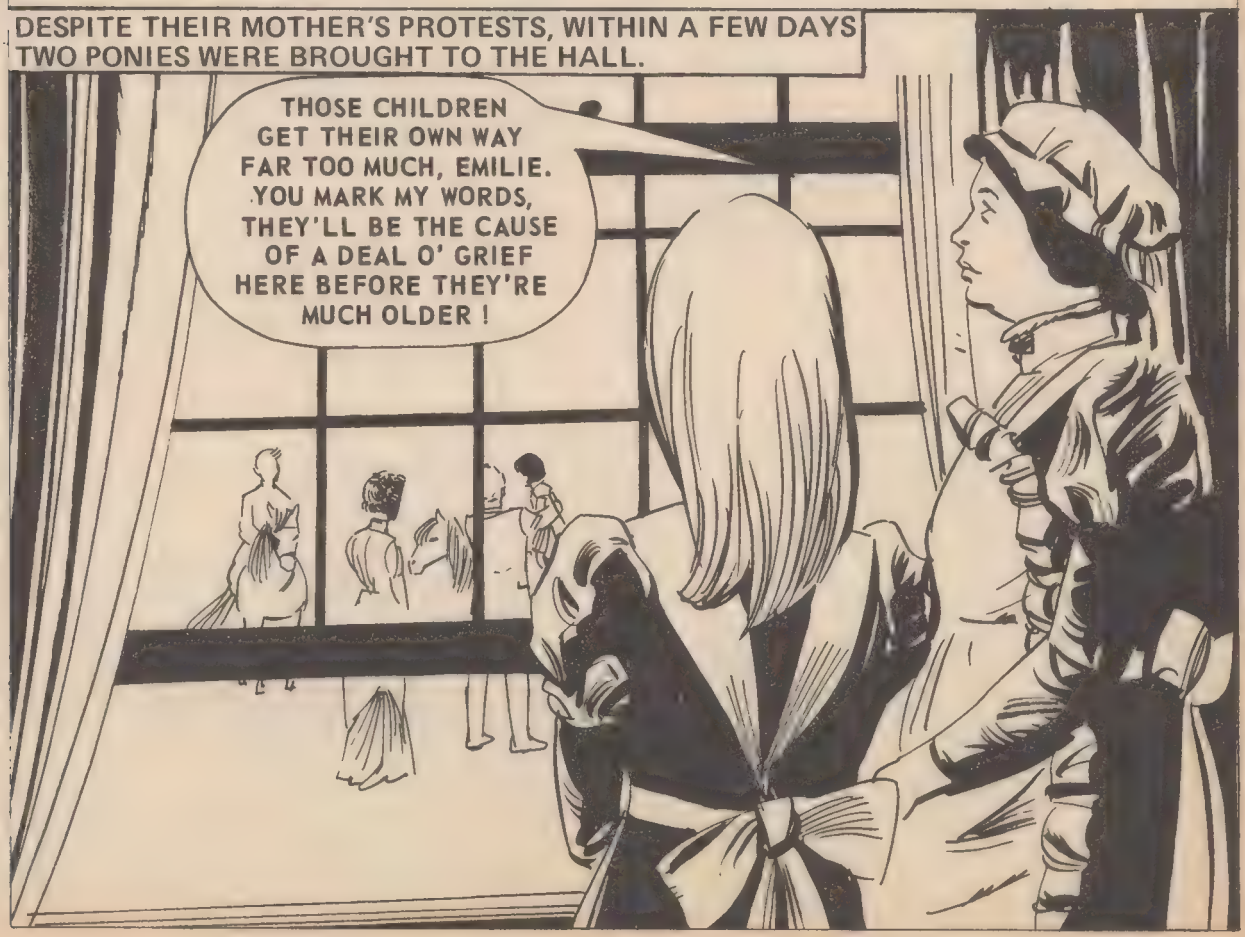
YES, MRS. GRIFFITHS.

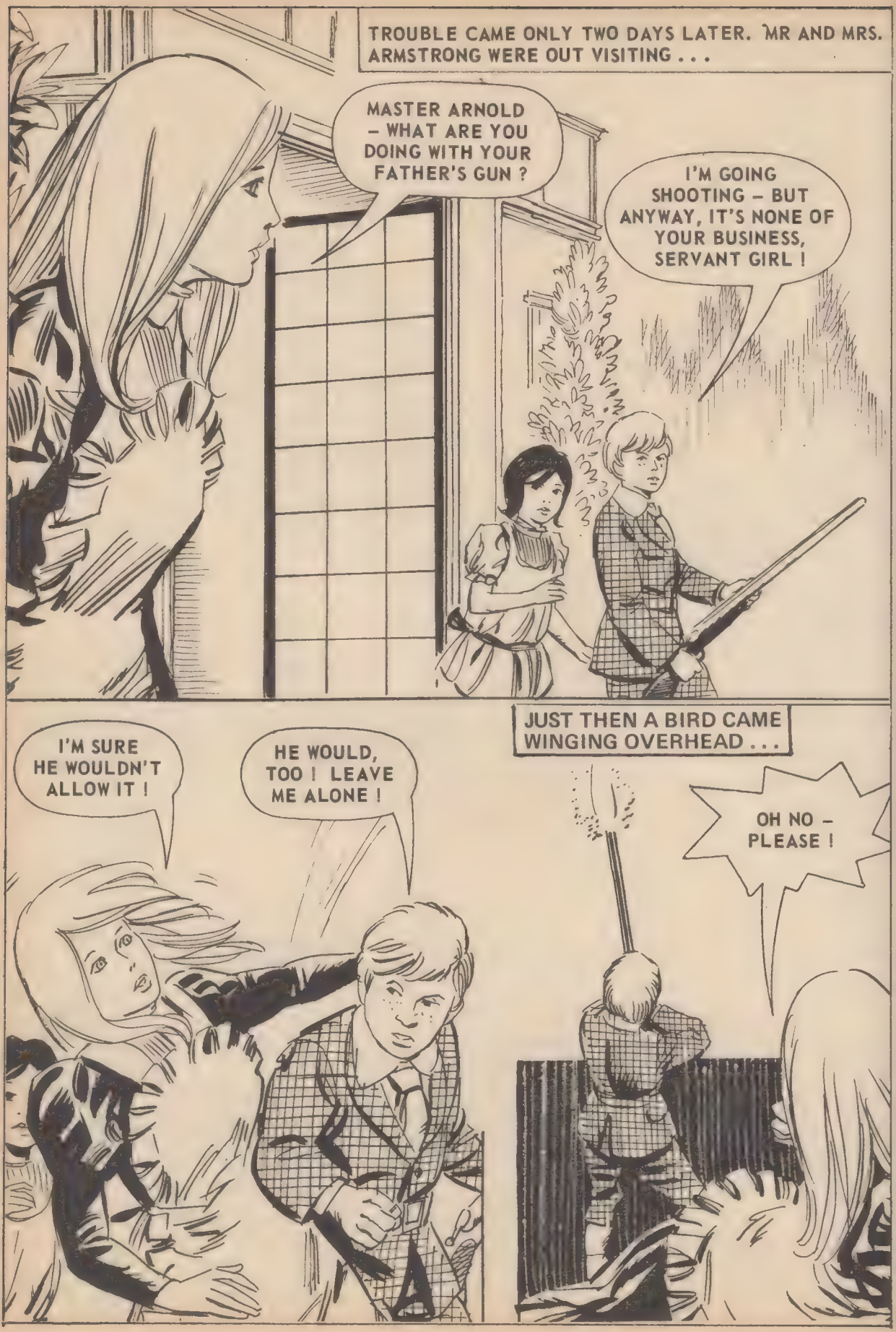
CHEERFULLY, EMILIE JOINED IN THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE TO MAKE-UP BEDS, REMOVE DUST SHEETS, LIGHT FIRES AND ATTEND TO THE COUNTLESS OTHER TASKS NEEDING TO BE DONE TO BRING THE HOUSE BACK TO LIFE.

THAT AFTERNOON, EMILIE WAS SUMMONED TO HER NEW MISTRESS'S PRESENCE.
I WILL EXPECT YOU TO KEEP MY WARDROBE IN PERFECT ORDER, EMILIE. TO DO ALL ALTERATIONS I REQUIRE, AND ALSO MAKE SOME OF MARTHA'S CLOTHES FOR HER FROM TIME TO TIME.
YES, MA'AM.
DON'T WANT A SERVANT GIRL MAKING MY CLOTHES, MAMA! SHE WON'T MAKE THEM NICE LIKE THE SHOP ONES!
DON'T BE TIRESOME, MARTHA! THAT WILL BE ALL, EMILIE.

AS THE DAYS PASSED, EMILIE SETTLED HAPPILY INTO HER NEW ENVIRONMENT. THERE WAS MUCH TO DO AS THE ARMSTRONGS LED AN EXTRAVAGANT SOCIAL LIFE AND VISITORS CAME FREQUENTLY TO THE HALL.
OF MR. ARMSTRONG SHE SAW LITTLE AND WAS CAREFUL TO KEEP OUT OF HIS WAY.
THE MINERS WON'T TAKE A CUT IN WAGES, SIR. THEY SAY THEY CAN'T LIVE ON LESS MONEY !
THEY'LL HAVE TO — THE PRICE OF COAL IS DOWN!
AS SHE SOON DISCOVERED, HE WAS A MAN GIVEN TO SUDDEN AND VIOLENT TEMPERS.
THERE COULD BE A STRIKE, SIR!
THEN I'LL CLOSE THE MINE DOWN AND THE DEVIL TAKE THEM! YOU CAN GET OUT AND TELL THEM THAT!


IT SEEMED THE ONLY REAL LOVE AND AFFECTION HE FELT WAS FOR HIS CHILDREN, WHOM HE ADORED AND SPOILT HOPELESSLY . . .
PAPA, I WANT A PONY !
I DO, TOO, FATHER !
YOU TWO ARE ALWAYS WANTING SOMETHING . . .


DESPITE THEIR MOTHER'S PROTESTS, WITHIN A FEW DAYS TWO PONIES WERE BROUGHT TO THE HALL.
THOSE CHILDREN GET THEIR OWN WAY FAR TOO MUCH, EMILIE. YOU MARK MY WORDS, THEY'LL BE THE CAUSE OF A DEAL O' GRIEF HERE BEFORE THEY'RE MUCH OLDER !


TROUBLE CAME ONLY TWO DAYS LATER. MR AND MRS. ARMSTRONG WERE OUT VISITING . . .
MASTER ARNOLD – WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR FATHER'S GUN ?
I'M GOING SHOOTING – BUT ANYWAY, IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, SERVANT GIRL !
I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T ALLOW IT !
HE WOULD, TOO ! LEAVE ME ALONE !
JUST THEN A BIRD CAME WINGING OVERHEAD . . .
OH NO – PLEASE !

THE RECOIL OF THE GUN THREW THE YOUNG BOY TO THE GROUND AND HE BURST INTO TEARS. BUT EMILIE'S CONCERN WAS FOR THE BIRD. WITH ONE WING CRUMPLED, IT WAS FLUTTERING TOWARDS THE GROUND . . .

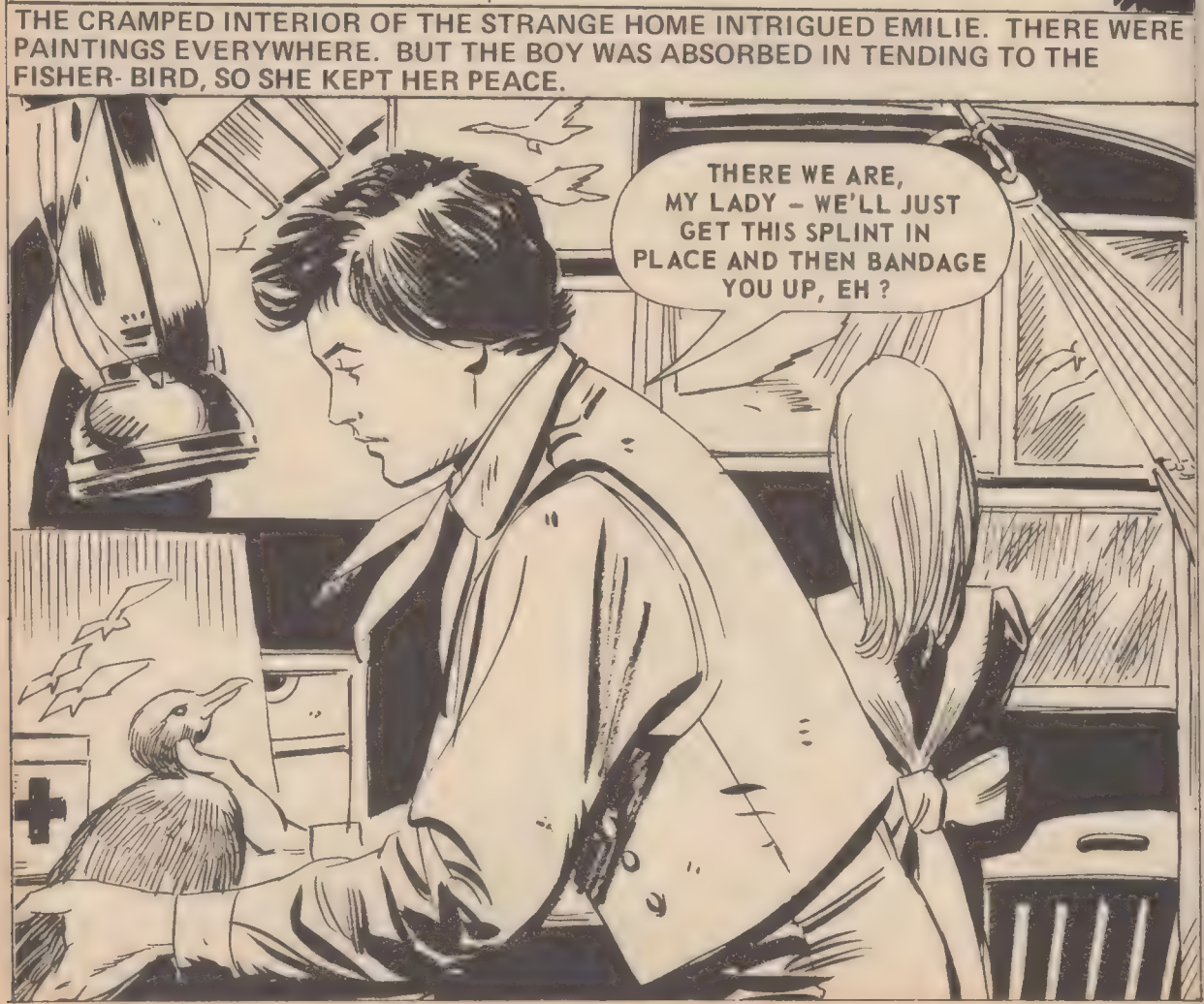
SHE FOUND THE BIRD, A CORMORANT, IN A COPSE BEYOND THE GARDEN. TEARS FILLED HER EYES AS SHE KNELT BESIDE IT.

THEN A SHADOW FELL ACROSS HER AND AND SHE LOOKED UP . . .

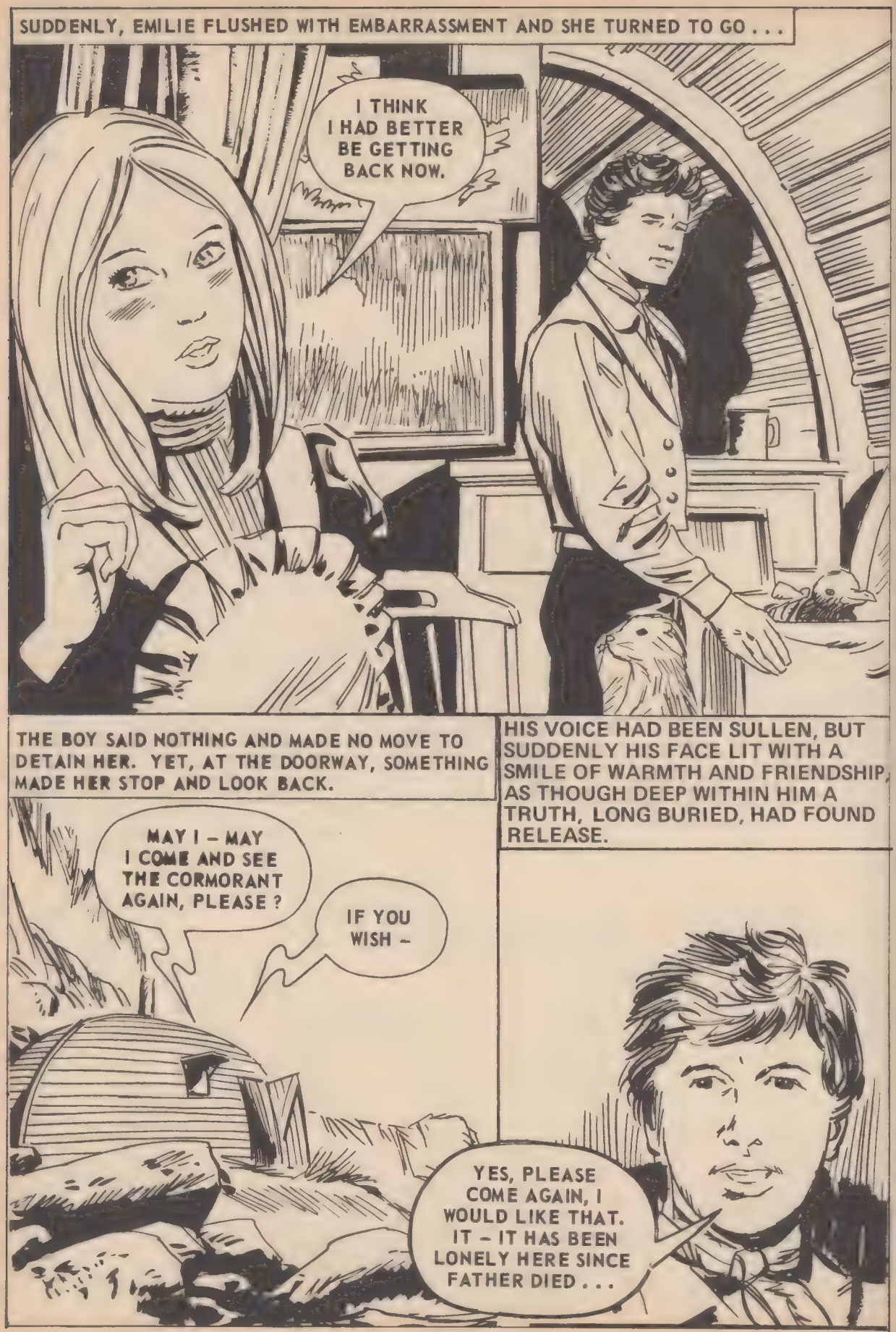
INSTANTLY, HER MIND WENT BACK TO HER FIRST NIGHT AT THE HALL – TO HER ENCOUNTER WITH A STRANGE ANIMAL AND A HALF-SEEN FIGURE AT THE WINDOW. SHE RECOGNISED HIM AT ONCE . . .
WHO – WHO ARE YOU?
THE WING'S BROKEN, BUT NOTHING ELSE, I THINK. SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT !
DESPITE THE FACT THAT HE HAD IGNORED HER QUESTION, EMILIE WATCHED, FASCINATED, AS HE GATHERED THE INJURED BIRD GENTLY IN HIS ARMS.
THERE – YOU'RE MORE COMFORTABLE ALREADY, EH ? REST EASY, MY BEAUTY, AND WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU MENDED AGAIN.

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE BOY TURNED AWAY. EMILIE FOLLOWED, HER ATTENTION TAKEN BY THE ANIMAL THAT PRANCED, CHITTERING GAILY, AT HIS HEELS.
WHAT IS YOUR PET ?
AN OTTER, OF COURSE – AND HIS NAME IS RAKI.
THEY TURNED A HEADLAND THAT CARRIED THEM OUT OF SIGHT OF THE HALL, ALONG THE FORESHORE UNTIL THEY CAME TO LAST TO A DESOLATE COVE.
WE'RE NEARLY HOME NOW, CORMORANT.
HOME ? THAT – THAT BOAT IS YOUR HOME ?

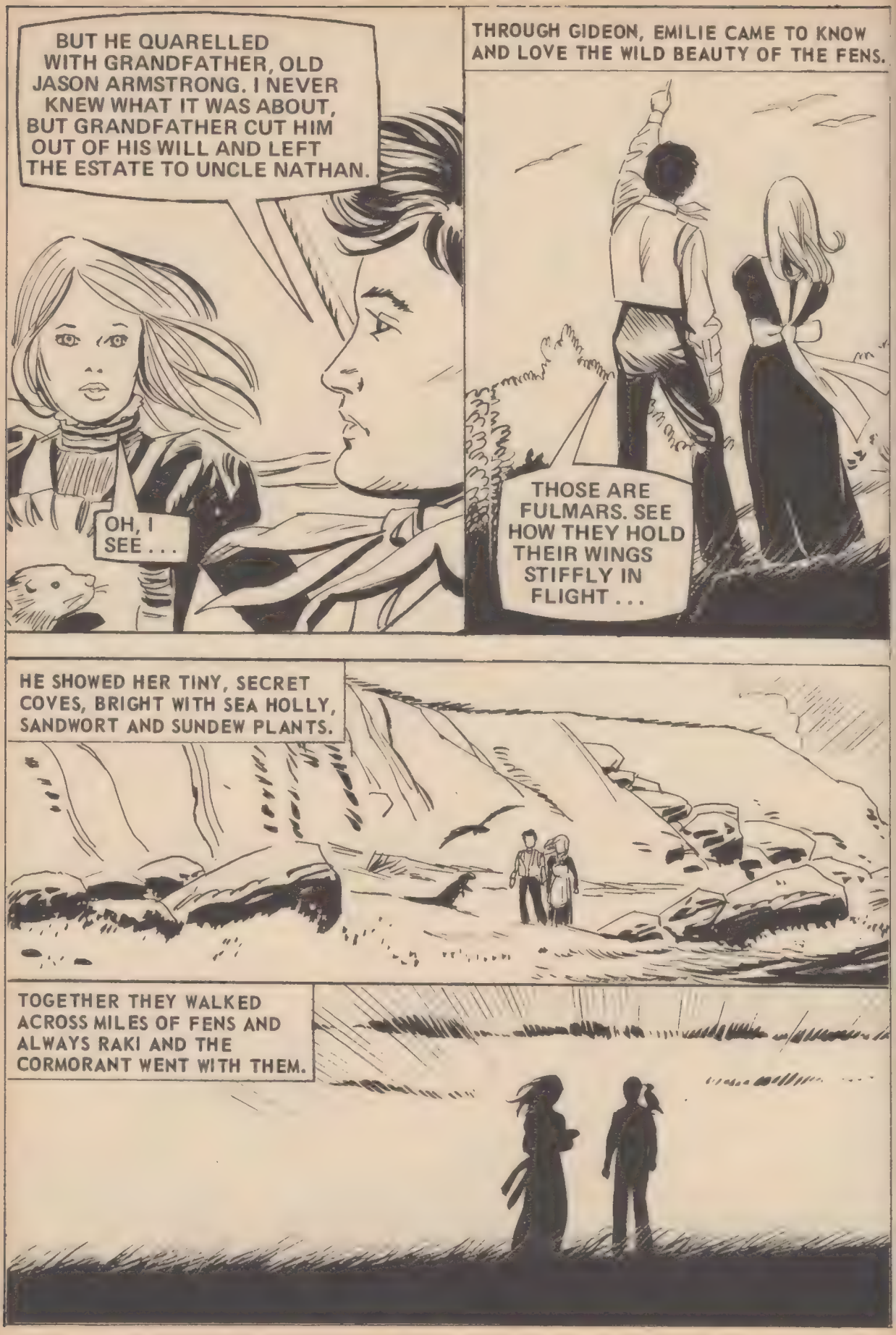
THE BOY PAUSED AND LOOKED AT EMILIE THOUGHTFULLY FOR A MOMENT – THEN HE SEEMED TO COME TO A DECISION.
YES, MY HOME. I DON'T USUALLY HAVE VISITORS, BUT – WELL, RAKI LIKES YOU, SO YOU MAY COME IN IF YOU WISH.
THANK YOU.


THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF THE STRANGE HOME INTRIGUED EMILIE. THERE WERE PAINTINGS EVERYWHERE. BUT THE BOY WAS ABSORBED IN TENDING TO THE FISHER- BIRD, SO SHE KEPT HER PEACE.
THERE WE ARE, MY LADY – WE'LL JUST GET THIS SPLINT IN PLACE AND THEN BANDAGE YOU UP, EH ?

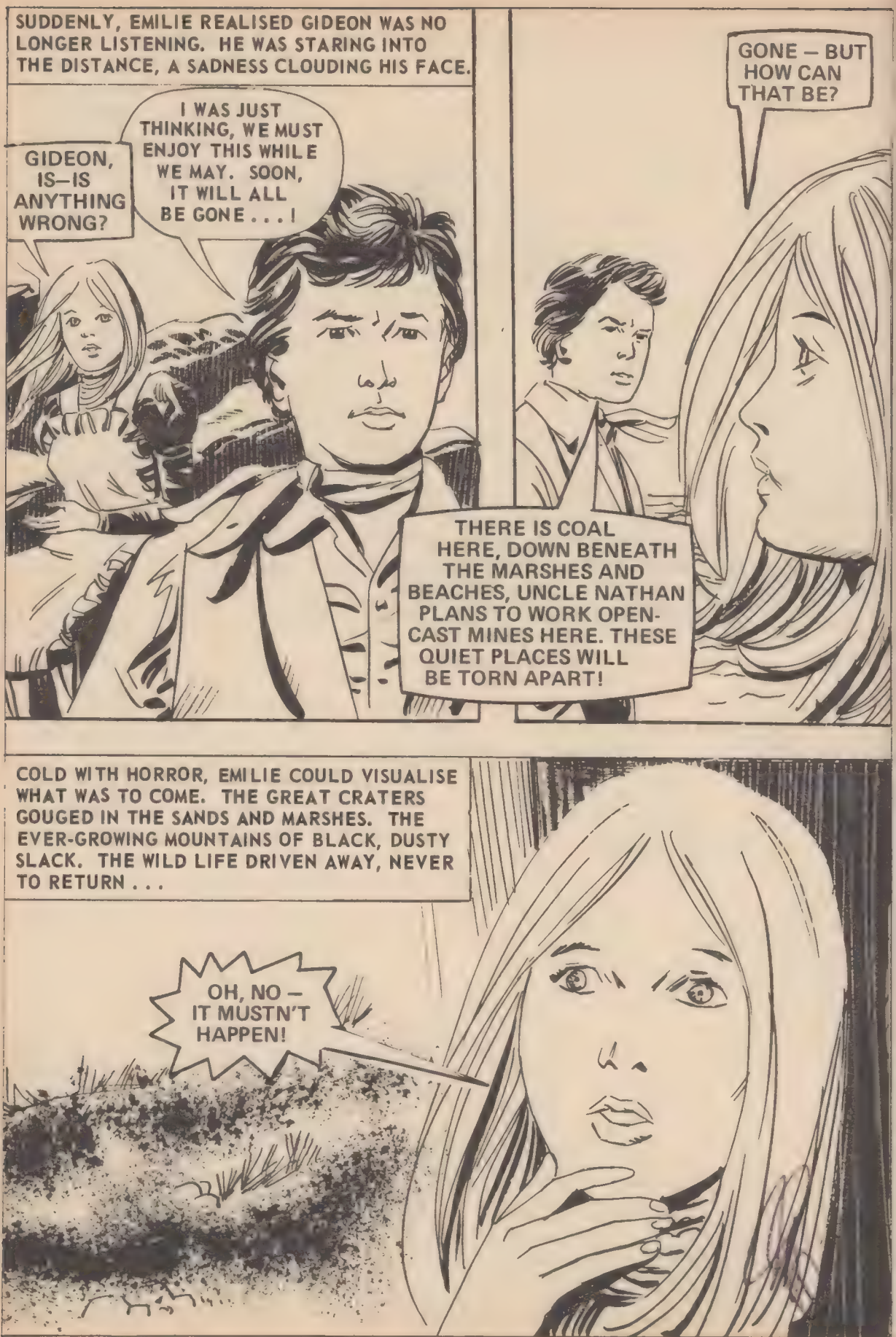
AT LAST, WHEN THE BIRD LAY COMFORTABLY IN A BOX, EMILIE COULD CONTAIN HER CURIOSITY NO LONGER . . .
DID YOU PAINT ALL THESE PICTURES ?
NO – MY FATHER DID BEFORE HE DIED.
I-I'M SORRY. WAS HE A FAMOUS ARTIST?
NOBODY HAS EVER SEEN HIS WORK. HE CHOSE TO LIVE AND DIE HERE – HIS NAME WAS JOLIN ARMSTRONG
THE BOY SAW BEWILDERMENT COME TO EMILIE'S EYES AND HIS FACE SOFTENED IN A SMILE . . .
YES – I'M AN ARMSTRONG, TOO. GIDEON ARMSTRONG. YOU DID NOT EXPECT TO FIND I WAS RELATED TO THE FINE FOLK AT THE HALL, EH ?
I – I . . . !


SUDDENLY, EMILIE FLUSHED WITH EMBARRASSMENT AND SHE TURNED TO GO . . .
I THINK I HAD BETTER BE GETTING BACK NOW.
THE BOY SAID NOTHING AND MADE NO MOVE TO DETAIN HER. YET, AT THE DOORWAY, SOMETHING MADE HER STOP AND LOOK BACK.
HIS VOICE HAD BEEN SULLEN, BUT SUDDENLY HIS FACE LIT WITH A SMILE OF WARMTH AND FRIENDSHIP, AS THOUGH DEEP WITHIN HIM A TRUTH, LONG BURIED, HAD FOUND RELEASE.
MAY I – MAY I COME AND SEE THE CORMORANT AGAIN, PLEASE ?
IF YOU WISH –
YES, PLEASE COME AGAIN, I WOULD LIKE THAT. IT – IT HAS BEEN LONELY HERE SINCE FATHER DIED . . .

SO IT WAS THAT THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN EMILIE AND GIDEON WAS FORGED. WHENEVER SHE COULD, EMILIE SLIPPED AWAY FROM NORTH-CLIFFE AND CAME TO THE COVE.
HOW IS SHE ?
THE WING GROWS STRONGER EVERY DAY, BUT I'VE A FANCY SHE WON'T LEAVE US NOW.
GIDEON TOOK HER SAILING IN HIS BOAT, AND PIECE BY PIECE SHE LEARNT OF THE SAD, STRANGE HISTORY OF HIS FAMILY. OF HOW HIS MOTHER HAD DIED AT HIS BIRTH, AND OF HIS FATHER – A MAN WHO HAD LIVED ONLY FOR PAINTING AND CARING FOR THE WILD LIFE OF THE FENS.
YOUR FATHER MUST HAVE LOVED IT HERE VERY MUCH. IT SHOWS IN HIS PAINTINGS.
HE DID – HE WAS VERY MUCH LIKE GRANDFATHER IN MANY WAYS.


BUT HE QUARELLED WITH GRANDFATHER, OLD JASON ARMSTRONG. I NEVER KNEW WHAT IT WAS ABOUT, BUT GRANDFATHER CUT HIM OUT OF HIS WILL AND LEFT THE ESTATE TO UNCLE NATHAN.
OH, I SEE . . .
THROUGH GIDEON, EMILIE CAME TO KNOW AND LOVE THE WILD BEAUTY OF THE FENS.
THOSE ARE FULMARS. SEE HOW THEY HOLD THEIR WINGS STIFFLY IN FLIGHT . . .
HE SHOWED HER TINY, SECRET COVES, BRIGHT WITH SEA HOLLY, SANDWORT AND SUNDEW PLANTS.
TOGETHER THEY WALKED ACROSS MILES OF FENS AND ALWAYS RAKI AND THE CORMORANT WENT WITH THEM.

ONE EVENING ON THE BEACH GIDEON FOUND A FOSSIL . . .
IT'S AN AMMONITE—THE FOSSIL SHELL OF A SEA CREATURE THAT BECAME EXTINCT IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.
YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE LIFE HERE, GIDEON.
MAYBE I DO — ANYWAY, YOU MAY KEEP IT, IF YOU LIKE.
OH, THANK YOU, AND — AND OH, I DO LOVE THIS PLACE. I COULD NEVER BEAR TO LEAVE IT NOW!


SUDDENLY, EMILIE REALISED GIDEON WAS NO LONGER LISTENING. HE WAS STARING INTO THE DISTANCE, A SADNESS CLOUDING HIS FACE.
GIDEON, IS—IS ANYTHING WRONG?
I WAS JUST THINKING, WE MUST ENJOY THIS WHILE WE MAY. SOON, IT WILL ALL BE GONE . . . !
GONE — BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?
THERE IS COAL HERE, DOWN BENEATH THE MARSHES AND BEACHES, UNCLE NATHAN PLANS TO WORK OPEN-CAST MINES HERE. THESE QUIET PLACES WILL BE TORN APART!
COLD WITH HORROR, EMILIE COULD VISUALISE WHAT WAS TO COME. THE GREAT CRATERS GOUGED IN THE SANDS AND MARSHES. THE EVER-GROWING MOUNTAINS OF BLACK, DUSTY SLACK. THE WILD LIFE DRIVEN AWAY, NEVER TO RETURN . . .
OH, NO — IT MUSTN'T HAPPEN!

Continued on page 121

WRITE YOUR OWN GHOST STORY!

HERE'S a ghost story with a difference! It's from the traditional nightmare world of shadows and shudders, but we ask you to choose your own details at certain ominous points in the story . . . and at the end we'll tell you something about yourself that maybe you thought nobody else knew about!

So, make quite sure you're alone (is the door completely shut behind you?), have a pen ready to record your score (filled with bats' blood, of course), and be prepared for the shiver of your life!

IT HAD been a beautiful evening when Arlene set out for her solitary walk, but slowly the clouds had covered the pale moon and a bitter wind arose, and when she shivered, pulling her shawl around her, and turned to retrace her steps, she realised she was lost. She had walked for some time, looking in vain for a landmark she could recognise, when the path between the tall trees turned sharply and she found herself walking beside an old wall, so ancient that in places quite large shrubs and small trees grew through broken places in it. She was tired now, and when she came to the door in the wall she reached out a hand to open it, thinking only that here, at last, might be someone she could ask for help. The door was

(A) heavy, made of oak and hard to push open; (B) covered with strange carvings, and opened surprisingly easily; (C) thick with moss and squeaked protestingly as she swung it wide; (D) so small and narrow she had to bend her head and turn sideways a little, to enter.

☆

INSIDE, she seemed to be in some kind of formal garden and a very narrow path twisted away from her, leading, she supposed, to the big house she could dimly see somewhere ahead. There seemed to be a light in an upper window, and she stepped forward briskly but almost at once she stopped short, listening, straining her ears intently. No, there was nothing but the wind sighing, outside the wall. But as

Please turn over...

WRITE YOUR OWN GHOST STORY!

she moved on again, perhaps more hesitantly, she heard it again . . . footsteps. She was sure she was right. It was as if someone . . . or something . . . was following her, step for step, as she moved along the narrow path and yet, however many times she glanced quickly over her shoulder, she never caught sight of anything behind her.

☆

The footsteps had only begun since she had come through the doorway, and she was tempted to turn back, but it seemed silly, now she was almost up to the house, where she could ask for help and directions, perhaps even phone for a taxi to take her back to her hotel. And then the little path gave another unexpected turn, and she found herself crossing a tiny courtyard, with a statue on a plinth set in the middle of it. She couldn't resist going close enough to see what it was, and felt strangely uneasy when she found herself looking at

(A) a horned devil, grinning at her and beckoning her towards the house; (B) the head and shoulders of a woman, with a screaming mouth but no eyes; (C) a hand with a heavy ring carved on it, held up as if in warning; (D) the full-length figure of a weeping woman, and on the plinth, the name . . . Arlene.

☆

THE PATH that must lead to the house seemed even narrower now, and the vegetation growing on either side seemed to reach out to her, catching thorny tendrils in her skirt and hair, at every step. The footsteps seemed closer, and when she held her breath, so as to listen more intently, she felt she could almost hear breathing too, just a step or two behind her . . .

She was almost running now, and turning her head at every step, eyes straining through the gathering darkness, to see what followed her, and it was with a shock that she felt her hand, stretched out before her, come to rest on something solid and she realised with a start that she was at the very front door of the house, in fact her hand lay on the knocker itself. She withdrew her hand with a shudder. For the knocker was in the shape of

(A) a hand, carved as if it were a dead hand, the fingers curving limply downwards; (B) a grinning satyr's head; (C) the sign of the evil eye; (D) a bat.

★

TO HER surprise, her light touch on the knocker had opened the door, and it swung silently inwards and remained invitingly open. The hall was brightly lit, and she could hear music coming faintly from within. Anything seemed better than the horrors of the mysterious garden with its eerie footsteps, and she stepped quickly inside, calling out nervously as she did so, "Is anyone at home?" without really expecting an immediate answer, so it was with a tremendous shock that a voice replied just behind her – and she turned to see a tall, dark, handsome man in the act of closing the front door. As he stretched out his hand to push the door shut, she couldn't help noticing the heavy gold ring he wore. It was

(A) set with a strange jewel that gleamed dully in the light; (B) in the shape of a serpent twisted round his finger; (C) carved with magical signs; (D) a snarling leopard's head.

☆

SHE BEGAN to explain her predicament, but he raised a pale hand, indicating that she should follow him, and again the ring caught her eye. He led her across the hall, and as she passed the foot of a broad staircase leading to a narrow gallery, from the corner of her eye she felt someone watched her from the shadows at one end of the gallery. She looked back, over her shoulder, and saw the shadows move, and heard soft laughter, and then a door closed.

☆

She felt uneasy, and called out after the man, "If I could just use your telephone—?" but he was striding ahead and gave no sign he'd even heard her. Her own footsteps clattered briskly across the tiled floor, but the man ahead of her seemed to move almost silently and each of his soundless paces took him further away from her, so she was hurrying to catch up. But already he had disappeared through a small door at the end of the hall and when she followed, expecting to find herself in a room where the telephone was kept, she was surprised to find she was in another narrow hallway – alone. With growing panic she looked round, but there was no other door, and no window, and no sign of the man. Looking round, she now saw that the queer, greenish light came from a dozen or so guttering candles set in niches in the wall, and between them the bare stone wall was covered with old-looking pictures.

She glanced casually at the nearest, and with a shock of recognition saw that it was

(A) a painting of her own face, with eyes shut as if dead; (B) a portrait of the man who had let her into the house, smiling sardonically; (C) a knife dripping with blood; (D) not a painting but a queer kind of mirror, in which her own face grimaced

back at her, horribly distorted by the flaws in the old glass.

THERE was no way forward, no sign of her guide, and she turned back, and was horrified to find that she could no longer see the door by which she had entered. The wall behind her appeared solid, as of roughly-hewn stone blocks, and reaching out to touch it, to make sure it was as solid as it looked, she shuddered, for the stone was

(A) icy cold; (B) covered in dripping slime; (C) stained with something red which came away on her fingers; (D) thick with small, creeping things that scurried away at her touch.

☆

NOW SHE was really frightened, stepping back to the centre of the room and staring all round in a panic. She heard a rustle from somewhere above her head, and glancing up she saw that a narrow gallery ran all round, at ceiling height, and it was filled with shadowy figures leaning over to look at her. As she stared up, they began to laugh and mock and with growing horror she realised

(A) that not one of them was human; (B) the creatures above had leathery wings, the bodies of strange animals and the faces of human beings; (C) the rustling noise she had heard was the sound of ghostly bodies brushing lightly together as they crowded to stare down at her; (D) she had been deliberately lured and trapped in this dreadful place.

☆

THE LAUGHTER from the dreadful watchers above grew louder and she saw they were beginning to crowd forward on the balcony, as if preparing to descend on her, and she screamed, her hands flying to her mouth in terror – and then it happened. In her desperate whirling movement, looking instinctively for somewhere to hide, the silver chain she wore inside the neck of her dress flew up, and the little cross suspended from it rattled against her finger. Automatically she clasped it – and it seemed as if the ghastly horde above her head was suddenly silent, after one sibilant gasp of hate. She held the cross more tightly now, and lifted it slightly to menace the watchers, and then

(A) there was a roll like thunder above her head; (B) the candles guttered and went out, leaving her in darkness; (C) a single voice wailed as if in torment from the crowd in the gallery; (D) she felt a light breeze, deliciously scented, lift her hair and pass across her forehead, as if in a caress.

☆

THEN NEXT thing Arlene knew was that there was a tremendous flash of brilliant light, and she shut her eyes, blinded, but still hanging on to her cross for dear life. The ground seemed to shudder and shake around her, and she dimly heard a tremendous roaring noise and a whirring, as of thousands of wings, and when she dared to open her eyes again

(A) she found herself standing in the lane again, with her hand on the closed door in the old wall; (B) she was standing where the old house had been, but it lay in ruins around her, and it was obvious from the weeds growing through the cracked, tiled floor, that it had been like that for many, many years; (C) a door had appeared in the wall behind her, and stood open, and the way clear to the front door, which also was wide open, with the moonlight pouring in; (D) she saw a small, white door ahead of her, which had not been there before, and when she opened it and walked through she found herself, amazingly, outside the house, on a scented lawn that led down to a wide gate, opening on to a road.

☆

TEN MINUTES' walking, and Arlene found herself back at a point she recognised, where a country signpost clearly marked the way back to her hotel. But the strange thing was, there was no sign pointing back the way she had come, and later, when she asked about the strange house back at the hotel, nobody seemed to know what she was talking about. And though she took a walk that way again a few days later, this time in bright sunshine, she was never able to locate the lane, still less the doorway in the old wall. . . .

How did you do?

✸

If you chose mostly As . . .

You appear to the outsider to be a practical, cheerful sort of person, but deep in your heart there is a touch of bitterness, because there has been some disappointment in your life which you still haven't quite accepted. Face up to whatever your disappointment was, and you'll REALLY be the happy, positive person, destined for success, that everyone takes you for.

✸

If you chose mostly Bs . . .

You have a secret yearning for excitement! Maybe you should try to satisfy it by getting out of the rut you are in at present. You need new friends, new interests, or at the very least a new addition to your wardrobe, or a more interesting hairstyle, and none of that is at all difficult if you make up your mind to it, so get cracking!

✸

If you chose mostly Cs . . .

You seem to be a confident, determined character but you are a wee bit of a coward at heart, especially over one thing in particular! When you have nightmares, it's always that one thing that comes at you out of the dark. . . . Your way of dealing with it is to pretend it isn't there, but one of those days you are going to have to face up to it! You'll find that the quicker you beat your own little bogey, the easier it will be to deal with . . . and then you'll never be afraid of anything again. So, go to it!

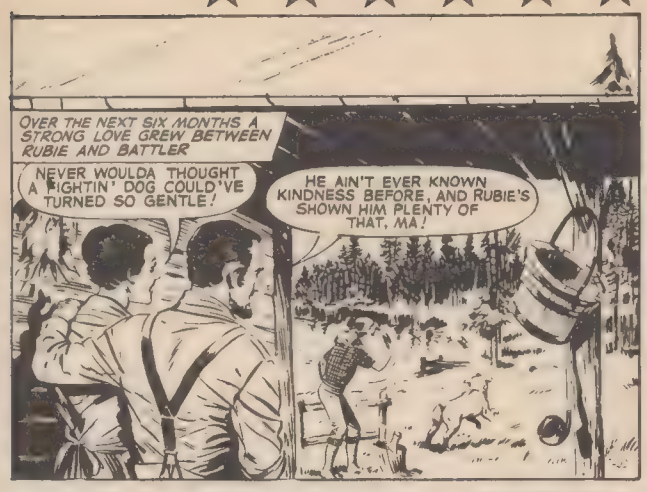
✸

If you chose mostly Ds . . .

Your pals would say you are a pretty hardboiled character, but in fact you are quite an old-fashioned romantic at heart! That's nothing to be ashamed of, in fact without it you could grow into rather an unlikeable person. So don't be embarrassed about your need for romance, and deep need to be loved and needed. It's one of the nicest things about you!

RUBIE'S BEST FRIEND

THERE IS NO LOVE MORE LOYAL THAN THAT OF A DOG FOR HIS OWNER. SOMETIMES, IT SEEMS, THE LOVE IS SO STRONG THAT IT EVEN GOES BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF LIFE...
IT WAS TOWARDS THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY IN CANADA. THOSE ROUGH AND READY DAYS PRODUCED SUCH TERRIBLE SPORTS AS DOG-FIGHTING
FIGHT, YOU YELLOW-STREAKED HOUND! FIGHT, DARN YOU!
YOUR DOG'S AN OLD HAS-BEEN, JACKSON! YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE ME THE MONEY NOW! MY DOG IS THE WINNER!
SOON AFTER...
YOU DID ME OUT OF A SMALL FORTUNE LOSIN' THAT FIGHT! YOU AIN'T NO USE TO ANYBODY ANY MORE!
GO ON! DROWN!
THE POOR DOG BATTLED FRANTICALLY TO STOP THE ROCK DRAGGING HIM UNDER
LOOK, PA! A DOG IS DROWNING OVER THERE! WE MUST SAVE IT!
WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
COME ON, FELLAH! YOU AIN'T FINISHED YET!
OH, THE POOR THING! SOMEONE TIED A ROCK ROUND HIS NECK! THEY WANTED TO GET RID OF HIM!
RECKON I KNOW WHY, RUBIE! HE BELONGED TO ONE OF THEM LOW-DOWN DOG-FIGHTING MEN! I SEE 'EM IN TOWN!
HE MUST HAVE GROWN TOO OLD FOR IT! HE NEEDS A HOME. PLEASE LET ME KEEP HIM, PA!
GEE, THAT'S GREAT, DAD! I'LL CALL HIM BATTLER BECAUSE HE BATTLED SO HARD FOR HIS LIFE!
HE'S COME ROUND NOW! THE WAY HE'S STARING AT YOU SEEMS HE'S MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING HIS LIFE, RUBIE! YOU'VE FOUND YOURSELF A LIFELONG FRIEND


OVER THE NEXT SIX MONTHS A STRONG LOVE GREW BETWEEN RUBIE AND BATTLER
NEVER WOULDA THOUGHT A FIGHTIN' DOG COULD'VE TURNED SO GENTLE!
HE AIN'T EVER KNOWN KINDNESS BEFORE, AND RUBIE'S SHOWN HIM PLENTY OF THAT, MA!

IT'S A LOVELY DAY, SO ME AND BATTLER ARE GOING TO TAKE A WALK IN THE WOODS, MA
MAKE SURE YOU'RE BACK IN TIME FOR SUPPER NOW!

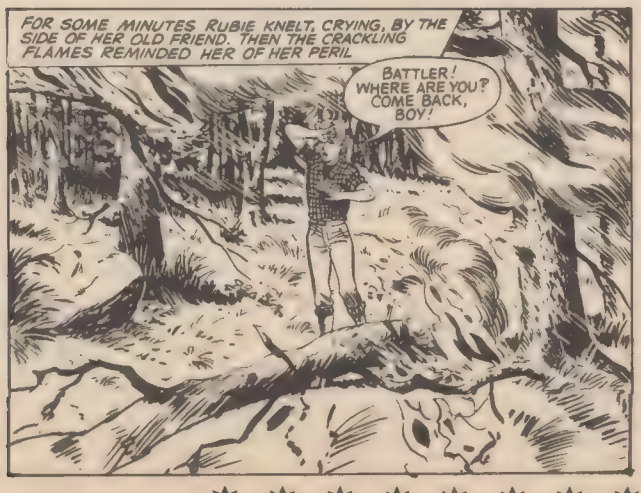
SOME TIME LATER...
WHOOF! WHOOF!
WHY ARE YOU BARKING AT ME, BOY?

THE FOREST IS ON FIRE! THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO TELL ME! WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST, BATTLER!

BATTLER, LOOK OUT! THAT TREE!

YEE-EE-OW!

THE FIRE SPREAD QUICKLY AS RUBIE RACED THROUGH THE FOREST. SUDDENLY...
OH, BATTLER! HE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE! HE- HE'S DEAD!


FOR SOME MINUTES RUBIE KNELT, CRYING, BY THE SIDE OF HER OLD FRIEND. THEN THE CRACKLING FLAMES REMINDED HER OF HER PERIL
BATTLER! WHERE ARE YOU? COME BACK, BOY!

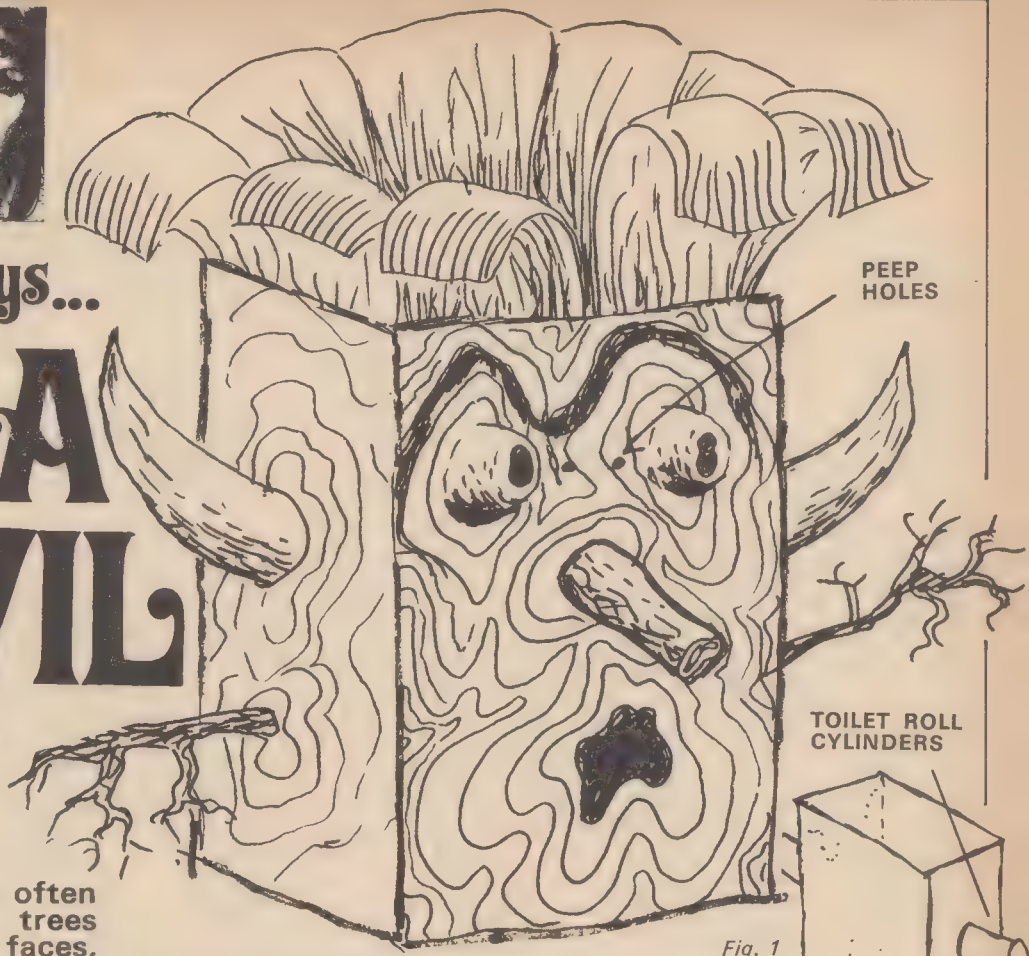
SHE TRIED DIFFERENT WAYS OF ESCAPE, BUT THE SCORCHING HEAT ALWAYS FORCED HER BACK
I'M LOST! I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHERE I AM! THERE'S NO HOPE FOR ME NOW!

THAT FIGURE IN THE SMOKE OVER THERE! IT—IT LOOKS LIKE BATTLER!
OH, BATTLER, HOW WONDERFUL! YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU ESCAPED FROM UNDER THAT TREE, BUT I'M SURE GLAD YOU DID!
SHE BENT DOWN TO CUDDLE HIM, BUT HE MOVED AWAY
YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, BATTLER, THERE'S NO TIME FOR HUGS NOW! YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD ME OUT OF HERE!
AND SOON...
CLEVER BOY, BATTLER! THIS STREAM RUNS OUT THROUGH THE WOODS NEAR OUR HOME! IT'LL GIVE US PROTECTION FROM THE —RE!
AT LAST...
OH, WE'RE SAFE! I CAN'T GO ANOTHER STEP... MUST REST...GET MY BREATH BACK...
MOMENTS LATER, SHE LOOKED UP. BUT...
BATTLER! WHERE ARE YOU?
SHE COULDN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE. SHE RETURNED HOME AND, A FEW HOURS AFTER THE FIRE WAS PUT OUT...
WE FOUND THIS DOG PINNED UNDER A TREE IN THERE! AFRAID HE'S DEAD! DO YOU KNOW WHO HE BELONGS TO?
IT'S BATTLER!
THEN—THEN HE'S BEEN DEAD ALL THE TIME...SINCE THAT TREE FELL ON HIM! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND—HOW COULD HE HAVE LED ME OUT OF THE FIRE?
MAYBE WHAT YOU SAW WAS HIS SPIRIT, RUBIE—COME BACK TO SAVE YOU!
DID THE CONFUSION AND SMOKE MAKE RUBIE IMAGINE SHE SAW BATTLER, WAS IT ANOTHER DOG ALTOGETHER—OR WAS IT THE GHOST OF HER OLD FRIEND WHO RESCUED HER? I LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT...

Misty says...

BE A DEVIL

and here's how...



I'M SURE you've often noticed that trees appear to have faces, especially if you happen to be lost in the middle of a dark wood. Some have twisted, evil expressions while others look homely and lumpy, but kind. No wonder our ancient Briton ancestors believed in tree spirits and worshipped them in strange ceremonies in the forests.

☆

YOU too can turn yourself into a tree-devil with one of these masks. You will need:

A large, empty breakfast cereal packet. Two cardboard cylinders from toilet rolls. Two egg-holders cut from an empty egg-box. Some green crepe paper. A sheet of silver foil. Two thin twigs for hands. A short, thick twig for the nose. Some thick paint. Gum or paste. Paint and paste brushes.

☆

CUT OFF the top and bottom end flaps of the cereal packet, then use your toilet-roll cylinders to make the horns. Trace round the ends with a pencil on the sides of the packet, then cut out the circles and insert the cylinders (fig. 1).

Then cover them with silver foil, twisting them up into curved points, as in fig. 2.

Make the bulbous eyes with the egg-holders; cut little slits about half a centimetre long all round the edges, then bend back to form tabs (fig. 3).

Use these tabs to glue or paste them onto the mask.

In the centre of the face make two slits in the form of a cross, then push a thick bit of wood for the nose into the centre of the cross. Then paint the mask all over – sides and back too – with thick, brown paint.

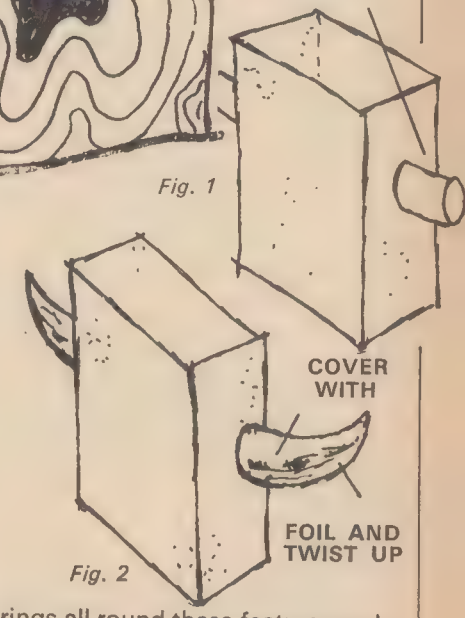


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

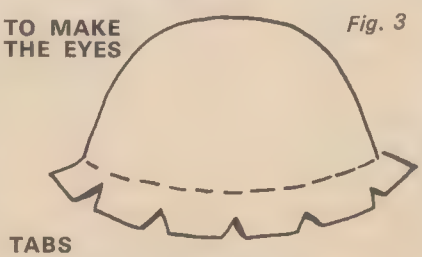


Fig. 3

Wait for it to dry, and paint on black, irregular circles for eyes and mouth. Using black, or different shades of brown or yellow, paint irregular, "woody" rings all round these features and between.

Cut strips from the green crepe paper, then cut one edge of each strip into a fringe.

Gum or paste the unfringed edges inside the top of the mask and bend the strips over to form leafy fronds.

Then stick twigs for hands in the sides, below the horns. Finally, try the mask on, find out where your eyes will come, then take it off and cut two tiny peepholes.

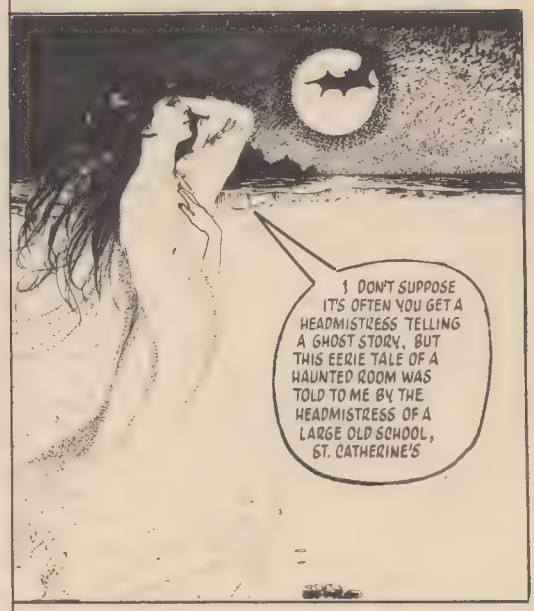
☆

Now you're all set to be a devil and scare the family!

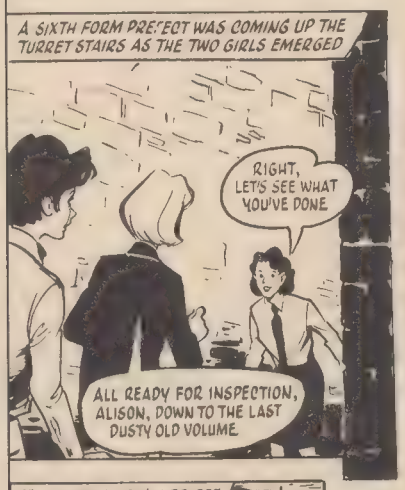
YET AGAIN - IT'S ME - MISS T.

'MORNING, POSTHOG
'MORNING, MISS T
GPO
OH DEAR. HE'S DROPPED A PARCEL
HEY, POSTHOG!
HI POP PICKERS
HE CAN'T HEAR ME FOR THE NOISE OF HIS TRANNY
Miss T's house
I'D BETTER GO AFTER HIM
HE'S HEADING FOR VIC THE VAMPIRE'S PAD I'LL CATCH HIM ON MY BROOM!
BONK
CAN'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
SORRY, MABEL
BAH! NOW I'LL HAVE TO BUY HER AND I NEW BROOM
THERE HE GOES ~ INTO VIC'S CASTLE!
BUT~
THANKS FOR THE USE OF THE SHORT~CUT, VIC!
TRY IT AFTER DARK SOMETIME!
EXIT
GPO
HE MUST HAVE GONE UPSTAIRS PUFF
HOLY HEMLOCK! HE'S DOWN THERE!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I'M BUSHED!
POSTHOG! YOU DROPPED A PARCEL
GPO
THANKS, BUT YOU NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED. IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU!
YII

The Haunted Library


I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S OFTEN YOU GET A HEADMISTRESS TELLING A GHOST STORY, BUT THIS EERIE TALE OF A HAUNTED ROOM WAS TOLD TO ME BY THE HEADMISTRESS OF A LARGE OLD SCHOOL, ST. CATHERINE'S

WHEN IT WAS DECIDED TO MAKE THE TURRET ROOM INTO A LIBRARY, IT WAS FAY AND HER FRIEND CORA WHO LANDED THE JOB OF PUTTING THE BOOKS IN ORDER
FINISHED AT LAST— AND I'M NOT SORRY. SOMEHOW THIS ROOM MAKES ME FEEL UNEASY
YOU'RE TOO SENSITIVE, FAY


A SIXTH FORM PREFECT WAS COMING UP THE TURRET STAIRS AS THE TWO GIRLS EMERGED
RIGHT, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE
ALL READY FOR INSPECTION, ALISON, DOWN TO THE LAST DUSTY OLD VOLUME

ALISON PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR.. THEN SHE STARED
CALL THIS TIDY? LOOK AT ALL THESE BOOKS THROWN AROUND! GET CRACKING, YOU YOUNG IDIOTS, AND THIS TIME FINISH THE JOB PROPERLY
BUT— BUT—

THE PREFECT STALKED OFF
I KNEW THERE WAS A DISTURBING PRESENCE IN THIS ROOM, CORA. I BELIEVE IT'S HAUNTED. NOBODY COULD HAVE GOT IN TO MOVE THOSE BOOKS
EXCEPT THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE AND WE KNOW THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO EXIST. BET IT WAS LILIAN, PLAYING ONE OF HER JOKES

THAT EVENING THEY TACKLED THEIR FRIEND, LILIAN, ABOUT IT
HONEST, I HAVEN'T BEEN NEAR THE PLACE ALL AFTERNOON. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAVEN'T THOUGHT UP ANY GOOD JOKES JUST LATELY
THEN DON'T. ONE SECRET JOKER IS ENOUGH.

I STILL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE TURRET ROOM
ALL RIGHT, FAY, WE'LL PUT YOUR THEORY TO THE TEST AND GO GHOST-HUNTING TONIGHT. AFTER DARK BUT BEFORE LIGHTS OUT

LATER THAT NIGHT...
SHOULDN'T YOU BE CARRYING A SPRIG OF MYRTLE OR SOMETHING TO PLEASE THE SPIRITS?
YOU CAN LAUGH, CORA, BUT I TELL YOU I CAN FEEL A PRESENCE IN THAT ROOM JUST AS SURELY AS IF I HAD SEEN IT!
EVEN THE PRACTICAL CORA GAVE A SLIGHT SHIVER AT FAY'S WORDS
JOLLY QUIET, ISN'T IT?
AS CORA SPOKE THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY A SHRIEK. THEN THE DOOR OF THE TURRET ROOM BURST OPEN AND A HUGE, WHITE, BATLIKE THING SWOOPED DOWN ON THEM
AAAGH! HELP!
OH-OH!
FAY, CORA AND THE "THING" CRASHED DOWN TO THE LANDING TOGETHER. NEXT MOMENT...
LILIAN, IT'S YOU! YOU — YOU GOOF! YOU SCARED US STIFF!
WHAT ABOUT ME? I WAS IN THAT ROOM WAITING FOR YOU TWO TO TURN UP WHEN I HEARD SOBBING. RIGHT NEXT TO ME. BUT THERE WAS NOBODY THERE — SO I BOLTED...
BUT YOU DIDN'T UNTIDY THE LIBRARY EARLIER?
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T. I ONLY DECIDED TO PLAY GHOST WHEN I OVERHEARD YOU TALKING ABOUT GHOST-HUNTING...
GIRLS, WHAT IS GOING ON?
IT'S THE HEAD!
WHEN THEY EXPLAINED...
THERE AREN'T SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS, AS EVERY REASONABLE PERSON KNOWS. SO WE'LL ALL GO UP TO THE LIBRARY TOGETHER AND SEE FOR OURSELVES, SHALL WE?
ER — LEAD ON, MISS SELBY!
COME ALONG, GIRLS. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF
I ONLY HOPE SHE'S RIGHT...
NOT ME! I'VE HAD ENOUGH
THE TURRET ROOM WAS EMPTY. SUDDENLY, AS THEY STOOD THERE...
BANG!
WH-WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S ONLY THE WINDOW BLOWN OPEN
LOOK. A NOTE ON THE TABLE! IT WASN'T HERE BEFORE!
MISS SELBY FROWNED AS SHE READ THE NOTE ALOUD
IT SAYS:- "I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE. I'M GOING AWAY AND YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN"
NONE OF OUR GIRLS WROTE IT. IT'S LIKE A CHILD'S WRITING
LISTEN!

THE SOUND OF SOBBING CAME FROM SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO THEM. EVEN THE HEAD LOOKED SHAKEN FOR A MOMENT, BUT SHE SOON RALLIED

IT– IT'S ONLY THE WIND. AS FOR THIS NOTE– IT MUST BE SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A JOKE. BACK TO BED, GIRLS, AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING

BEFORE SHE WENT TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT, FAY SAT UP THINKING

IT WASN'T THE WIND– AND I BELIEVE THE HEAD KNOWS IT. IT SOUNDED LIKE THE SOBBING OF A CHILD– AND I'M SURE THAT NOTE WAS WRITTEN BY A CHILD. TOMORROW I'LL GO INTO TOWN AND LOOK UP THE HISTORY OF THIS HOUSE

SO IT HAPPENED THAT NEXT DAY, WHEN MISS SELBY SENT FOR FAY AND CORA, CORA WENT ALONE TO HER STUDY

I THINK FAY WENT INTO TOWN, MISS SELBY

I'M BACK! AND I'VE LEARNT THE SECRET OF THAT ROOM. IT'S ALL HERE IN THIS BOOK!

IT HAPPENED IN VICTORIAN TIMES. A LITTLE BOY WAS LOCKED IN THAT ROOM BY HIS CRUEL TUTOR AND MADE TO STUDY. HE CAME TO HATE BOOKS. THAT EXPLAINS WHY THEY WERE FLUNG AROUND

AND THE SOBBING– THAT'S BECAUSE THE TUTOR USED TO BEAT THE LITTLE BOY. BUT LISTEN TO THIS " AT LAST HE ESCAPED AND RAN AWAY TO SEA, LEAVING A NOTE WHICH READ "I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE. I'M GOING AWAY AND YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN'. "

GOSH! THAT MEANS– IT *IS* HAUNTED!

IT MEANS ONLY THAT SOMEONE COULD HAVE LEARNT THIS STORY AND PLAYED AN ELABORATE JOKE. THEY COULD HAVE ENTERED BY MEANS OF AN UNLOCKED WINDOW. I SENT FOR YOU GIRLS TO TELL YOU I INTEND CHANGING THE LIBRARY TO ANOTHER ROOM

WHEN FAY AND CORA HAD GONE...

I COULDN'T TELL THEM THAT THIS NOTE, WITH ITS CHILDISH WRITING, WAS WRITTEN ON PAPER NOT USED SINCE VICTORIAN TIMES. AND TO THINK I WAS WARNED THE ROOM WAS HAUNTED AND DIDN'T BELIEVE IT. BUT NOW...

A WEEK LATER FAY AND CORA AGAIN HAD THE TASK OF SETTING UP THE NEW LIBRARY

AH, THIS IS BETTER. THIS ROOM'S ALL RIGHT, CORA. I CAN'T FEEL A THING

GOOD, BECAUSE THIS TIME WE WANT THE BOOKS TO STAY ON THEIR SHELVES

AND THE BOOKS DID! SO NOW WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT? WAS THE TURRET ROOM HAUNTED OR WAS IT THE WORK OF A JOKER? WHAT DO I THINK? WELL, I MUST CONFESS I WOULDN'T CHOOSE TO SPEND A NIGHT IN THAT TURRET ROOM. WOULD YOU?

THE BEAUTIFUL personal ornaments worn by the priestesses of ancient cults can be brought right up to date, bringing something unusual and elegant into your life – and, who knows, maybe some old-fashioned good luck as well!

FOR YOU... JEWELS OF THE PRIESTESSES

LOVE AND ROMANCE

The original of our moon-and-snakes pendant was probably worn by a Cretan priestess nearly three thousand years ago, but the moon still means romance today and it doesn't take much imagination to see those snakes as representing emotional entanglements! Cut the top bar shape, and the crescent moon, in cardboard, and cover with silver- or gold-coloured felt, leather or plastic, either glueing the material to the cardboard, front and back, or cutting the fabric shapes slightly larger than the cardboard liner, and then neatly over-sewing round the edges.

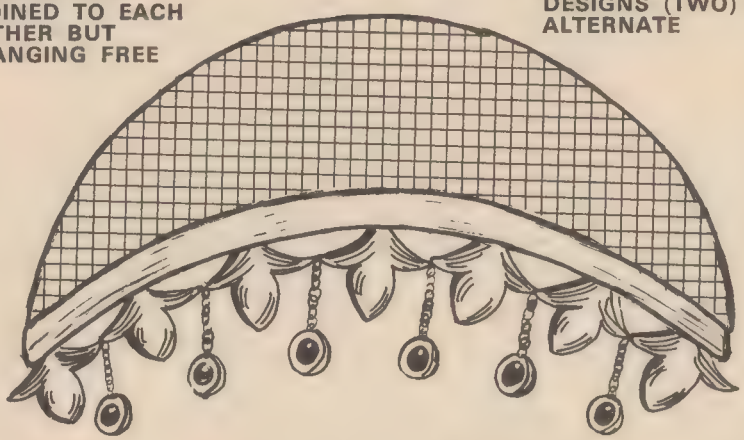
Place three eye-catching buttons between these two shapes, and connect with threads through the holes in the buttons, to the bar and the moon. The remaining shapes between bar and moon could be pearly bugle beads, or bars made of several round beads strung together.

From the lower edge of the moon, suspend six short chains, either silver or gold to match the other shapes – these can be short lengths of metallic chain, or chains worked in silver or gold thread. To work a threaded chain, take a small stitch at the base of the moon, and pull firm, then make a loop and pass the thread behind the loop.

Pull a second loop through the first, and repeat until the chain is the required length, then pull the end of the thread through the last loop, and pull tight. To make the snakes, cut short pieces of wire or very stiff cord, and wind gold or silver thread over and over, making it thicker in the middle than at the ends. If you like, attach tiny green or turquoise beads for eyes. Attach with small stitches to the ends of the chain. Finally, suspend the whole ornament centrally from a pendant chain or leather thong.

NET "CAP" MOTIFS NOT JOINED TO EACH OTHER BUT HANGING FREE

SINGLE MOTIF DESIGNS (TWO) TO ALTERNATE



ETERNAL HAPPINESS

The priestess who wore this elegant head-dress was ceremonially buried at Ur, nearly five thousand years ago, firm in her belief that it would help bring her perfect happiness in a blissful after-life! Not quite the thing for tonight's disco maybe, but the individual flower-and-leaf motifs could look very good, dangling from a twentieth-century belt.

☆

The simplest method of making the shapes is to use a piece of Vilene interlining material which, when ironed on to any thin material, remains stuck there permanently and prevents fraying.

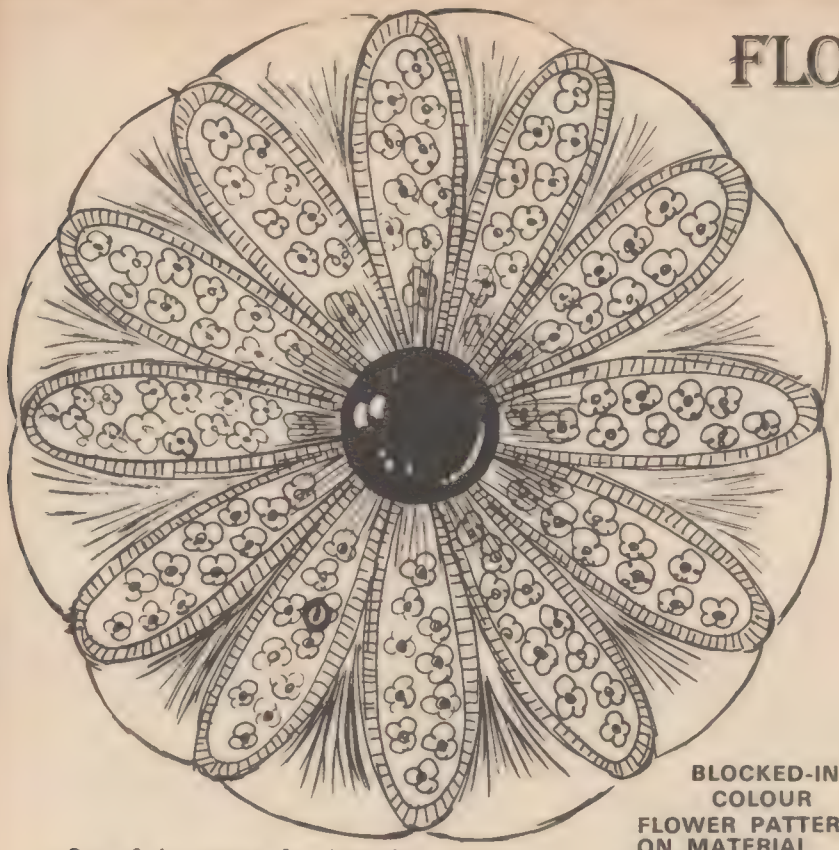
☆

So iron a piece of this to small pieces of coloured silk, the kind used for lining coats and bags. You can buy it new, or maybe cut suitable pieces from old clothes and handbags.

Cut out the small shapes neatly by first making a pattern in thin card and using this to first outline with pencil, and then cut out the shapes. Decorate each shape, if you like, with tiny sequins, miniature beads, embroidery stitches, etc. Punch small holes, or use a thick darning needle to make regular holes, along one edge of a narrow belt, and attach the motifs with silver or gold thread.

DETAIL BEFORE COVERING TOP OF BEAD

FLOWER OF LIFE



BLOCKED-IN COLOUR FLOWER PATTERN ON MATERIAL CORD EDGING ALL ROUND SHAPES

The symbol of the sixteen-petal chrysanthemum, meaning long life, goes right back to the dawn of early Japanese civilisation, thousands of years ago – but it's still part of the modern imperial crest. It makes a super, but very simple, decoration for any plain dress, blouse, etc., or you could use it to add style to a bedspread, or base a wall-hanging on the same design.

☆

Cut a circle, the size you want the finished motif, in a cotton material patterned with a small, all-over pattern, preferably in a chrysanthemum colour like yellow, brown or orange. Draw the sixteen-petal design directly on this, with a pencil or fibre-tip pen. Choose a thick embroidery thread, or wool thread, in a dark colour to tone with the fabric, and use this to cover the lines you have just drawn, fixing the thread to the material either with a quick-setting, washable glue, or with small oversewn stitches at regular intervals.

☆

Finally, using a bright colour to tone with the material, colour the central small circle, and the small areas between petals at the edge of the circle, with a permanent, washable marker pen or with fabric paint. Trim away any remaining cotton that shows outside the design, and then glue or sew the motif where you want it.

HEART-WHOLE AND FANCY FREE

One of the reasons for those deep pectorals or jewelled collars worn by the ancient Egyptians was the belief that wearing lucky charms over the chest and heart area kept evil spirits away! So if you'd like to keep your heart unbroken, why not make yourself a lucky necklet or two!

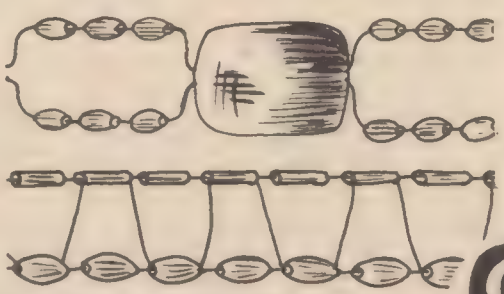
A very simple way of stringing together those complicated-looking rows of beads is to thread a pattern of beads, any way you like, on four short threads. Take two ordinary flat buttons, each with four holes, and thread one end of each of the beaded threads through each hole, and then knot the ends together.

Cover the front of each button with a circle of leather, plastic or fabric, which you can leave plain or embroider, or sew a small pattern of tiny beads on. Glue a small circle of thick cotton material to the back of each button, so that you can sew the ends of the chain to it, to complete the necklet.

When you've once made one, you'll see you can make plenty of variations of this, by varying the lengths of the four lines of beads, by threading embroidery silks in a zig-zag line between two rows of the beads, and by having the occasional large bead joining two rows of smaller beads.

It's quite a hobby – and they make super gifts, too!

Variations

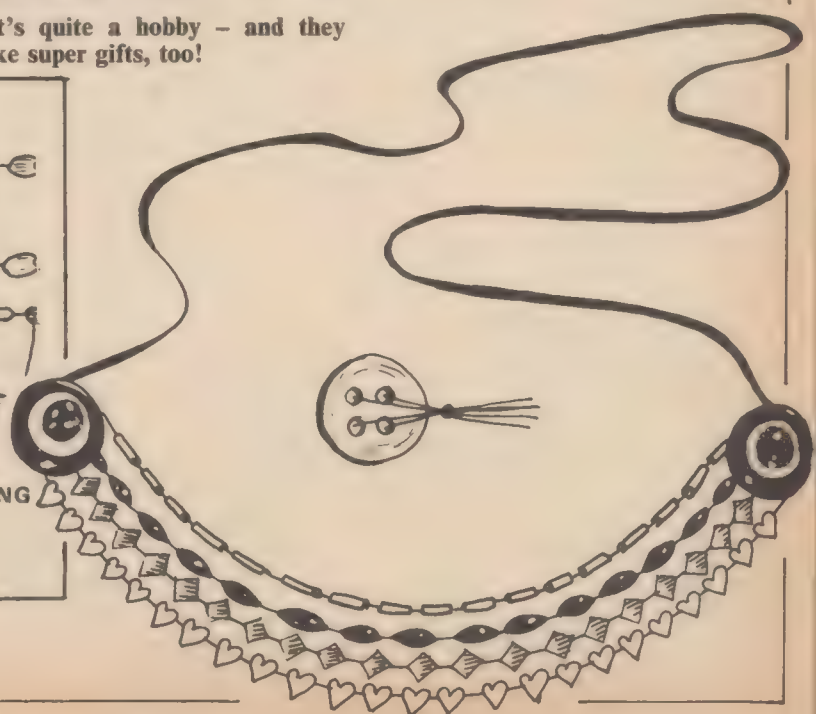


ZIG-ZAG THREAD BETWEEN ROWS OF BEADS

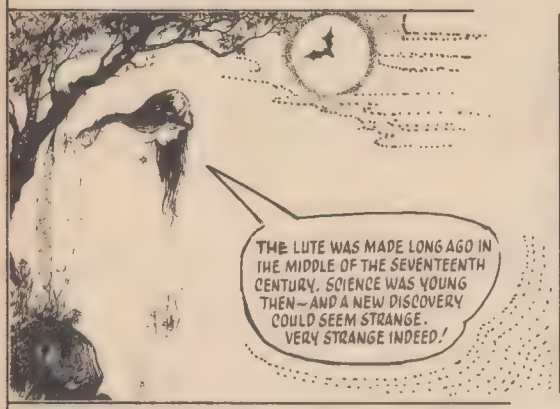
EMBROIDERY THREAD

LARGE BEADS JOINING TWO ROWS

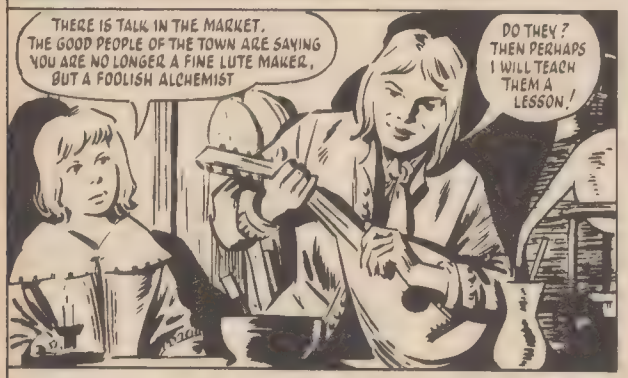
THREAD LINE



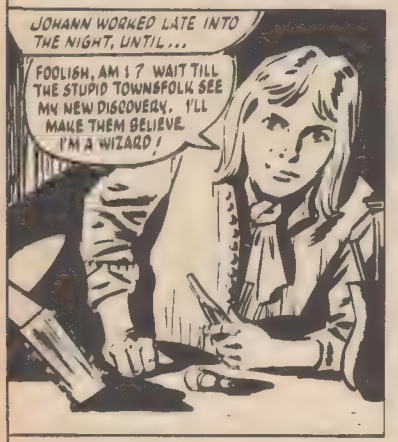
GHOSTLY MUSIC


THE LUTE WAS MADE LONG AGO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. SCIENCE WAS YOUNG THEN—AND A NEW DISCOVERY COULD SEEM STRANGE. VERY STRANGE INDEED!

FOR OUR STORY WE MUST GO BACK TO THAT TIME— TO A LITTLE TOWN IN AUSTRIA, WHERE WANDA LIVED WITH HER BROTHER, JOHANN, A LUTE MAKER.
BROTHER DEAR, THE NIGHT-WATCH HAS CRIED ELEVEN. OH, WHY MUST YOU MEDDLE WITH THOSE STRANGE MIXTURES AND BOTTLES OF YOURS?
BECAUSE I LIKE TRYING TO MAKE NEW DISCOVERIES, LITTLE SISTER!

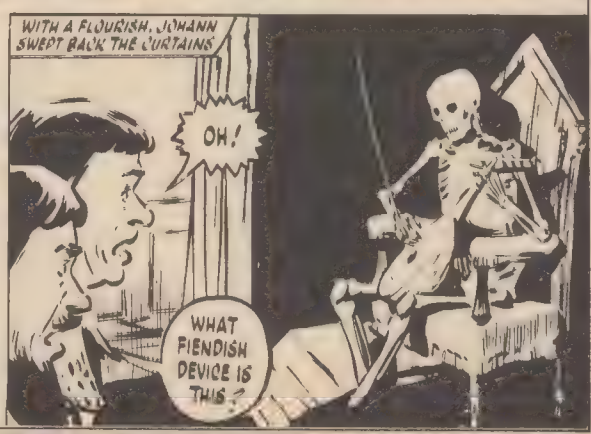

THERE IS TALK IN THE MARKET. THE GOOD PEOPLE OF THE TOWN ARE SAYING YOU ARE NO LONGER A FINE LUTE MAKER, BUT A FOOLISH ALCHEMIST
DO THEY? THEN PERHAPS I WILL TEACH THEM A LESSON!

JOHANN WOULD NOT BE PERSUADED TO LEAVE HIS WORKSHOP, SO WANDA WENT TO BED
OH, HEIDI! IF ONLY JOHANN WOULD BE CONTENT JUST TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL LUTES. I'M SURE HE WILL GET HIMSELF INTO TROUBLE ONE OF THESE DAYS WITH HIS EXPERIMENTS


JOHANN WORKED LATE INTO THE NIGHT, UNTIL...
FOOLISH, AM I? WAIT TILL THE STUPID TOWNSFOLK SEE MY NEW DISCOVERY. I'LL MAKE THEM BELIEVE I'M A WIZARD!

NEXT DAY WANDA WAS UP EARLY AND WENT SHOPPING IN THE MARKET—BUT WHEN SHE GOT BACK...
JOHANN! WHATEVER ARE YOU UP TO NOW?
I'VE INVITED OUR MAYOR AND THE COUNCIL TO A DEMONSTRATION OF MY NEW DISCOVERY. THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON

JOHANN REMAINED VERY SECRETIVE ABOUT HIS DEMONSTRATION — AND WANDA'S ANXIETY GREW AS SHE WATCHED THE MAYOR AND ALL THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE OF THE TOWN ARRIVE.
IT WILL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU IF YOU ARE WASTING OUR TIME, JOHANN!
MEIN HERR, I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND IT MOST INTERESTING — MOST INTERESTING!

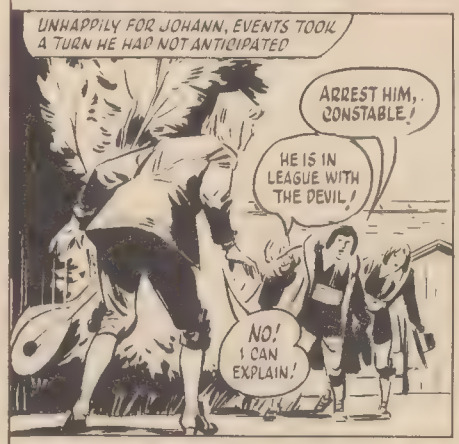


IF THIS IS SOME TRICK...
TO PROVE IT IS NOT, YOUR WORSHIP, I WILL LEAVE YOU ALL. I BEG A FEW MOMENTS' PATIENCE

WANDA HAD GONE UPSTAIRS TO HER BEDROOM, BUT FROM THE WINDOW SHE COULD SEE HER BROTHER BEHAVING IN THE MOST STRANGE MANNER.
OH, HEIDI— WHY IS JOHANN PLUCKING THE STRINGS OF HIS LUTE DOWN THERE? WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

BUT INSIDE THE HOUSE SOMETHING EVEN STRANGER WAS HAPPENING. THE SKELETON'S ARM BEGAN TO JIGGLE, AND GHOSTLY NOTES SEEMED TO MURMUR FROM THE LUTE IT HELD
TWANG!

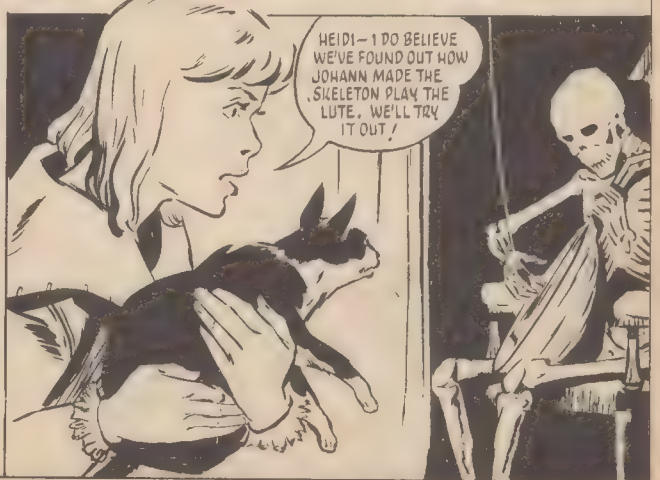
PANDEMONIUM BROKE OUT
THE SKELETON PLAYS A TUNE!
IT'S WITCHCRAFT!
HELP!


UNHAPPILY FOR JOHANN, EVENTS TOOK A TURN HE HAD NOT ANTICIPATED
ARREST HIM, CONSTABLE!
HE IS IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL!
NO! I CAN EXPLAIN!

OH, PLEASE, PLEASE LET MY BROTHER GO!
SILENCE, GIRL! HE IS A WIZARD— AND MUST STAND TRIAL THIS VERY DAY!

WE KNOW JOHANN ISN'T A WIZARD, HEIDI— BUT SOMEHOW WE'VE GOT TO PROVE IT. NOW I WONDER WHY HE HAD THIS LUTE OUT HERE?

WANDA CARRIED THE LUTE INTO THE HOUSE, BUT ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED IT—AND A MOST CURIOUS THING HAPPENED
TWANG!
TWANG!

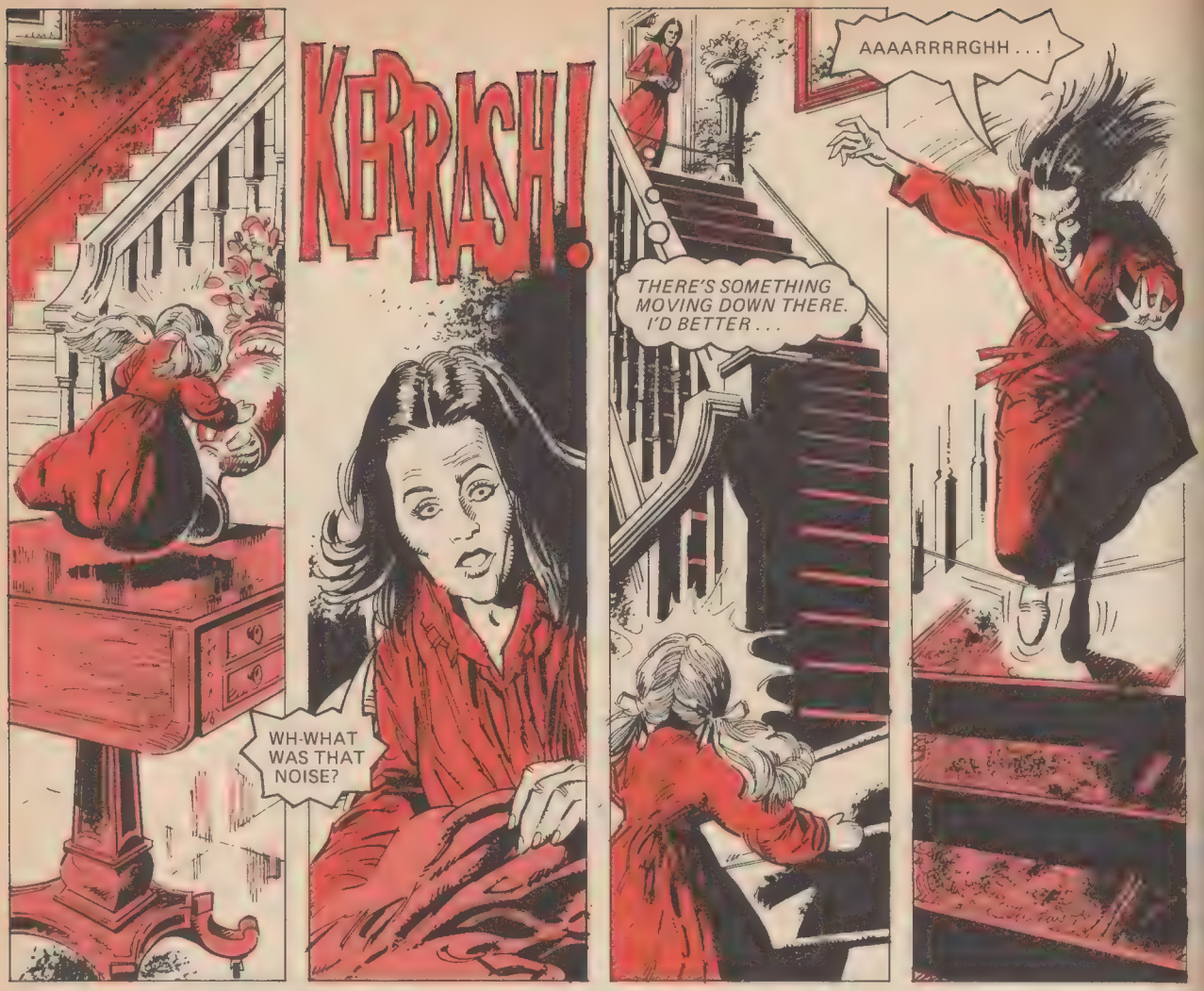

HEIDI— I DO BELIEVE WE'VE FOUND OUT HOW JOHANN MADE THE SKELETON PLAY THE LUTE. WE'LL TRY IT OUT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWN SQUARE, THE SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE OF THE TOWN WOULD NOT LISTEN TO JOHANN'S PLEA OF INNOCENCE
BURN HIM AT THE STAKE!
PLEASE— PLEASE LISTEN TO ME!
WHAT IS THIS, GIRL?
YOUR WORSHIP, MY BROTHER PLAYED A FOOLISH JEST ON YOU, NOTHING MORE! AND I CAN PROVE IT!
QUICKLY WANDA EXPLAINED WHAT SHE HAD DISCOVERED
THAT LUTE IS THE ONE THE SKELETON WAS HOLDING— AND MY BROTHER HAD THIS ONE JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF THE ROOM IN WHICH YOU WERE
GO ON, GIRL!
HE PLUCKED THE STRING LIKE THIS— AND AS YOU SEE, IT MAKES THE OTHER STRING PLAY AS WELL!
TWANG!
TWANG!
AND MY BROTHER TIED THE SKELETON'S ARM UP WITH A LUTE STRING, SO THAT IT, TOO, WOULD MOVE
H'MM... PERHAPS WE HAVE BEEN A LITTLE HASTY
THE MAYOR DEBATED WITH HIS COUNCILLORS FOR SOME MINUTES, AND THEN...
JOHANN, YOU HAVE MADE A STRANGE DISCOVERY WHICH WE DO NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND—
AND YOU HAVE YOUR SISTER TO THANK FOR SAVING YOU FROM THE MOST SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES
BUT THE MAYOR WAS TAKING NO CHANCES
YOU MAY GO FREE... BUT YOUR DEVILISH PARAPHERNALIA MUST BE BURNT!
AND LATER...
YOU'RE LUCKY IT'S NOT YOU THEY ARE ROASTING, JOHANN!
THANKS TO YOU, WANDA! I PROMISE, IN FUTURE I'LL JUST STICK TO DISCOVERING HOW TO IMPROVE MY LUTES!
BUT IN THOSE DAYS IT SEEMED LIKE MAGIC— AND NEARLY COST A YOUNG MAN HIS LIFE!
OF COURSE, JOHANN HAD STUMBLED ON THE FACT THAT WHEN THE STRINGS OF THE TWO LUTES WERE TUNED EXACTLY TO EACH OTHER, PLUCKING THE STRINGS OF ONE LUTE MADE THE STRINGS OF THE OTHER INSTRUMENT VIBRATE BY THEMSELVES. TODAY WE CALL THIS SCIENTIFIC FACT SYMPATHY OF SOUND

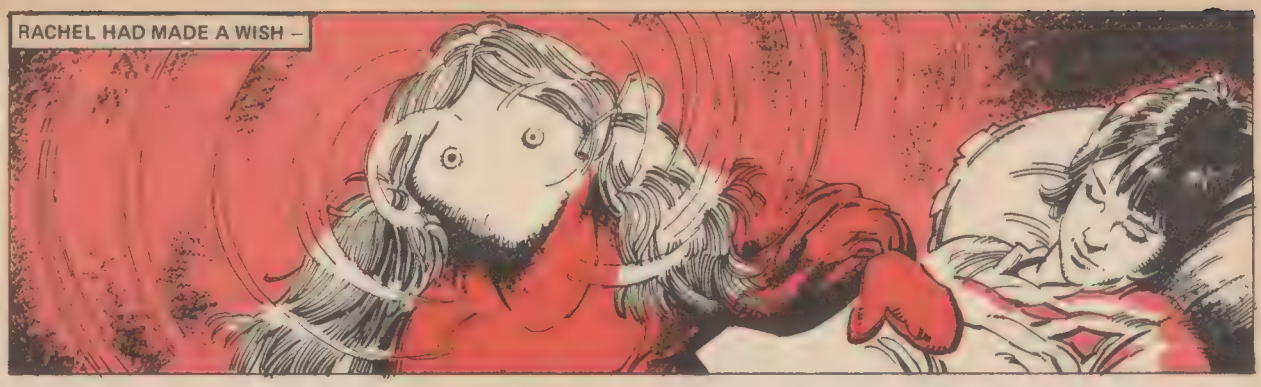
EVER SINCE SHE COULD REMEMBER, RACHEL, HAD LONGED TO GET AWAY FROM THE ORPHANAGE . . .
PAY ATTENTION, RACHEL – WE'RE NOT HERE TO DAYDREAM, BUT TO PREPARE YOU FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD!
AGAIN!
OH . . . ! THAT HURT!
SHE'S ALWAYS PRETENDING SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR THIS PLACE, AN' THE LIKES OF US!
YEAH . . . SHE DESERVES TO GET THUMPED!
AND AFTER LESSONS . . .
WHY SHOULD YOU FEEL SO HARD DONE BY? WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT, AREN'T WE?
WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?
OH, PLEASE – LEAVE ME ALONE!
I HATE THIS PLACE, AND EVERYBODY IN IT. OH, I WISH – I WISH . . . !
I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, RACHEL. INSTEAD OF MOPING AROUND ALL DAY, TRY BEING A LITTLE GRATEFUL FOR WHAT THE ORPHANAGE HAS DONE FOR YOU!
BUT I AM, MA'AM – IT'S JUST THAT THE OTHER GIRLS PICK ON ME!
NONSENSE . . . IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH A HIGH AND MIGHTY YOUNG MISS, THEY'D BE MORE FRIENDLY.

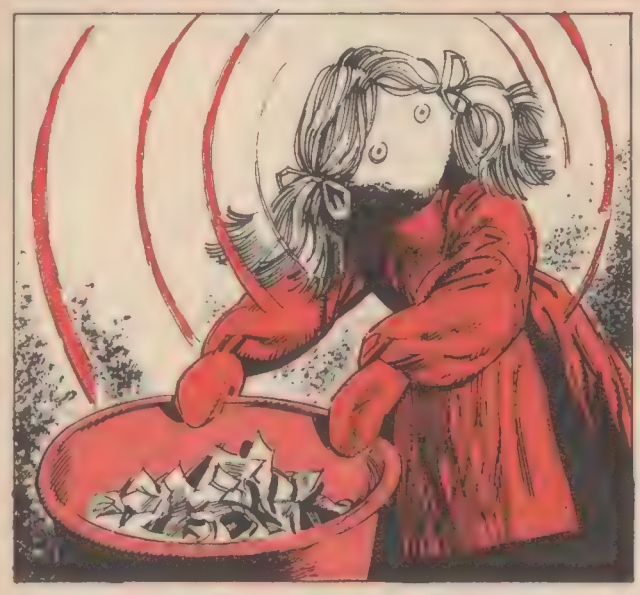
IF YOU'VE NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN MOPE, THIS IS THE PLACE FOR YOU!
SOMEONE TO HELP ME WITH THESE GREASY POTS, EH? COME ON THEN, MISSY, I'LL FIND PLENTY FOR YOU TO DO!
HOURS LATER . . .
ALWAYS THE ODD ONE OUT, THAT'S YOU – WHY DON'T YOU BEHAVE YE'SELF, FOR A CHANGE?
ODD ONE OUT . . . ? YES, IT'S TRUE – I'VE NEVER FELT I REALLY BELONG IN THIS HORRIBLE PLACE . . .
AND RACHEL DIDN'T REALLY BELONG THERE, AS HER ONE LIVING RELATIVE, HER GREAT AUNT EMMA, HAD FOUND OUT.
. . . SO RACHEL HAS AN INHERITANCE OF FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS . . . AND IT CAN BE MINE IF ONLY I CAN PROVE THAT SHE'S NO LONGER ALIVE . . . !
GREAT AUNT EMMA KNEW EXACTLY WHERE RACHEL WAS. SHE HAD PLACED HER IN THE ORPHANAGE HERSELF. BUT . . .
IF YOU'VE FAILED TO TRACE THE GIRL, SURELY THE INHERITANCE MUST COME TO ME?
I'M SORRY, MRS. QUAIL. UNLESS YOU HAVE PROOF OF RACHEL'S DEATH, MY HANDS ARE TIED.
THAT NIGHT, IN A SECRET ROOM IN HER HOUSE, AUNT EMMA PERFORMED A STRANGE CEREMONY . . .
DARK LORD, A FAVOUR YOUR SERVANT BEGS, O GIVER OF LIFE AND BREATH; TRANSFORM THIS DOLL FROM LIFELESS RAGS, TO BRINGER OF STRIFE AND DEATH . . .
AND SUDDENLY A STRANGE, EVIL LIFE CAME TO THE DOLL'S EYES . . .

A FEW DAYS LATER . . .
A GIFT . . . FOR ME? BUT WHO COULD HAVE SENT IT?
A RAG DOLL – HAH . . . SOME GIFT!
WHAT'S THE CARD SAY – "TO DEAREST RACHEL FROM A WELL-WISHER"? MUST BE A JOKE!
A DOLL – AT HER AGE . . . ?
IT'S THE CLOSEST SHE'LL EVER GET TO FINDING A FRIEND . . . HA, HA!
WHAT'S THIS, RACHEL, STILL MOPING AROUND? RIGHT, THIS TIME I'LL CANE SOME SENSE INTO YOU!
OH, NO . . . !
THAT NIGHT . . .
IT'S NOT FAIR . . . SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE CANED ME. I WISH SOMETHING HORRID WOULD HAPPEN TO HER. I DO, RAGSY DOLL – I REALLY DO!
AS RACHEL AT LAST SLEPT . . .
THE RAG DOLL MOVED SILENTLY ABOUT ITS' WORK . . .

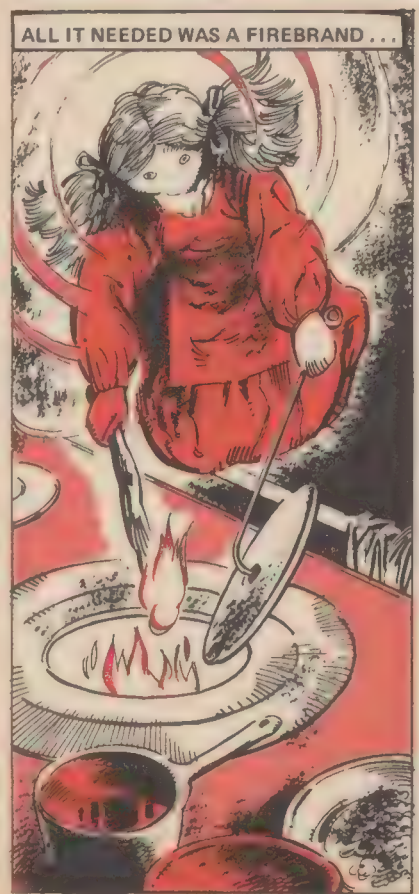

KERRASH!
WH-WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING DOWN THERE. I'D BETTER . . .
AAAARRRRGHH . . . !

NEXT MORNING . . .
YUS, MA'AM, THAT TEACHER OFTEN PUNISHED THIS HERE GIRL. BUT I'M SURE RACHEL AIN'T PLAYED NO WICKED TRICKS ON HER!
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, MA'AM!
ALL RIGHT, RACHEL – UNTIL WE HAVE PROOF YOU MAY GO!
DID YOU REALLY SET THAT TRAP FOR OLD SOUR-FACE? SHE'LL BE IN HOSPITAL FOR A MONTH!
OF COURSE NOT. I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT – NOT EVEN TO YOU TWO!
BUT LATE THAT NIGHT . . .
IT WASN'T ME, RAGSY. NOT UNLESS I DID IT IN MY SLEEP. BUT I DID WISH IT ON HER . . . I WISH I WERE DEAD . . . !


RACHEL HAD MADE A WISH –

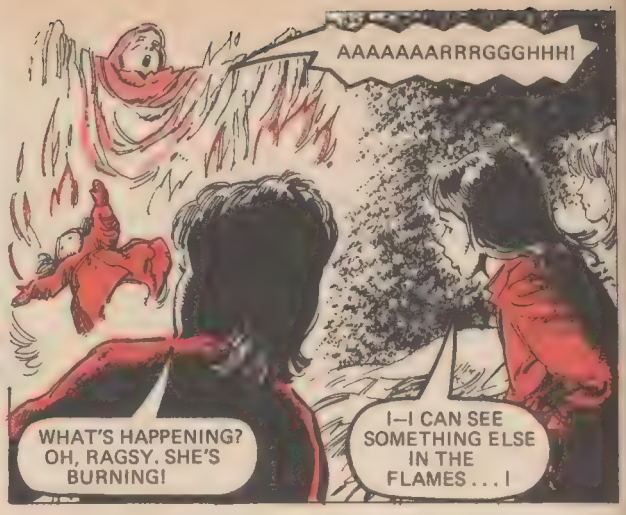


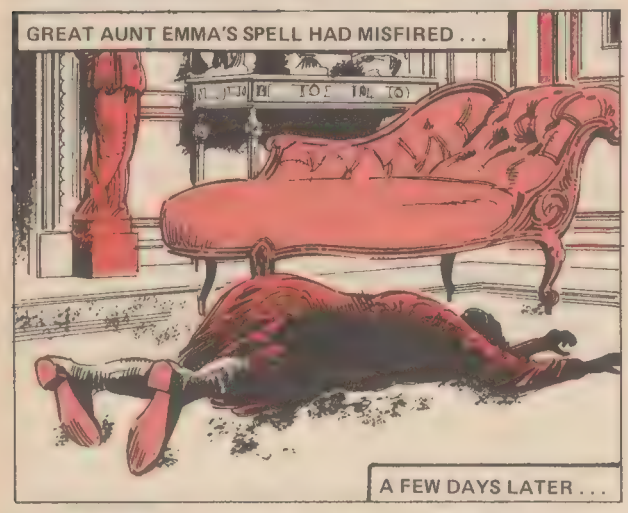
AND THE RAG DOLL WAS ABOUT TO GRANT THAT WISH . . .

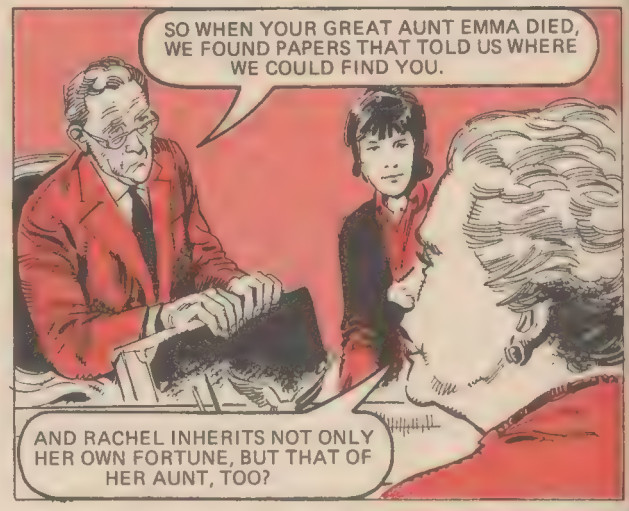

ALL IT NEEDED WAS A FIREBRAND . . .

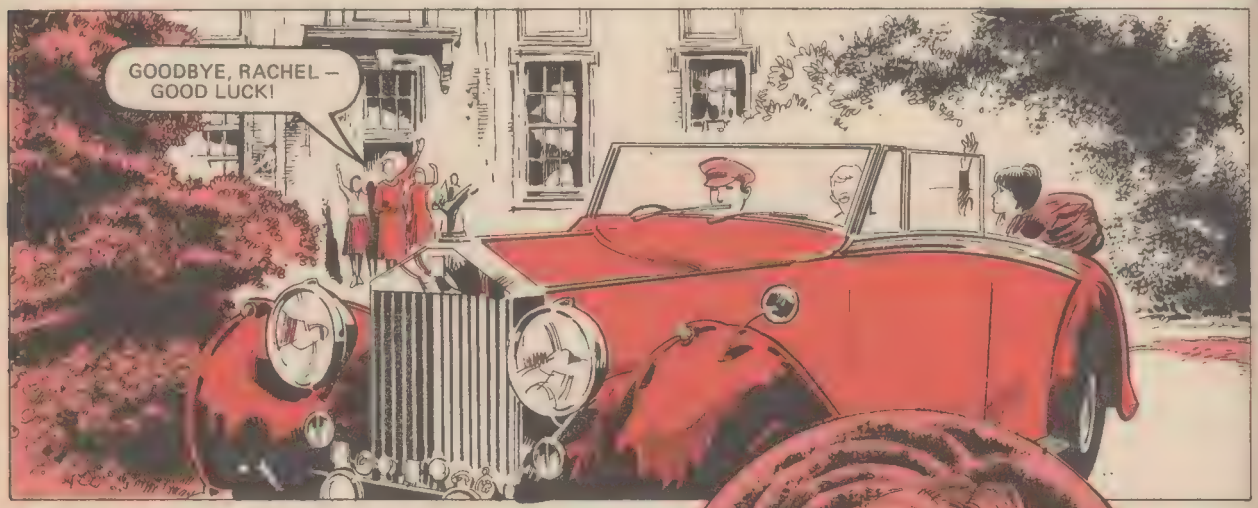
IT ONLY NEEDED A FEW MORE STEPS . .
SSPLUTTER!

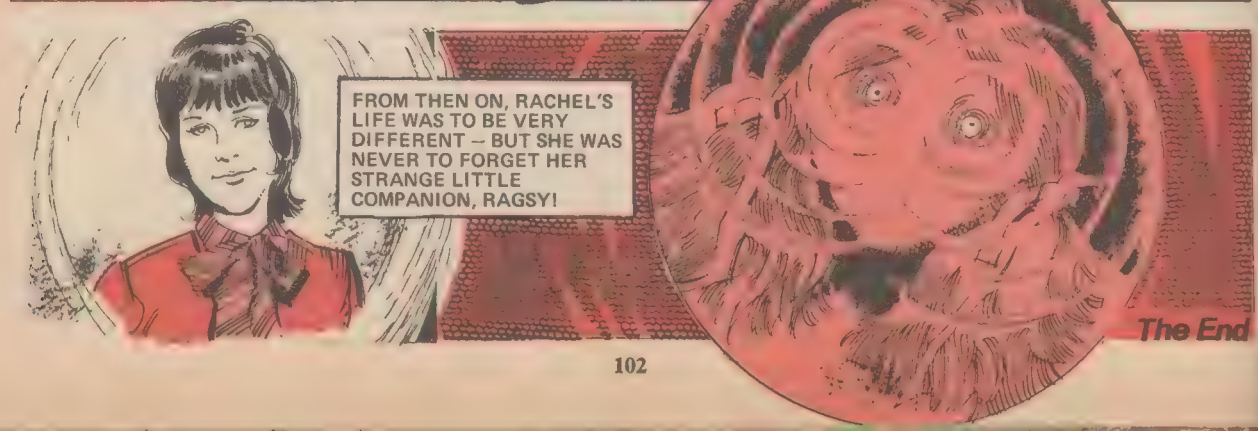
BUT . . .
EEEE . . . !


AAAAAAARRRGGGHHH!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? OH, RAGSY. SHE'S BURNING!
I—I CAN SEE SOMETHING ELSE IN THE FLAMES . . . !


GREAT AUNT EMMA'S SPELL HAD MISFIRED . . .
A FEW DAYS LATER . . .


SO WHEN YOUR GREAT AUNT EMMA DIED, WE FOUND PAPERS THAT TOLD US WHERE WE COULD FIND YOU.
AND RACHEL INHERITS NOT ONLY HER OWN FORTUNE, BUT THAT OF HER AUNT, TOO?


GOODBYE, RACHEL — GOOD LUCK!


FROM THEN ON, RACHEL'S LIFE WAS TO BE VERY DIFFERENT — BUT SHE WAS NEVER TO FORGET HER STRANGE LITTLE COMPANION, RAGSY!
The End

MEET CILLA the CHILLER
our schoolgirl spook!
WELCOME, ONE AND ALL, TO ARDUPP HALL! KINDLY FOLLOW ME FOR A CONDUCTED TOUR
ARE THERE ANY GHOSTS IN THERE?
THE DAFT THINGS SOME PEOPLE ASK!
THEY'VE GONE IN. I MIGHT AS WELL GO IN, TOO
THIS HERE IS THE GREAT HALL. NOTE THE PORTRAITS OF THE ARDUPP FAMILY ROUND THE WALLS
THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF MISTRESS CILLA. SHE WAS A SPIRITED LASS!
I STILL AM! TEE, HEE!
AREN'T YOU LISTENING TO WHAT THE GUIDE SAYS, FRED?
WHO WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT SOME SOFT KID? I'D RATHER LISTEN TO THE FOOTBALL INSTEAD
WHAT CHEEK!
HE'S GOING TO HEAR MORE THAN HE BARGAINS FOR!
IT'S A GOAL!!! THEY'VE SCORED!
HEH, HEH! SO HAVE I!
KINDLY REMOVE YOURSELF AND THAT THING FROM THIS HOUSE
IT'S NOT FUNNY! IT'S NOTHING TO LAUGH AT, SHOWING ME UP LIKE THAT
WHO'S LAUGHING?
I AM. YUK, YUK!
EEK! SHE'S A SPOOK AND SHE SPOKE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
HIS RADIO SET IS JUST THE THING TO LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT ROUND HERE!

Make your own Shrunken Head...

The Head-hunter tribe of South American Indians are so-called because of their gruesome method of treating their enemies' severed heads. With a special secret recipe they preserve and shrink them to the size of an orange.

You can fool your friends by making an imitation shrunken head which will really scare them! Or why not make a whole bunch of them to hang by the hair on a hook on your bedroom wall?

Follow these simple steps below . . .

1. Use some of the newspaper to cover your table or work-surface, then shred all the rest into small strips.

2. Make up a large jar or bowl-full of paste according to the instructions on the packet.

3. Soak a few of the paper strips in CLEAN WATER, then press firmly on to the orange until it is completely covered.

4. Brush plenty of paste onto some more strips of paper until they are completely soaked, then press a thick second layer of these on the orange.

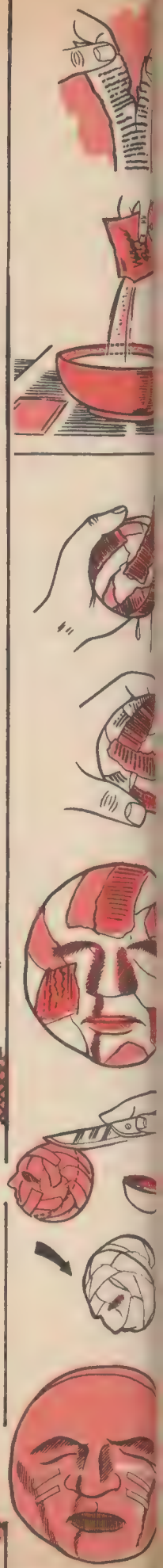
5. Leave in a warm place till quite dry (about three days). Repeat steps 4 and 5 several times. You can give the face a 3D effect by using wads of paper well soaked in paste to build up the nose, chin, brows and cheek-bones.

6. When your model has dried after its final layer, cut it in half from chin to crown with a sharp knife (ask a grown-up to do this bit for you). Then carefully ease off both halves from the orange. Glue the two halves together and paint the head with thick, yellowish flesh-coloured paint. When this is dry, use a smaller brush to paint on the eyes, lips and nostrils.

7. Finally, glue on plenty of wool or hair to the scalp. Remember – the hair on shrunken heads does not shrink, so the longer you make it the more real it will look.

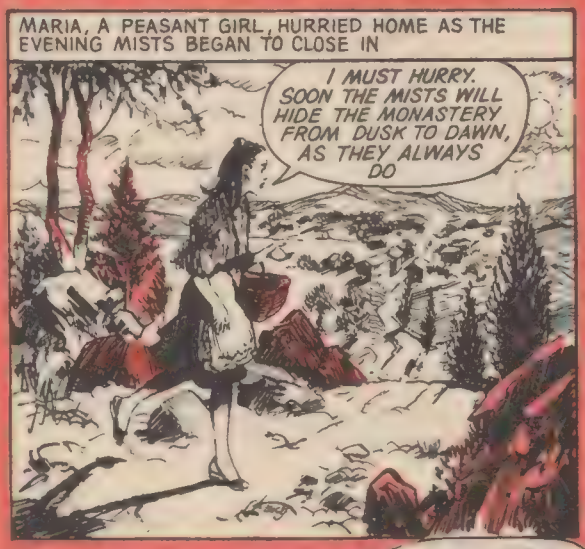
You will need...

a large orange . . . plenty of newspaper . . . a small packet of wall-papering paste . . . some thick paint (poster, powder or oil) . . . brushes for paste and paint . . . strong model-making glue . . . wool or pieces from an old wig for the hair . . .



PHANTOM OF THE MIST...

RISING ABRUPTLY FROM A PLAIN IN NORTHERN SPAIN, THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN REARS ITS WEIRD AND EERIE ROCK FORMATION CROWNED WITH AN ANCIENT MONASTERY


MARIA, A PEASANT GIRL, HURRIED HOME AS THE EVENING MISTS BEGAN TO CLOSE IN
I MUST HURRY. SOON THE MISTS WILL HIDE THE MONASTERY FROM DUSK TO DAWN, AS THEY ALWAYS DO

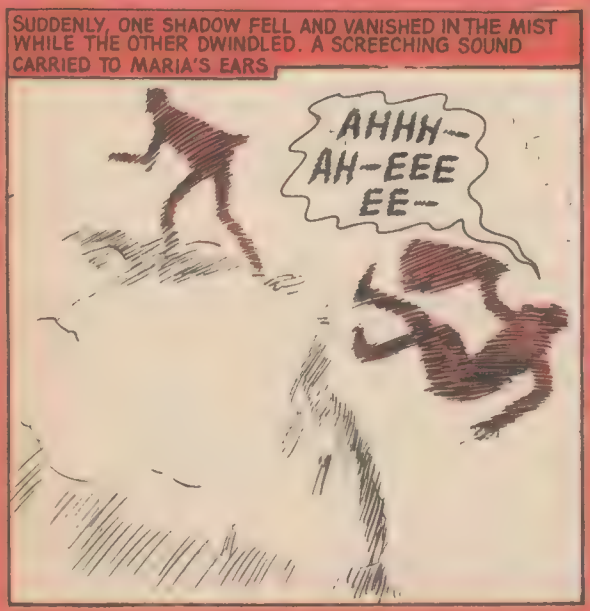
MEANWHILE, AT THE MONASTERY...
GOOD BROTHER ANSELM, YOU HAVE SEEN THE MONASTERY TREASURE SAFELY LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT?
YES. BUT THE LOCKS ARE OLD AND USELESS. IT'S TIME NEW ONES WERE FITTED

BUT NO SOONER HAD THE MONKS DISAPPEARED...

FROM HER ROOM IN THE COTTAGE, MARIA WAS WATCHING THE MOUNTAIN IN THE RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN
STRANGE HOW THE SETTING SUN THROWS SHADOWS ON THE MIST. I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE OF THIS BEFORE

FASCINATED, SHE WATCHED THE SHADOW PLAY
THIS MUST BE MAGIC! CAN THE MOUNTAIN REALLY BE ENCHANTED, AS THE OLD FOLKS SAY?

THE SHADOWS MERGED AND APPEARED TO BE STRUGGLING


SUDDENLY, ONE SHADOW FELL AND VANISHED IN THE MIST WHILE THE OTHER DWINDLED. A SCREECHING SOUND CARRIED TO MARIA'S EARS
AHHH— AH-EEE EE—

THAT SCREECH! IT COULD HAVE BEEN AN EAGLE— BUT THOSE SHADOWS? WERE THEY REAL—OR WERE MY EYES TRICKED BY THE SETTING SUN?

NEXT MORNING MARIA WAS AWAKENED EARLY BY A LOUD CLANGING
THE MONASTERY BELL! I HAVE NEVER HEARD IT RING SO URGENTLY! SOMETHING IS WRONG!
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
DRESSING HURRIEDLY, MARIA WENT TO THE NEARBY VILLAGE
WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
THE MONASTERY HAS BEEN ROBBED OF ITS PRICELESS TREASURES!
AND THE HERMIT IS MISSING! THEY SAY HE STOLE THE TREASURE!
THE HERMIT? THAT HARMLESS OLD MAN! I'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT!
IT'S TRUE I TELL YOU. NO VILLAGER WOULD SET FOOT ON THE MOUNTAIN ONCE THE MISTS GATHER!
THE SHADOWS I SAW— BUT DID I REALLY SEE THEM? OR WAS IT ALL MY IMAGINATION? PERHAPS—
FIRED BY SUDDEN INSPIRATION, MARIA RAN FOR THE PATH LEADING TO THE MONASTERY
BROTHER ANSELM WILL NOT LAUGH AT ME! I'LL TELL HIM WHAT I SAW!
WHY THE HASTE, YOUNG MARIA? YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU HAVE SEEN A GHOST!
NOT A GHOST— BUT PERHAPS A VISION, BROTHER ANSELM. PLEASE LISTEN TO ME!

IN SILENCE THE MONK LISTENED, THEN...
YOU KNOW THE MOUNTAIN WELL, MARIA. COULD YOU SAY WHERE YOU SAW THESE SHADOWS?
AS FAR AS I CAN JUDGE, SOMEWHERE IN THAT DIRECTION
THEY WENT UP THE MOUNTAIN TOGETHER
IF YOU ARE RIGHT, THE SHADOWS COULD HAVE BEEN THROWN FROM HERE BY THE SETTING SUN
BROTHER ANSELM! I HEARD SOMETHING— A CRY— FROM THE RAVINE!
HELP! PLEASE— PLEASE— HELP!
THE HERMIT! DON'T WORRY, OLD MAN. WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU SAFE
THE MONKS WERE SKILLED IN MOUNTAIN RESCUE, AND IN A SHORT WHILE...
IT WAS A STRANGER. I PLEADED WITH HIM, THEN WE STRUGGLED. I SNATCHED THE SACK FROM HIM AND—
SAVE YOUR BREATH, GOOD HERMIT— THE TRUTH WAS SHOWN TO US IN A MIRACULOUS WAY!
WE WILL ALWAYS BE IN YOUR DEBT, MARIA. BUT FOR YOUR STRANGE VISION, THE HERMIT WOULD HAVE DIED, AND THE TREASURE LOST FOR EVER
THEN— THEN— THE SHADOWS I SAW WERE REAL?
WHO KNOWS? SIMILAR MANIFESTATIONS HAVE BEEN KNOWN, BUT IT IS GIVEN TO FEW TO WITNESS THEM. YOU ARE ONE OF THE FAVOURED ONES, MARIA!

"My sister is dead... but I live on...
The Weird Sisters...
Please turn over...

THE GIRL in the long, blue dress and white, lace-trimmed pinafore crouched furtively at the bedroom door, listening anxiously to the noises from inside.

"Why, Miss Laura – you oughtn't to be up here!" The unexpected voice on the landing behind her made her jump. It was Sally, one of the maids, bringing yet another kettle of hot water. "Your father would be so cross. Off you go downstairs, now!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Laura stood up, smoothing down her pinafore. She was thirteen, too young to put her hair up; it flowed like a black, silken cape onto her shoulders and was held back by a blue Alice band that matched her dress.

"Oh, Sally," she cried, "When is the baby going to come? Will mamma be all right?"

"Yes, of course, dear. You'll soon have a little brother or sister. Now off you go!"

Laura tip-toed down the broad oak staircase with its carved balustrade, and into the drawing-room where her father, Charles Mortimer, was pacing up and down. He loved Laura, his only child – but he badly wanted a son. Only a boy could one day take over his prosperous merchant's business. If the new baby was a boy he would be called Edward after the new King who had just come to the throne after Queen Victoria's death.

Charles Mortimers' sombre features broke into a smile of joy, then clouded over again as Dr. Welbourne entered with a grave face.

"I'm sorry, Charles," he said, "Your wife has passed away. But you have a son who is likely to live if he is well nursed."

The servants had also heard. The maids stood weeping, their aprons to their eyes, for Mrs. Mortimer had been a good mistress. It was in the arms of motherly Mrs. Plum, the cook, that Laura collapsed, sobbing. Her mother was dead. It seemed like the end of the world.

For the next two days her father was wrapped up in his grief for his wife and concern for the motherless baby. There was frantic bustle in the house. To Laura there seemed no end to the morbid paraphernalia of death. Neighbours called, the dressmaker rushed in to measure her for new black clothes. Yards of black crepe and new black gloves were ordered for the servants. The blinds were drawn, the parlour cleaned and decked with a display of lilies, ready for the coffin.

"And you shall pick her a posy of fresh flowers from the garden tomorrow, Miss Laura," Sally told her, by way of comfort.

Sorrowfully, Laura retreated to the nursery to gaze at the tiny form and wrinkled, red face of her baby brother. His little hand clutched her finger tightly and she loved him.

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Where would they get a nurse? Mrs. Plum suggested her niece Janet, whose baby had just died, leaving her with plenty of milk. But Mr. Mortimer said little Edward was to have the very best. So Dr. Welbourne arranged for a Miss Double, a modern nanny specially trained in the new method of bottle feeding, to come at a few hours notice.

When the butler opened the door for Miss Angela Double the whole household gasped in astonishment.

"She be lookin' like a grand lady more than a nurse," muttered one of the maids to another.

Miss Double was both beautiful and fashionable. Her golden hair piled high in curls and ringlets crowned a tall, slender figure with a trim waist, dressed in deep purple.

Laura gazed at her in admiration. She had never seen anyone so striking. And when, on being introduced, Angela held her hands and spoke in a sweet, gentle voice: "My dear Laura – I know I can never replace your mother, but I hope you will look on me as a friend," Laura was completely charmed.

Angela Double proved to be as efficient as she was charming. But when she invaded the kitchen, a starched white apron over the purple dress and a neat white cap perched on her golden crown of curls, Mrs. Plum was not impressed.

"Boiling bottles!" she muttered, "What new-fangled nonsense." And a little later she told Laura, "It'll be Double trouble for you, mark my words. She'll come between you and your father, and your new little brother."

Laura took little notice of the cook's mutterings, guessing that she was peeved at the rejection of her niece Janet as nurse. But it was only an hour later that she began to fear that Mrs. Plum's warning rang true.

Just before tea, her father sent a maid to tell Laura that he wished to see her in his study. He looked grave, but put his arm round her shoulder in a kindly manner.

"I fear that my own grief has made me neglect yours, Laura. I've been busy sorting out so many things. Laura – you're not jealous of little Edward, are you?"

"Jealous?" echoed Laura in astonishment. "What gave you that idea?"

Mr. Mortimer frowned. "Miss Double thought you might be. You see, when she left the nursery to wash some of the baby's clothes, she returned to find all the blankets stripped off little Edward's cot and thrown on the floor."

"And she thought *I* did that?" cried Laura indignantly.

"Such a young baby could hardly have kicked them off himself, Laura."

"I certainly didn't, papa," protested Laura.

Her father kissed her forehead gently. "I'm sure you didn't, my dear. But I want you to know that I love you and little Edward equally. Now run along."

Laura left the study, hurt by her father's last remarks. It sounded as if he didn't really believe her. Was Angela Double trying to cause a rift between them? Yet, she had seemed so friendly . . .

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At tea, Angela sat with Laura and her father in the drawing-room which the drawn blinds had made dismal. Mr. Mortimer, who was not in the mood for conversation, soon made his excuses, leaving the two girls together.

"Why did you tell papa I was jealous of my little brother, Miss Double?" asked Laura.

The Weird Sisters...

As she bent to kiss him a shadow fell across the cot...

Angela's blue eyes showed a sincere concern. "Oh, Laura – I didn't mean it to sound like that. I was afraid your father might be neglecting you."

"I didn't take the covers off little Edward's cot, you know."

"Then who did? One of the maids, perhaps?" Angela seemed genuinely puzzled, as she stared searchingly at Laura's earnest face.

"Anyway, I believe you Laura. And please call me Angela. I'd like us to be friends."

Laura smiled. Surely the new nurse meant no harm. "I'd like that too, Angela," she replied.

Later that evening, Laura slipped into the nursery to say goodnight to baby Edward. As she bent to kiss him, a shadow fell across the cot. Laura looked up to see Angela, looking different without her cap and apron, her golden hair unpinned and loose over her shoulders. She wore a black dress. Laura wondered if she was in the middle of changing for dinner, as her own room was next to the nursery. Then she saw the strange look on Angela's face.

It was a weird, exultant, savage expression, full of venom. And when she spoke, her voice had changed to a vicious hiss like a snake's:

"I hate you and your precious little brother! I hate you both!"

She took a step nearer the cot, and reaching out a long fingernail, deliberately scratched a scarlet line down the sleeping baby's face. He awoke with a start and began to wail loudly. Angela cackled with mad, evil laughter.

Laura screamed and ran out of the room. She dashed headlong towards her father's study, crying, "Papa! Papa!"

Hearing her cries, he met her half way-down the corridor.

"Oh, papa," sobbed Laura, "Miss Double has gone mad – she's scratched the baby on purpose!"

"Calm down, Laura!" her father told her sternly. "What hysterical nonsense is this? Now we'll go along to the nursery quietly and see if anything is wrong."

When they entered the nursery minutes later, Laura gasped in amazement. For Angela, back in the purple dress, cap and apron, complete with elaborately coiled hair-style, was comforting the baby. Laura looked at his face – yes! A long, livid scratch ran down one cheek.

"There's the scratch!" she told her father. Mr. Mortimer frowned.

"Oh, Laura!" cried Angela, her blue eyes wide with reproach, "Did *YOU* do that?"

"No – *YOU* did! You know you did!" insisted Laura, "I saw you!" Angela shook her head with apparent bewilderment. "But I only came in just now, Laura – when I heard the baby cry."

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One look at Angela's innocent blue eyes had obviously convinced Mr. Mortimer.

"Laura – go to your room at once and stay there!" he thundered. "You will not come down to dinner this evening, and I forbid you to visit Edward again without my permission!"

Half blinded with tears, Laura stumbled from the room and lay on her bed, utterly confused and frightened. Her father thought she herself had scratched the baby's

Please turn over...

face and lied about Angela! How could the nurse have changed her appearance so suddenly? Even Angela's eyes had looked different – they had sparkled a wicked shade of green.

Laura wished she could go down to the kitchen and tell Mrs. Plum her fears. What if further harm came to little Edward? But she dared not disobey her father. Her bedroom with its drawn blind darkened early and no maid came to light the gas mantle. Her father must have forbidden it, as a further punishment, forcing her to bed earlier.

The jug on the marble-topped wash-stand was full of cold water. Laura poured some into the porcelain bowl, washed and changed into her nightgown. She did not feel hungry or sleepy, but very lonely.

She did not know how long she had sat on her bed in the dark, before she saw the door handle turn and the door slowly opened. It was Angela!

Laura shrank back in terror. Then she saw by the light of the candle Angela was carrying that her expression was kindly and anxious. The candle was on a small tray with a bowl and a spoon. Angela set it down on the dressing table and closed the door.

"I've brought you some bread and milk," said Angela in a low voice. "Nobody saw me."

"I'm not hungry," said Laura stiffly. "Go away. I hate the way you keep changing. It scares me!"

"Changing?" The nurse seemed genuinely puzzled.

"In that black dress, with your hair down – you were horrible!" Laura blurted out.

Angela Double stared and sat down beside her on the bed. "Was that when you saw me scratch the baby?" she asked slowly. Laura nodded. Angela covered her face with her hands for a moment. When she looked up again her expression was full of fear and dismay.

"Dear Laura," she whispered, "There is only one explanation. It must have been my twin sister that you saw!"

It was a strange tale that Angela unfolded to Laura in the flickering candlelight. A tale of her twin sister, Davina, who at the age of fourteen had run away from the Double family to join a gang of thieves and murderers. Now that the sisters' parents were both dead, Angela wished only to earn an honest living, but every so often the evil Davina turned up to beg money or favours. A week ago Angela had refused a request for money as she had none to give.

"And you think she has followed you here for revenge?" cried Laura, horrified. Angela nodded, her blue eyes beginning to fill with tears. "She is trying to threaten me by harming the baby."

"Then we must tell my father at once!" insisted Laura, jumping up. "The police will find her and put a stop to her wickedness."

But Angela put out an urgent hand to restrain her. "No, no, Laura! You must promise me not to breathe a word about Davina to anyone! The police have failed to catch her many times, and if she is annoyed she will take a terrible revenge on your brother!"

Reluctantly Laura promised, and Angela left, taking the tray and candle. Laura lay in bed, staring into the darkness, her mind a whirl of sad thoughts about her dead mother and angry father, mingled with frightening images of the evil Davina.

The next thing Laura knew was the morning sun struggling through the cracks at the edges of the blind. At first she was happy to see the sun, Then, with a pang, she remembered all the horrible events of the previous days and buried her face in the pillow and cried.

Today she would not be allowed to visit the nursery unless her father gave permission. But she could pick some flowers for her mother – Sally had said she could. Deciding to do it now, before breakfast, she dried her eyes and dressed quickly.

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Out in the garden in the early morning sun, things didn't seem so black. Perhaps Davina Double would stay away, and Laura's father would begin to trust her again. Laura picked a pretty posy of flowers and was about to return to the house, when she caught a glimpse of a figure in a black dress between the garden shed and the greenhouse. When she turned to look it was gone.

Could it be Davina prowling around? Her heart pounding, Laura ran to the spot where she had seen the woman. There was no one. Through the glass of the green-house she could see there was nobody inside. The shed?

No, the shed was empty. Relieved, she was about to go out again when she noticed a can overturned on the floor, some liquid leaking out of it. It wasn't like Harry, the gardener, to be so careless. She stooped to pick it up, noting in alarm that it contained weed-killer.

A footstep behind her caused her to jump and spin round. It was Harry. "Hallo, Miss Laura – you're up early," he remarked, then frowned as he saw what she was holding. "You didn't ought to touch that, miss. I always keeps it on the top shelf, out of 'arm's way."

"I know, Harry. That's why I was surprised to find it on the floor." Remembering her promise to Angela, Laura said nothing more. She left Harry to replace the can and hurried back to the house, clutching her flowers.

She left them in a little vase in the parlour and as she left, going past the nursery, she heard baby Edward cry. How she longed to see **him again! She felt so lonely in this gloomy house full of people who didn't seem to care.**

On impulse, Laura slipped inside the nursery. Only Edward was there, lying in his cot while on a little table nearby, his bottle full of boiled milk lay cooling on a napkin. Laura gave him her finger to hold and he stopped crying.

"There, there, little Edward!" crooned Laura, "You won't have long to wait now!"

Just then the adjoining door into the nurse's room opened, and Angela came in. She was alarmed to see Laura.

"Oh, Laura – you know what your father said last night!"

"Can't I just stay a few minutes and watch you feed the baby?" begged Laura.

Angela sighed. "You'd better not disobey your father. Wait and see if he's in a better mood this morning, then ask him if you may come."

Sadly, Laura left the nursery. After breakfast, she drifted into the kitchen, hoping to find kind Mrs. Plum still her friend. She was received with hugs and kisses and a big piece of home-made treacle toffee from the jar in the larder. The new nurse was the latest topic of conversation among the maids:

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"I knew she'd be trouble," declared Mrs. Plum. "Fancy getting poor Miss Laura stopped from seeing her own brother!"

"She didn't . . ." Laura began, but was interrupted by the dramatic entrance of Sally.

"Jess," she told the kitchen maid, "Fetch a bucket and mop, and some cinders. Baby's been ever so sick in the nursery. Master's sent for the doctor, urgent."

Jess went quickly about her task, while Sally and Mrs. Plum exchanged knowing looks.

"What did I tell you?" said the latter, "This bottle nonsense don't agree with babies. It always upsets their stomachs."

" 'Taint no ordinary upset, Mrs. Plum," replied Sally darkly, "The poor little mite's ever so bad. He's hardly breathing." Then, seeing how upset Laura was at the news, she changed her tone. "But don't you fret, Miss Laura. He'll be all right. The doctor will make him better."

Laura retreated to her bedroom with a book where she heard the doctor come and go, and a lot of hustle and bustle downstairs. She longed to ask how little Edward was, but Angela did not appear at lunch-time, and her father was so morose that she did not dare speak to him.

In the late afternoon her father sent for her to come to the nursery. Dr. Welbourne and Angela were there, sitting by the baby's cot, and Mr. Mortimer stood with his back to the fire. All three looked very grave.

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"How is little Edward?" asked Laura, anxiously peering into the cot. The baby was fast asleep, his face pale as wax.

"He is very ill indeed, Laura," replied the doctor. "But I believe he will recover." He and Charles Mortimer exchanged glances.

"Edward was poisoned," declared Mr. Mortimer. "Dr. Welbourne has had his early morning feed analysed by a chemist, and it was found to contain arsenic."

"Arsenic!" Laura gasped in horror. She remembered the glimpse she had seen in the garden of a woman in black. Davina! Surely Angela must speak out about her wicked sister now. But the nurse's eyes would not meet her own.

"Laura – you were seen in here this morning, in spite of my instructions," continued her father sternly. "Harry also saw you in the garden shed, holding a can of weed-killer, which contains arsenic."

Suddenly the meaning of her father's and Dr. Welbourne's accusing looks dawned on Laura.

They thought *SHE* had poisoned her baby brother!

"Angela!" she cried, "You must tell them the truth now – about your twin sister, Davina!"

The two men stared blankly from Laura to Angela. Again the nurse would not meet Laura's eyes, but shook her head helplessly.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about," she said. "I have no sister."

"But can't you see they think *I* did it? Oh, Angela – please, please tell the truth," begged Laura desperately.

Please turn over...

Angela gave her a pitying look. "I fear that her mother's death has unhinged Laura's mind," she told Mr. Mortimer.

"I'm afraid I have to agree," declared Dr. Welbourne. "The child secretly blames the baby for her mother's death, and in her frantic state of mind, does not realize what she does."

"Please listen . . ."cried Laura, but her father turned wearily away. "What course of action do you advise?" he asked Dr. Welbourne.

"Clearly she can not remain in your household, Charles. She would be a constant danger to little Edward. My friend Dr. Black is a specialist in mental disease, having studied the new science of Psychology. He has a private institution in the country . . ."

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Laura heard Dr. Welbourne with growing horror. The nightmare was getting worse – they thought she was mad! She was going to be put away in a madhouse! Oh, if only she could wake up and find it was all a horrible dream!

"Please, Angela – tell them . . ." she tried one last plea. But the nurse turned away her neat golden head and bent over the cot.

Once more Laura was sent to her bedroom in disgrace. This time the key was turned in the lock and she was truly a prisoner. After what seemed like an age, she heard the door being unlocked again, and a grey-bearded stranger entered.

"Don't be alarmed, Laura," he said, "I'm Dr. Black, and your father has asked me to see you."

"Are you going to take me away?" she asked, frightened.

"First I want to hear what you have to say. Tell me the whole story." He sat down and waited quite patiently, as though he had plenty of time to listen. So Laura told him all about Davina Double and how Angela now denied her existence. She did not really expect to be believed, but to her surprise Dr. Black started at the mention of the Double sisters.

"Come," he urged, "We must see your father at once – he has made a terrible mistake!" He hurried her downstairs to Mr. Mortimer's study, demanding to see Miss Double immediately.

When Angela entered the room, she started at the sight of Dr. Black.

"I see you recognize me, Miss Double!" he exclaimed. "I did not realize you were now a children's nurse – no, stay where you are!"

For Angela, pale and trembling, had made for the door as if to escape. Mr. Mortimer frowned. "I don't understand, Dr. Black. You have already met Miss Double?"

"She was my patient for many years," replied the doctor. "All through her childhood she suffered from a strange obsession that she had an evil twin sister called Davina. her parents were in despair over the wicked deeds which Angela did and blamed on this figment of her imagination."

"So Davina doesn't exist? That woman in black really *WAS* Angela?" asked Laura, confused. Dr. Black nodded. "I fear so. After Angela was fifteen, she never mentioned Davina again, and we assumed that she was cured. But it seems I was wrong . . ."

"You always were wrong!" cried Angela, her blue eyes full of tears. "I only stopped talking about Davina because I knew you didn't believe me. But she *does* exist! She is the wicked side of my own character who has taken on a life of her own. It was she who tried to kill the baby!"

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"*THIS* is the young lady who must be locked up," said Dr. Black quietly. "I will arrange for her to be taken into my clinic tomorrow. Till then, Mr. Mortimer, keep her locked in her room."

Charles Mortimer groaned, passing a weary hand over his forehead.

"Laura, my child, how can I forgive myself? I've done you a terrible wrong."

"Oh, papa, I don't blame you," cried Laura, running into his arms. Dr. Black opened the study door and called for the servants. Mrs. Plum and the butler appeared at once. He told them to see that the nurse was securely locked in her room.

Laura went to bed that night greatly relieved. Little Edward had taken a turn for the better, and Janet fitted happily into the household. Best of all, Laura's father loved and trusted her once more.

Yet – she found it hard to sleep. Angela's words haunted her: "the wicked side of my character has taken on a life of her own . . ." was that possible? So much was still unexplained. If Davina and Angela were one and the same, how had she changed so quickly after scratching little Edward's face? Why had Davina's eyes appeared green while Angela's were blue? Puzzling it over, Laura eventually drifted into uneasy sleep.

She was awakened in the black depths of night by a savage, inhuman shriek coming from the direction of Angela Double's room downstairs, followed by a muffled pounding on the door. "Let me out!" shrieked Angela, "My wicked sister Davina is in here with me!" Laura shuddered, pulling the blankets over her head. Poor Angela was indeed mad.

In the morning the maids, who had also heard the mad shrieks in the night, refused to go near Miss Double's room, so Laura took her breakfast. But when she unlocked the door, the sight she saw caused her to scream in horror and drop the tray with a crash.

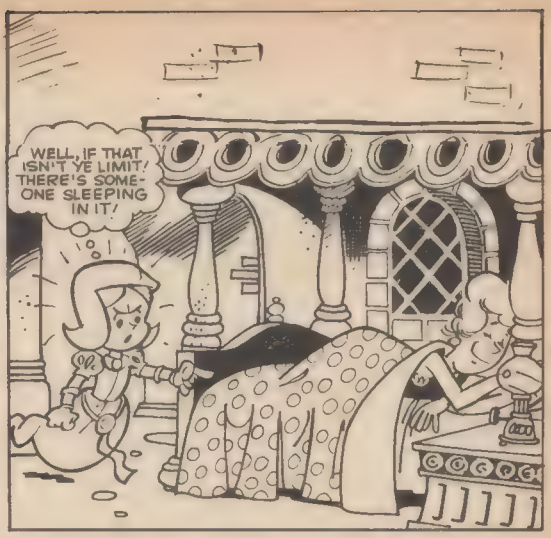
Angela lay on the floor in a pool of blood that flowed from her throat. Her blue eyes stared, unseeing, at the ceiling. The golden curls were red now, but there was no stain on the outstretched hands. Nor was there a weapon in sight. On the dressing-table mirror a finger dipped in blood had scrawled:

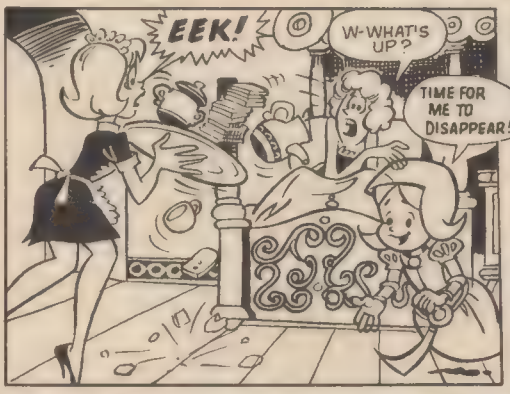
"My sister is dead, but I live on! Davina."

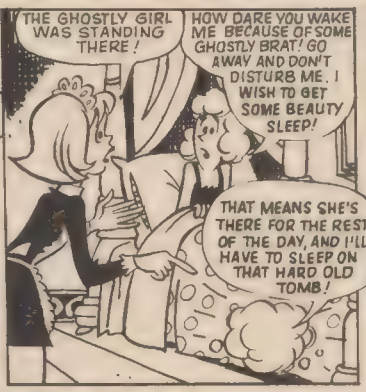
THE END

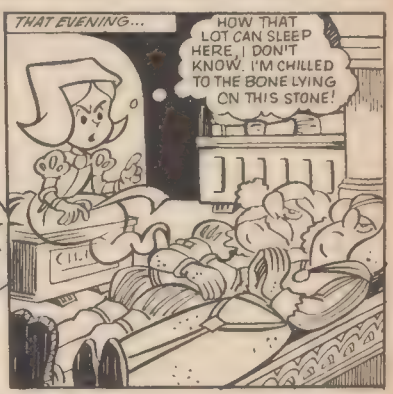
CILLA the CHILLER

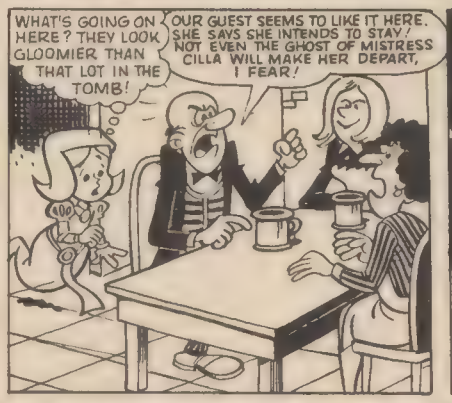
our schoolgirl spook!

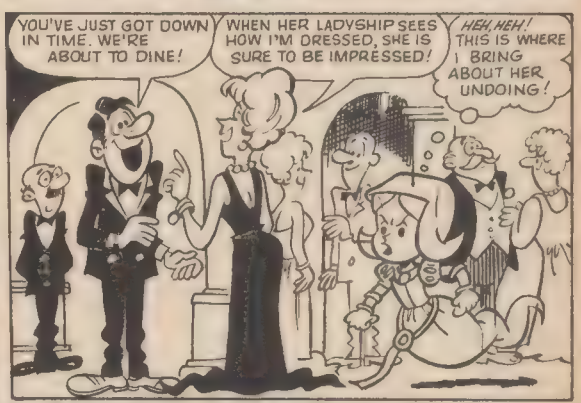


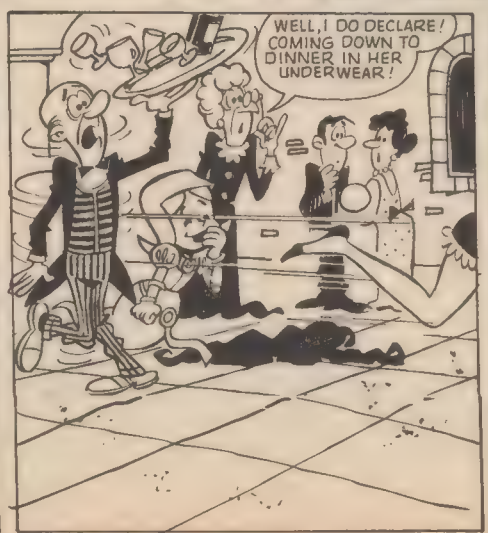



THE GHOSTLY GIRL WAS STANDING THERE!
HOW DARE YOU WAKE ME BECAUSE OF SOME GHOSTLY BRAT! GO AWAY AND DON'T DISTURB ME. I WISH TO GET SOME BEAUTY SLEEP!
THAT MEANS SHE'S THERE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, AND I'LL HAVE TO SLEEP ON THAT HARD OLD TOMB!




WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THEY LOOK GLOOMIER THAN THAT LOT IN THE TOMB!
OUR GUEST SEEMS TO LIKE IT HERE. SHE SAYS SHE INTENDS TO STAY! NOT EVEN THE GHOST OF MISTRESS CILLA WILL MAKE HER DEPART, I FEAR!

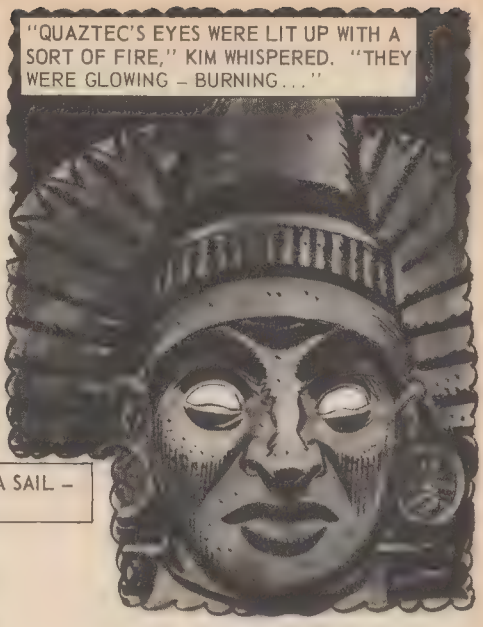

YOU'VE JUST GOT DOWN IN TIME. WE'RE ABOUT TO DINE!
WHEN HER LADYSHIP SEES HOW I'M DRESSED, SHE IS SURE TO BE IMPRESSED!
HEH, HEH! THIS IS WHERE I BRING ABOUT HER UNDOING!



THAT GOT RID OF HER! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE SO "DISTRESSED" SINCE MY NURSEMAID'S GOWN FELL DOWN AT THE SERVANTS' BALL. I CAN STILL FEEL THE SPANKING I GOT FOR THAT!

PRINCE OF LIGHTNING
LIBBY CARSTAIRS – WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A GOOD LONG STAY WITH HER SCHOOL FRIEND, KIM BARLOW. KIM HAD INHERITED A BIG OLD MANOR HOUSE FROM HER UNCLE, PROFESSOR ROGER BARLOW
LIBBY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE, KIM
FROM THE FIRST I SENSED A LOOK OF STRAIN ON KIM'S FACE
NOW YOU VE SETTLED IN, LIBBY, I'LL SHOW YOU UNCLE ROGER'S COLLECTION. HE KNEW AN AWFUL LOT ABOUT THE ANCIENT MAYAN PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN CENTRAL AMERICA
SOUNDS INTERESTING
SHE TOOK ME TO THE TOP OF THE HOUSE
TEMPLE OF QUAZTEC THE PRINCE OF LIGHTNING
UNCLE HAD THAT PUT ON THE DOOR. YOU KNOW, LIBBY, I'M BEGINNING TO DREAD GOING IN THERE!
DREAD IT? BUT WHY...?
THAT'S QUAZTEC. THEY USED TO OFFER UP HUMAN SACRIFICES TO HIM WHENEVER A STORM BROKE. THE VICTIM LAY BOUND AND GAGGED ON THAT STONE SLAB BELOW
THIS IS A STATUE OF ONE OF THE PRIESTESSES AT THE CEREMONIES. THEY BELIEVED LIGHTNING WOULD STRIKE QUAZTEC'S SWORD AND FLASH DOWN TO KILL THE VICTIM. IT WAS HORRIBLE!

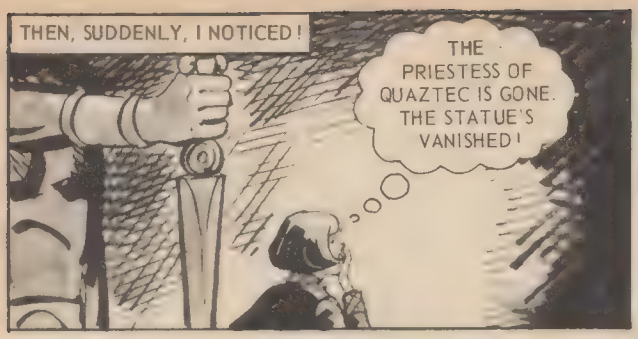
BUT IT ALL HAPPENED AGES AGO. IT'S DONE WITH, KIM
IT ISN'T, LIBBY – IT ISN'T! TWICE THIS WEEK I'VE COME IN HERE AFTER DARK AND SEEN SOMETHING THAT TERRIFIED ME



WE HAD A COSY SUPPER OF BACON AND EGGS AND CHIPS – MY FAVOURITE! DISTANT THUNDER WAS BEGINNING TO RUMBLE, BUT I MADE KIM LAUGH BY REMINDING HER HOW SUPERSTITIOUS SHE'D ALWAYS BEEN AT SCHOOL. ONCE, TRYING TO AVOID WALKING UNDER A LADDER, SHE'D SLIPPED AND FALLEN HEAD FIRST INTO A BARROWLOAD OF FRESH HERRINGS! HOWEVER, SHE WAS GLAD WHEN I OFFERED TO SLEEP ON THE SPARE DIVAN IN HER ROOM THAT NIGHT INSTEAD OF IN THE SEPARATE ROOM SHE'D PLANNED FOR ME

IT MUST HAVE BEEN LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT WHEN I WOKE UP. LIGHTNING WAS FLICKERING BEYOND THE WINDOW PANES
KIM'S SOUND ASLEEP – THANK GOODNESS

I'LL TAKE A PEEK AT THE TEMPLE ROOM. THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO REASSURE HER IN THE MORNING THAT THERE'S NOTHING GHOSTLY HAPPENING AT ALL

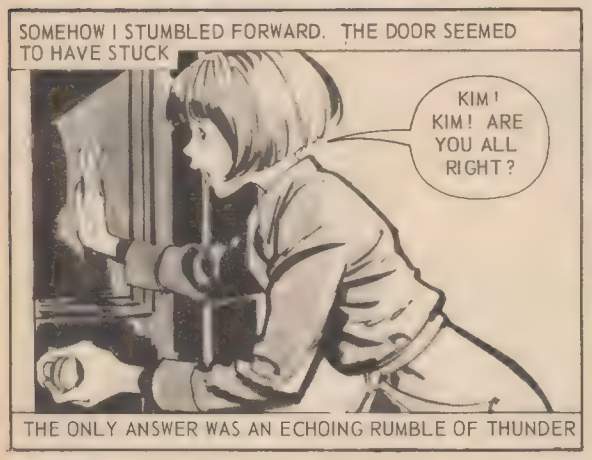

THEN, SUDDENLY, I NOTICED!
THE PRIESTESS OF QUAZTEC IS GONE. THE STATUE'S VANISHED!

KIM'S BEEN WITH ME THE WHOLE TIME, SO SHE COULDN'T HAVE SHIFTED THE STATUE. AND THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE!

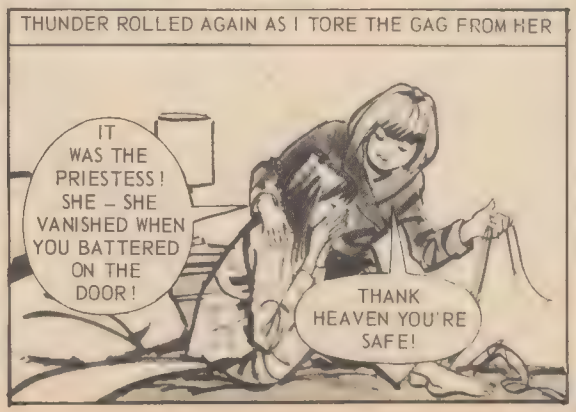
NEXT MOMENT I ALMOST SCREAMED
THE PRIESTESS! SHE'S ALIVE – MOVING...

I STOOD PETRIFIED. THE FIGURE TURNED AND GLIDED INTO KIM'S ROOM

I COULDN'T SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING IN THE ROOM
THE THUNDER SPEAKS! QUAZTEC AWAITS HIS VICTIM


SOMEHOW I STUMBLED FORWARD. THE DOOR SEEMED TO HAVE STUCK
KIM! KIM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THE ONLY ANSWER WAS AN ECHOING RUMBLE OF THUNDER

THE DOOR HAD BEEN JAMMED WITH A CHAIR. AT LAST I FORCED IT OPEN, SWITCHING ON THE LIGHT
KIM! OH, MY GOODNESS!

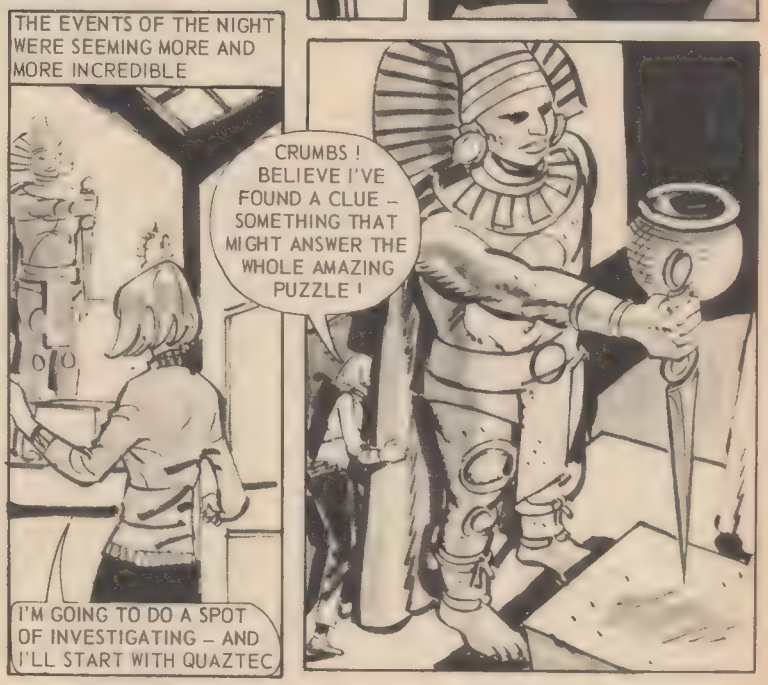

THUNDER ROLLED AGAIN AS I TORE THE GAG FROM HER
IT WAS THE PRIESTESS! SHE – SHE VANISHED WHEN YOU BATTERED ON THE DOOR!
THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE!

WE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE. LATER, WE EVEN PLUCKED UP COURAGE TO VISIT THE TEMPLE ROOM
LOOK! THE STATUE'S BACK IN PLACE!
IT CAME ALIVE, LIBBY!

NEITHER OF US SLEPT AGAIN THAT NIGHT. AND NEXT MORNING...
I WON'T SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT IN THE MANOR WITH THAT IDOL HERE!
THERE'S THE POSTMAN. I'LL FETCH THE MAIL

IT'S FROM A MISTER GRAYSON – AN OLD FRIEND OF UNCLE'S, IT SEEMS. HE WANTS TO BUY THE MAYAN RELICS. IT'S NOT A BIG PRICE, BUT WILL I BE GLAD TO GET RID OF THEM!

MR. GRAYSON AND HIS WIFE WERE STAYING IN THE VILLAGE
SURE YOU WON'T COME WITH ME TO MEET THEM AT THE HOTEL, LIBBY?
NO, I'LL POTTER ROUND. SEE YOU LATER


THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT WERE SEEMING MORE AND MORE INCREDIBLE
CRUMBS! BELIEVE I'VE FOUND A CLUE – SOMETHING THAT MIGHT ANSWER THE WHOLE AMAZING PUZZLE!
I'M GOING TO DO A SPOT OF INVESTIGATING – AND I'LL START WITH QUAZTEC

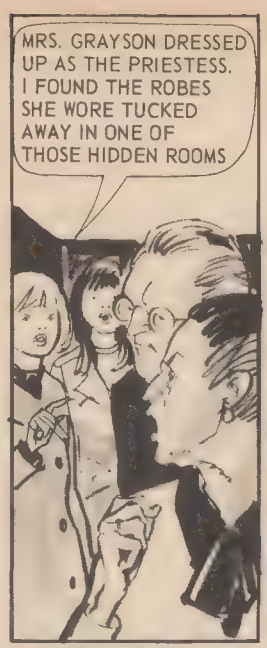
AT THE HOTEL KIM HAD BEEN HAVING A CHAT WITH MR. AND MRS. GRAYSON. THEN...
I'LL SIGN ANYTHING, MISTER GRAYSON – AS LONG AS YOU TAKE ALL THE RELICS OUT OF THE HOUSE TODAY
I THINK YOU'RE WISE, MY DEAR

THE MAYAN PEOPLE HAD STRANGE MYSTIC POWERS. IT COULD BE YOU ARE IN DANGER WHILE THOSE RELICS ARE IN YOUR POSSESSION

DON'T SIGN ANYTHING, KIM. YOU'RE BEING CHEATED!
LIBBY!

LOOK! THIS SCRAP OF CLOTH I FOUND BEHIND THE IDOL JUST FITS THE TEAR IN HIS SLEEVE. IT SHOWS HE'S BEEN IN THE MANOR!
RUBBISH!

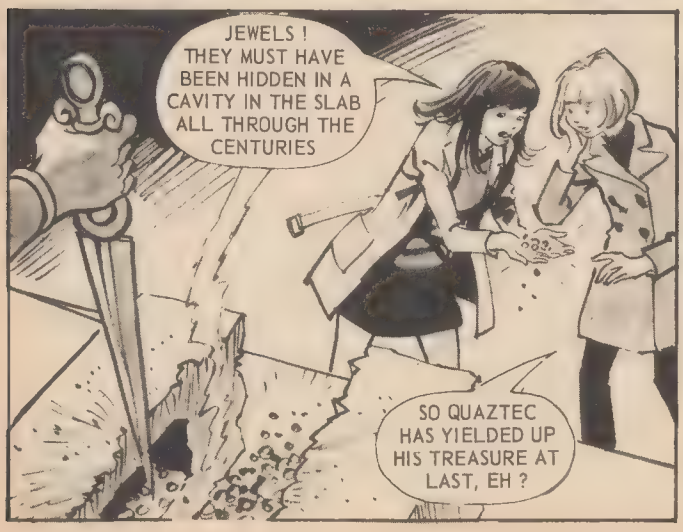
BUT I HAD PLENTY OF PROOF. I'D FOUND THAT THE QUAZTEC IDOL WAS HOLLOW – BY PRESSING THE BACK YOU COULD OPEN IT UP. SO IT WAS EASY FOR ANYONE TO MAKE QUAZTEC'S EYES GLITTER JUST BY CREEPING INSIDE AND SHINING A TORCH ! ALSO I'D FOUND A PARCHMENT MAP INDICATING SLIDING PANELS, HIDDEN STAIR-CASES AND SECRET ROOMS IN THE OLD MANOR, WHICH HAD BEEN USED AS HIDEY-HOLES IN THE DAYS OF THE CAVALIERS. MR. G. HAD COME ACROSS THE MAP BY CHANCE AND USED IT TO HELP HIM SCARE KIM INTO SELLING THE RELICS CHEAP



I'D ALREADY ALERTED THE POLICE
THIS SOUNDS LIKE A CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD MISS BARLOW. YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAD BETTER COME TO THE STATION, SIR

ON THE WAY BACK, LATER ON . . .
GOSH ! LOOK AT THE SKY !
I GUESS THE STORM THAT'S BEEN RUMBLING AROUND FOR SO LONG IS GOING TO BURST AT LAST

WE HURRIED TO THE MANOR AND DASHED UP TO THE TEMPLE ROOM
THE LIGHTNING STRUCK THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT AT QUAZTEC'S SWORD –
AND SHATTERED THE STONE SLAB ! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING GLITTERING IN THE MIDDLE THERE


JEWELS ! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HIDDEN IN A CAVITY IN THE SLAB ALL THROUGH THE CENTURIES
SO QUAZTEC HAS YIELDED UP HIS TREASURE AT LAST, EH ?

THOSE GEMS WERE WORTH A FORTUNE. KIM INSISTED ON USING THEM TO HELP THE DESCENDANTS OF THE MAYAN PEOPLE – POOR INDIANS IN CENTRAL AMERICA. STRANGE THAT THE IDOL THEIR ANCESTORS FEARED SHOULD BRING THEM GOOD LUCK IN THE END !

Continued from page 80,

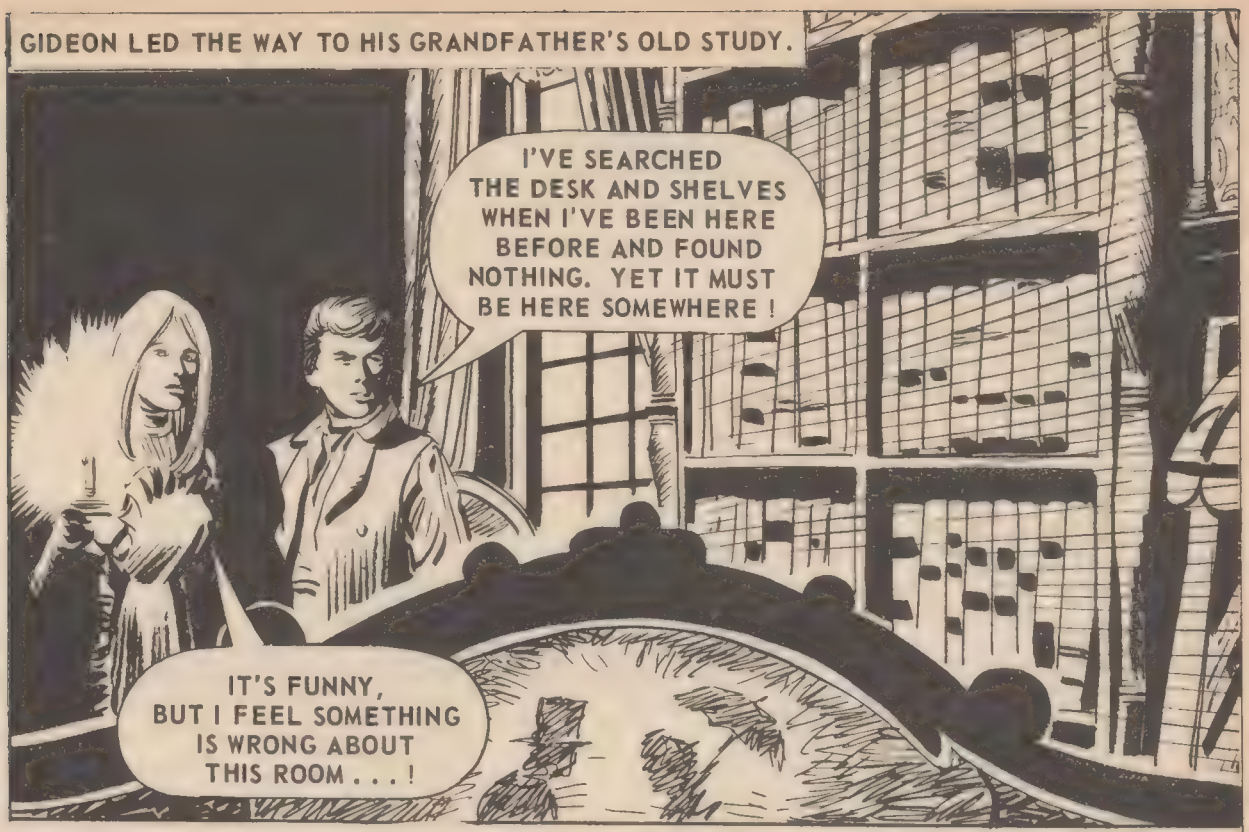
AS THEY TALKED, NEITHER NOTICED A BURLY MAN A LITTLE WAY ABOVE THEM – WATCHING AND LISTENING.
I HAD HOPED TO STOP IT HAPPENING BY FINDING THE OTHER WILL. BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW!
WHAT WILL, GIDEON? WHY IS IT TOO LATE?
GRANDFATHER LOVED THESE WILD PLACES JUST AS WE DO. WHEN HE REALISED UNCLE NATHAN PLANNED TO DESTROY THE MARSHES, HE MADE ANOTHER WILL LEAVING HIS ESTATE TO MY FATHER . . .
I COULDN'T FIND THAT SECOND WILL. GRANDFATHER MADE IT ONLY WEEKS BEFORE HE DIED. HE WAS VERY WEAK AT THAT TIME AND NEVER LEFT HIS ROOMS – SO IT'S THERE SOMEWHERE, BUT MY CHANCE TO FIND IT HAS GONE AT LEAST FOR NOW!
THEN – THEN YOU ARE THE REAL OWNER OF NORTH-CLIFFE!

THE MAN HAD CREPT CLOSER – AND EVERY WORD REACHED HIS EARS . . .
SO IT WAS YOU I SAW – ON MY FIRST NIGHT AT THE HALL !
YES – WHILE UNCLE WAS AWAY IT WAS EASY FOR ME TO GET INTO THE HALL AT NIGHT AND SEARCH, BUT NOW THERE ARE TOO MANY SERVANTS ABOUT.
EMILIE FELT A TREMOR OF EXCITEMENT RUN THROUGH HER.
GIDEON, LISTEN – THERE'S GOING TO BE A GRAND BALL AT NORTH-CLIFFE IN A FEW DAYS' TIME. EVERYONE WILL BE IN THE MAIN HALL. I COULD LET YOU IN AND WE COULD SEARCH TOGETHER !
WOULD YOU–WOULD YOU REALLY, EMILIE?

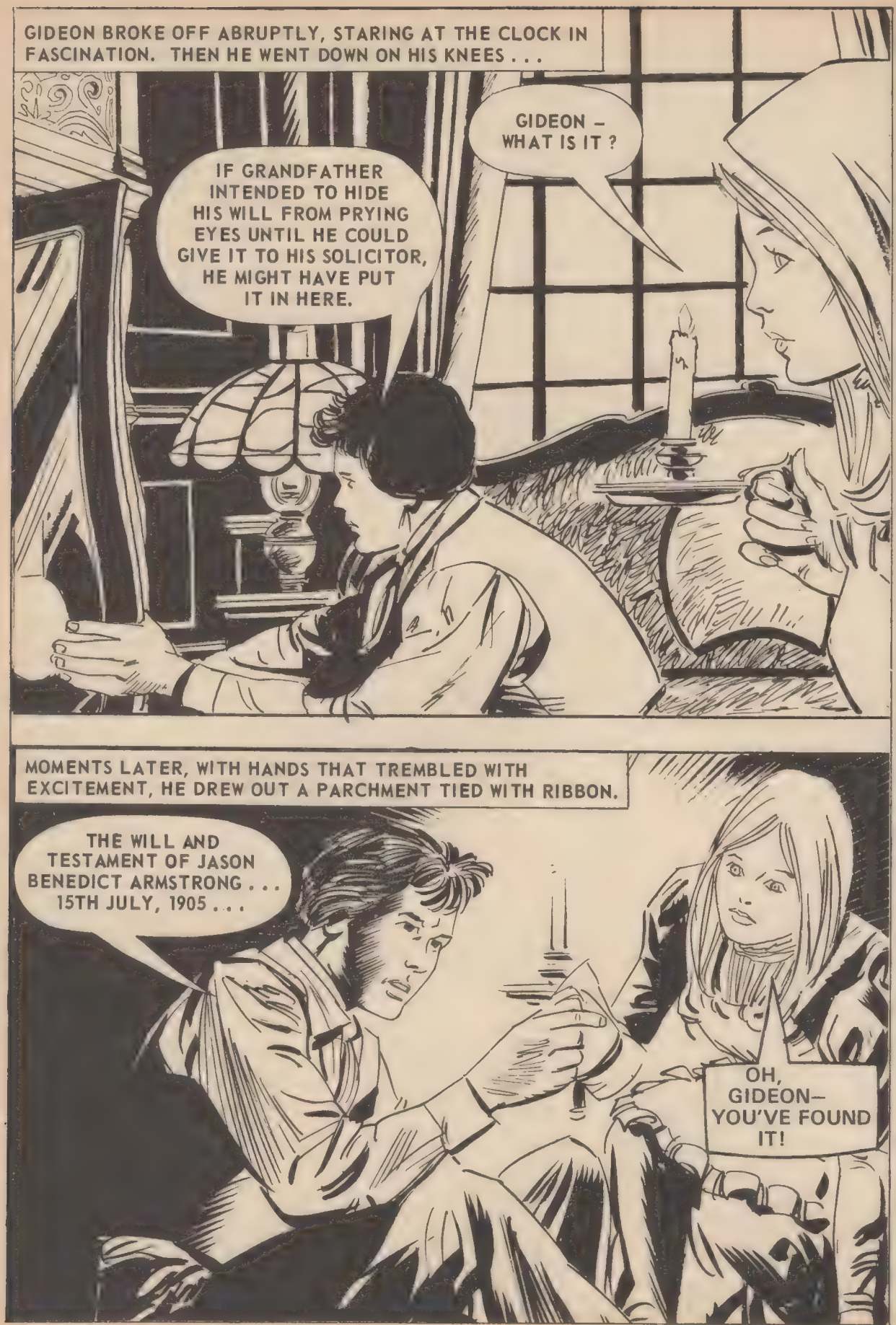
SO IT WAS ARRANGED. EMILIE RETURNED TO NORTH-CLIFFE, HAPPY WITH THE THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS GOING TO HELP GIDEON – AND UNAWARE THAT THEIR PLAN WAS ALREADY DOOMED.

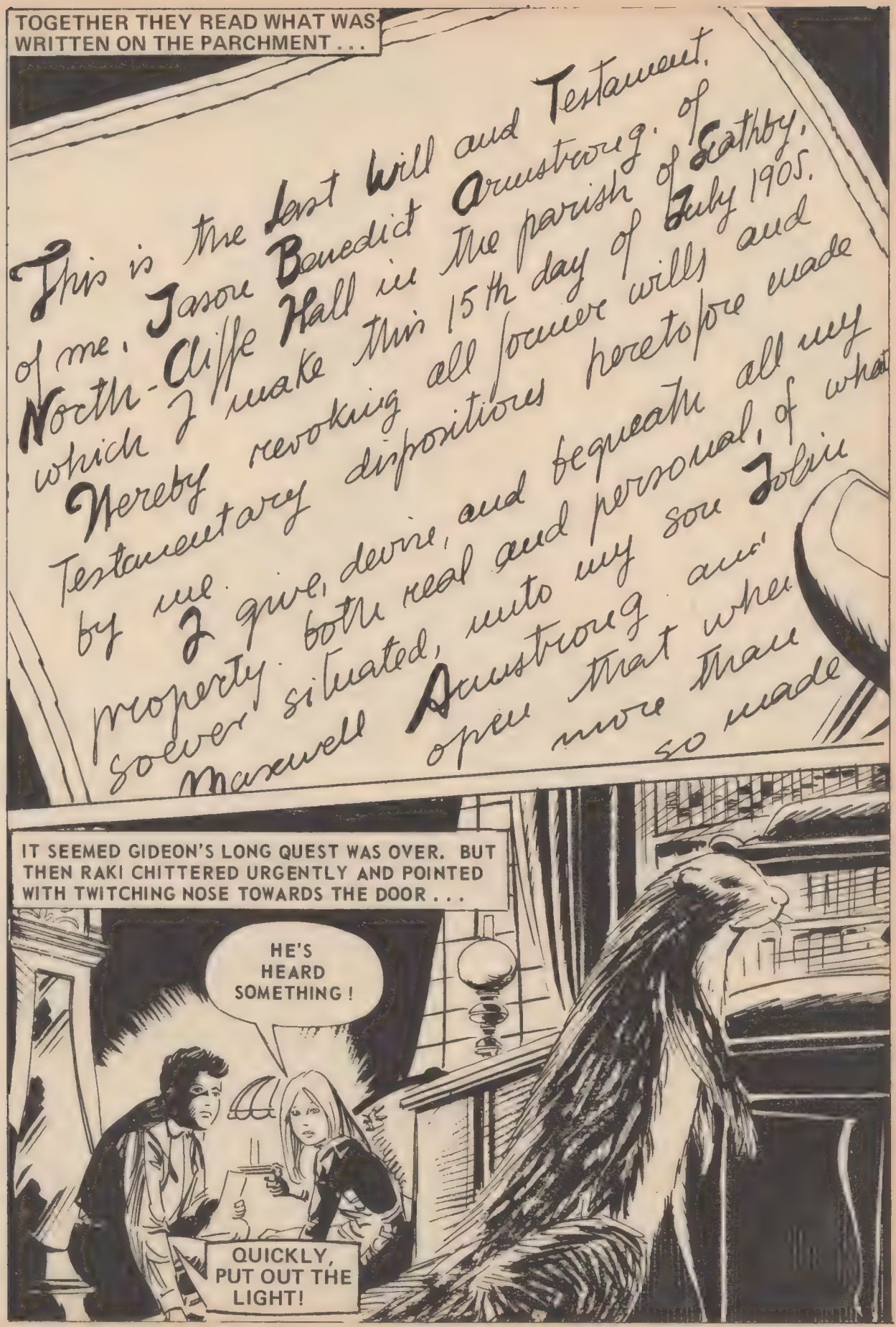
BUT NATHAN ARMSTRONG JUST SMILED – A SLOW, UNPLEASANT SMILE . . .

ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL, EMILIE WATCHED FROM THE SHADOWS AS THE GUESTS ARRIVED AND THE HALL FILLED WITH COLOUR AND GAIETY. AT LAST . . .
IT IS TIME . . . !
WITH HEART POUNDING, SHE STOLE AWAY TO THE WEST WING – AND GIDEON . . .
IT WILL BE QUITE SAFE, THERE IS NOBODY ABOUT. . .
BUT SHE WAS WRONG – SADLY WRONG. ALREADY THE FIRST LINK IN THE CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCE, THAT WAS TO LEAD TO TRAGEDY, HAD BEEN FORGED . . .
YOU'VE WALKED RIGHT INTO THE TRAP, LAD – AND I'LL SEE YOU DON'T GET OUT AGAIN IN ONE PIECE


GIDEON LED THE WAY TO HIS GRANDFATHER'S OLD STUDY.
I'VE SEARCHED THE DESK AND SHELVES WHEN I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE AND FOUND NOTHING. YET IT MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE !
IT'S FUNNY, BUT I FEEL SOMETHING IS WRONG ABOUT THIS ROOM . . . !

FOR SOME MINUTES, AS GIDEON CONTINUED HIS SEARCH, EMILIE STOOD, HER GAZE WANDERING AROUND THE ROOM. AND THEN . . .
OF COURSE, I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG ! IT'S SO QUIET IN HERE ! THE CLOCK SHOULD BE TICKING !
GRANDFATHER WAS FOND OF THAT CLOCK. NOBODY WAS ALLOWED TO TOUCH IT EXCEPT HIM. HE ALWAYS WOUND IT HIMSELF, AND –


GIDEON BROKE OFF ABRUPTLY, STARING AT THE CLOCK IN FASCINATION. THEN HE WENT DOWN ON HIS KNEES . . .
GIDEON – WHAT IS IT ?
IF GRANDFATHER INTENDED TO HIDE HIS WILL FROM PRYING EYES UNTIL HE COULD GIVE IT TO HIS SOLICITOR, HE MIGHT HAVE PUT IT IN HERE.
MOMENTS LATER, WITH HANDS THAT TREMBLED WITH EXCITEMENT, HE DREW OUT A PARCHMENT TIED WITH RIBBON.
THE WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JASON BENEDICT ARMSTRONG . . . 15TH JULY, 1905 . . .
OH, GIDEON– YOU'VE FOUND IT!


TOGETHER THEY READ WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE PARCHMENT . . .
This is the last Will and Testament of me, Jason Benedict Armstrong, of North-Cliffe Hall in the parish of Scathby, which I make this 15th day of July 1905. Hereby revoking all former wills and Testamentary dispositions heretofore made by me. I give, devise, and bequeath all my property both real and personal, of what soever situated, unto my son John Maxwell Armstrong and his heirs for ever. Provided that when he shall attain the age of twenty-one years, if he shall not then be living, I direct that my said property shall go to such of my children as shall be living at the time of his death, and if more than one, then in equal shares.
IT SEEMED GIDEON'S LONG QUEST WAS OVER. BUT THEN RAKI CHITTERED URGENTLY AND POINTED WITH TWITCHING NOSE TOWARDS THE DOOR . . .
HE'S HEARD SOMETHING!
QUICKLY, PUT OUT THE LIGHT!

THEY DARTED ACROSS TO THE WINDOW WHICH GIDEON HAD LEFT OPEN . . .
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, EMILIE ?
YES – YES, I'LL COME – SOMEHOW. BUT NOW PLEASE GO ! HURRY !
THANKFULLY, EMILIE WATCHED GIDEON DROP LIGHTLY FROM THE SILL. HE TOOK A PACE FORWARD AND THEN STOPPED AND GAVE A WILD CRY OF PAIN.
AAAAAGH !
GIDEON – !

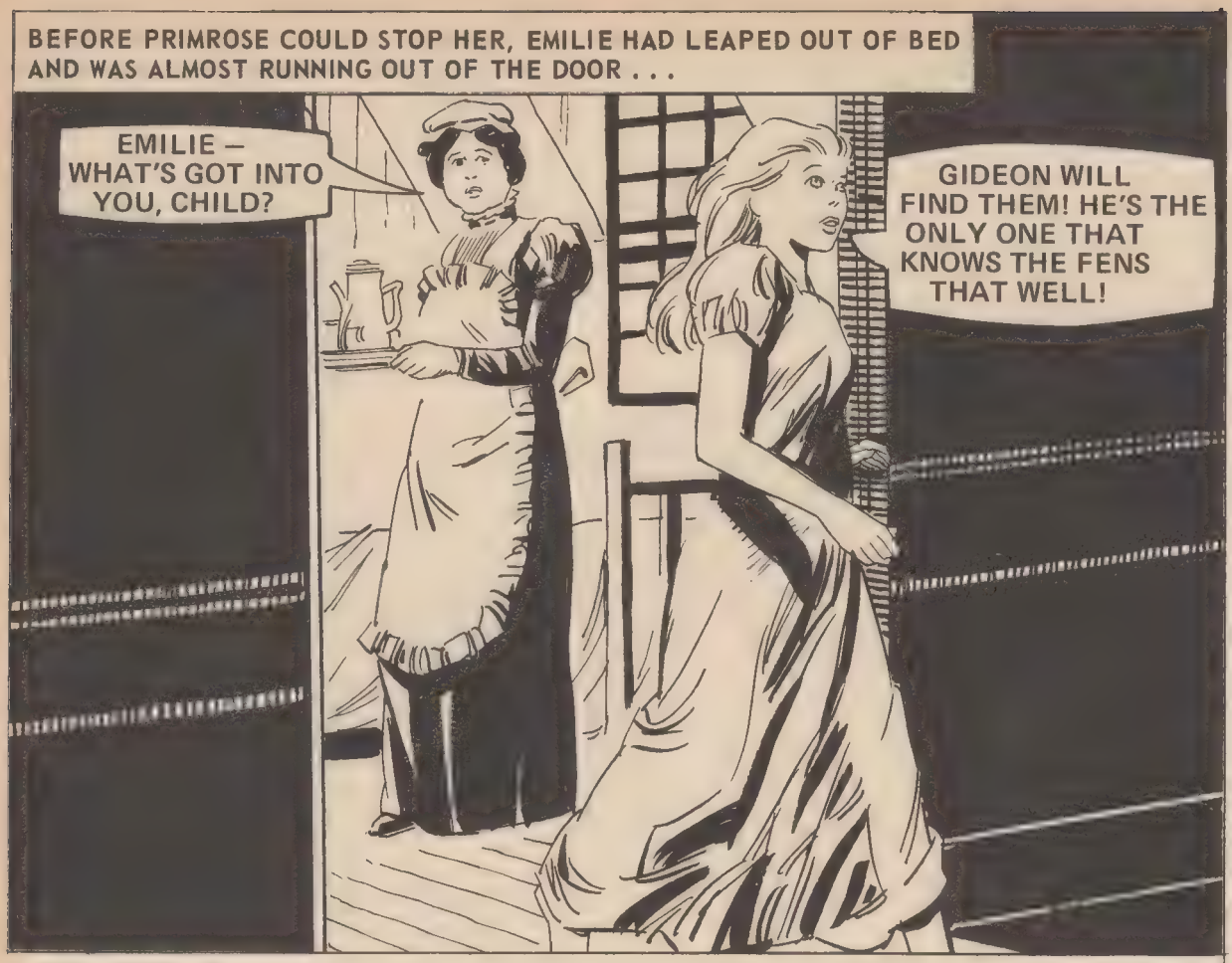
THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS WERE LIKE A NIGHTMARE. SHE HEARD A MAN SHOUT AND THERE WAS THE SOUND OF POUNDING FEET ON A GRAVEL PATH. THEN A STRONG HAND CLAMPED ON HER SHOULDER . . .
AAAH – MY LEG'S CAUGHT IN A TRAP!
SHE FOUND HERSELF STARING INTO THE BLEAK FACE OF NATHAN ARMSTRONG.
PLOT AGAINST ME, WOULD YOU, YOU LITTLE VIXEN !

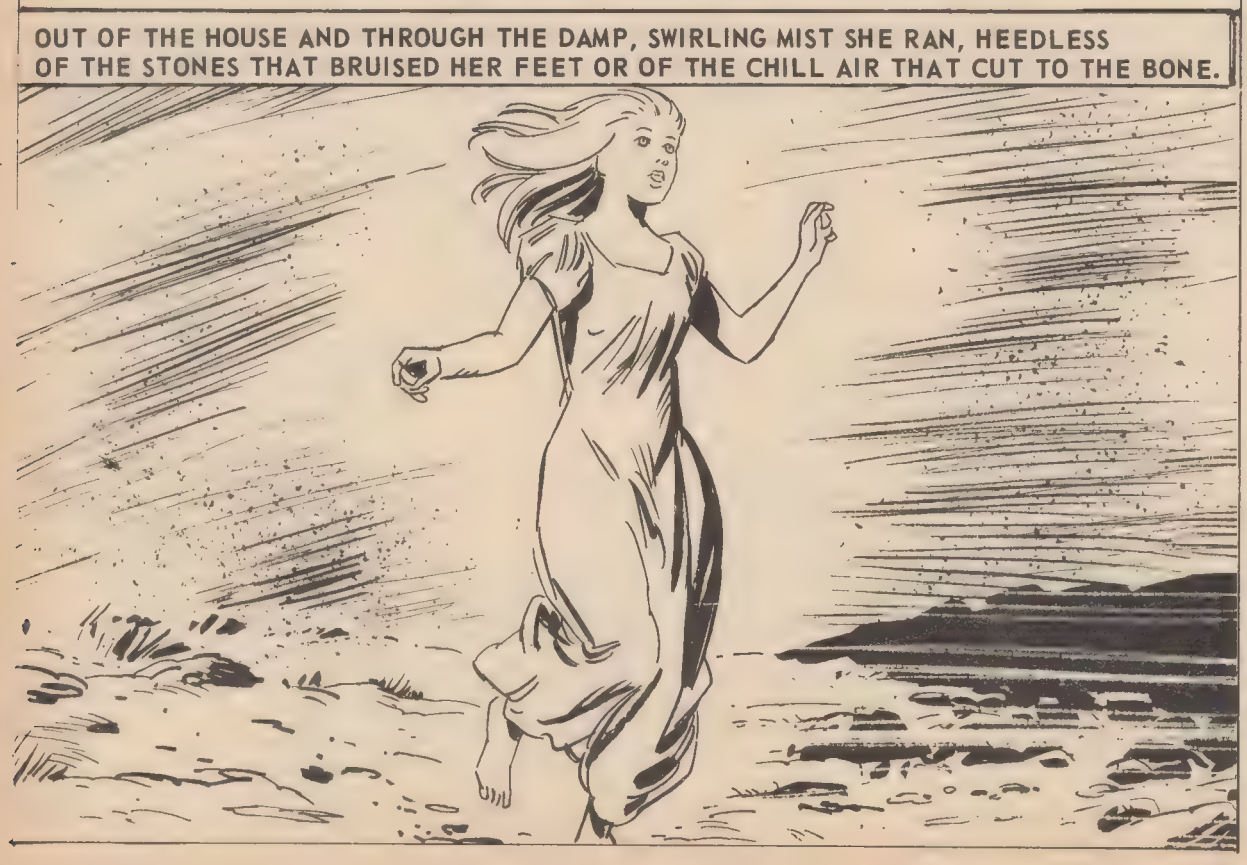
IS THE BOY THERE, CARTER ?
NO, SIR — THE LITTLE TIKE BROKE FREE 'FORE I COULD NAB 'IM. BUT HE DROPPED THIS!
EMILIE COULD ONLY STAND AND WATCH AS, WITH A CRUEL SMILE OF SATISFACTION, ARMSTRONG READ THE WILL, THEN DELIBERATELY PUT A MATCH TO IT . . .
SO THE MATTER ENDS ! NOW IT WOULD BE MY WORD AGAINST YOURS, MY DEAR – THE WORD OF A SERVANT GIRL.

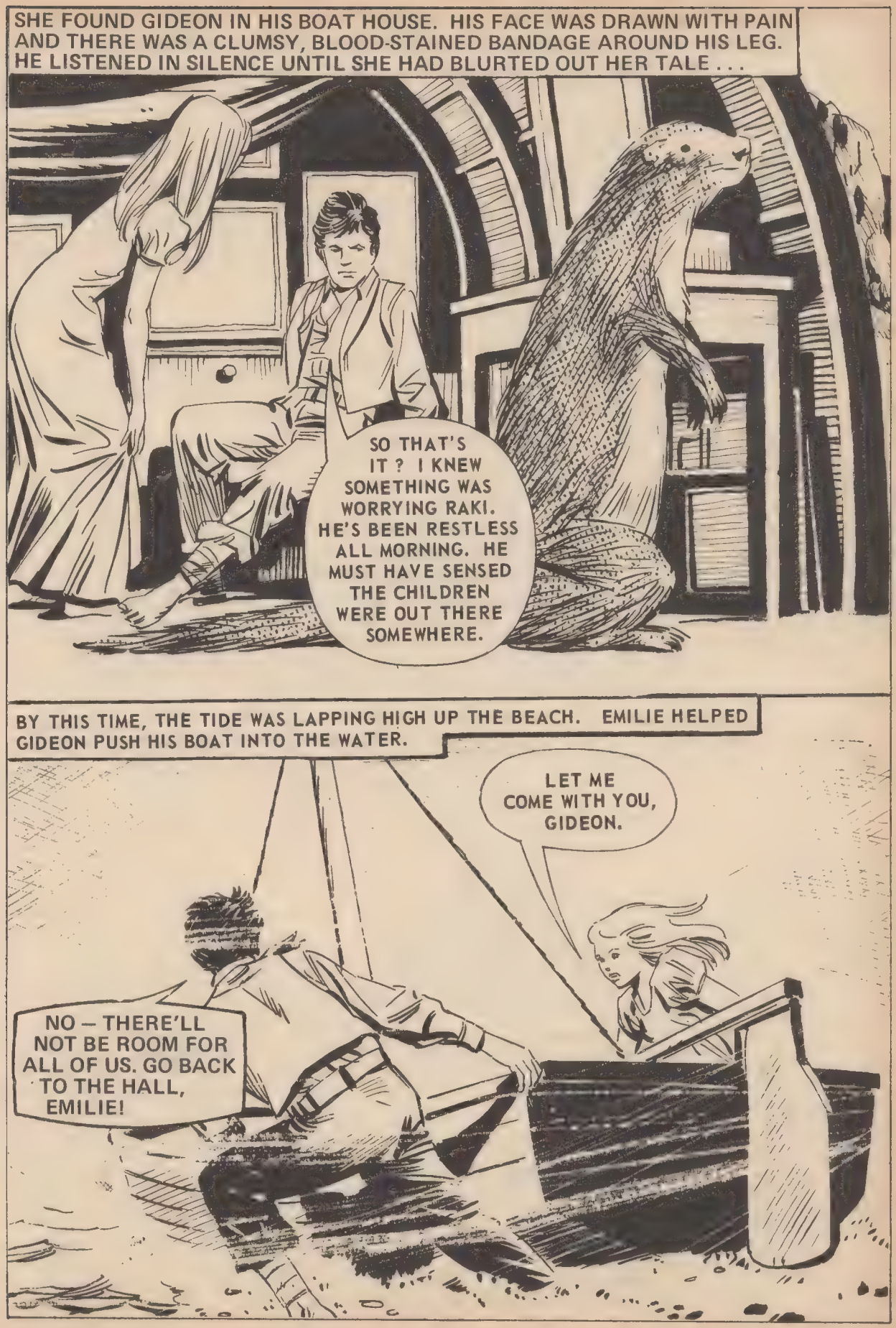
SHE CARED LITTLE AS HE CONTINUED. NOTHING MATTERED ANY MORE FOR SHE KNEW SHE WAS WATCHING GIDEON'S HOPES DYING IN THOSE FLAMES !
YOU ARE DISMISSED FROM YOUR POSITION, AND WILL BE RETURNED TO LONDON TOMORROW. NOW GO TO YOUR ROOM !
FOR HOURS SHE LAY AWAKE, TORMENTED BY HER ANXIETY FOR GIDEON. BUT JUST BEFORE DAWN, WEARINESS CLAIMED HER AND SHE SLEPT . . .

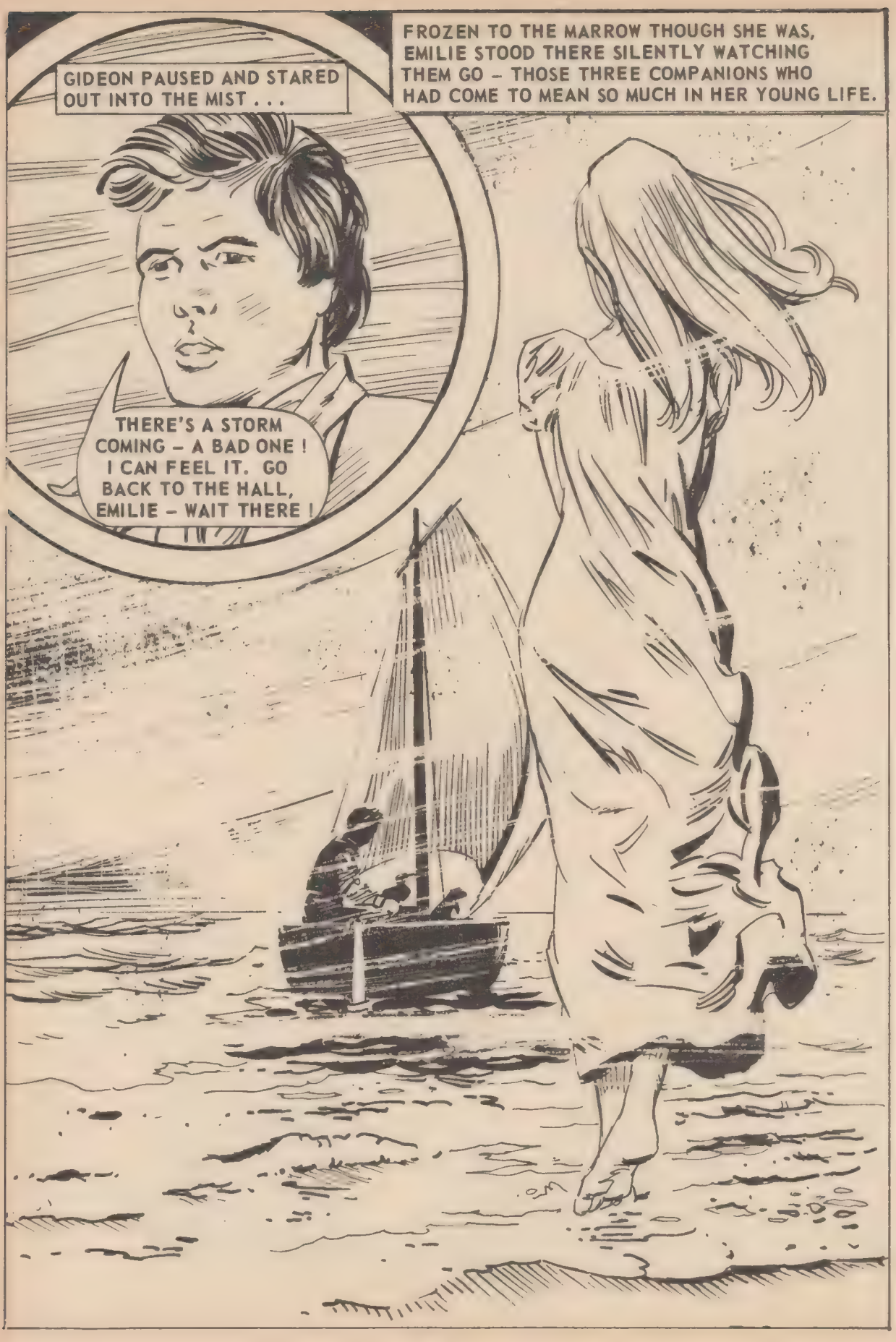
WHEN SHE DID AWAKEN AT LAST, THE MORNING WAS WELL ADVANCED, AND PRIMROSE WAS STANDING BY HER BED.
HERE, LOVE – I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME BREAKFAST.
THANK YOU, PRIMROSE, BUT I'LL JUST HAVE SOME TEA, IF YOU DON'T MIND ? I'M SO MISERABLE . . .
AYE, 'TIS A DAY OF TROUBLE AND SORROW FOR THIS WHOLE HOUSEHOLD, I'M THINKING!
SOMETHING IN THE TONE OF THE COOK'S VOICE MADE EMILIE LOOK UP SHARPLY.
WHAT TROUBLE ?
THE CHILDREN ARE MISSING. YOUNG ARNOLD AND MARTHA, THEY TOOK THEIR PONIES AND WENT OUT RIDING ON THE SANDS, WHEN THEY'D BEEN TOLD NOT TO GO . . .

A THICK MIST HAD COME DOWN SUDDENLY AND THE PONIES HAD RETURNED WITHOUT THE CHILDREN. A WHOLE HOUR THEY HAD BEEN MISSING ALREADY . . .
EMILIE FORGOT HER OWN TROUBLES . . .
BUT THE TIDE WILL BE TURNING SOON – AND YOU KNOW HOW FAST IT COMES IN ACROSS THOSE FLAT SANDS !
AYE – MR. ARMSTRONG'S GOT EVERYBODY OUT SEARCHING, BUT I'M FEARFUL, EMILIE – AWFUL FEARFUL!

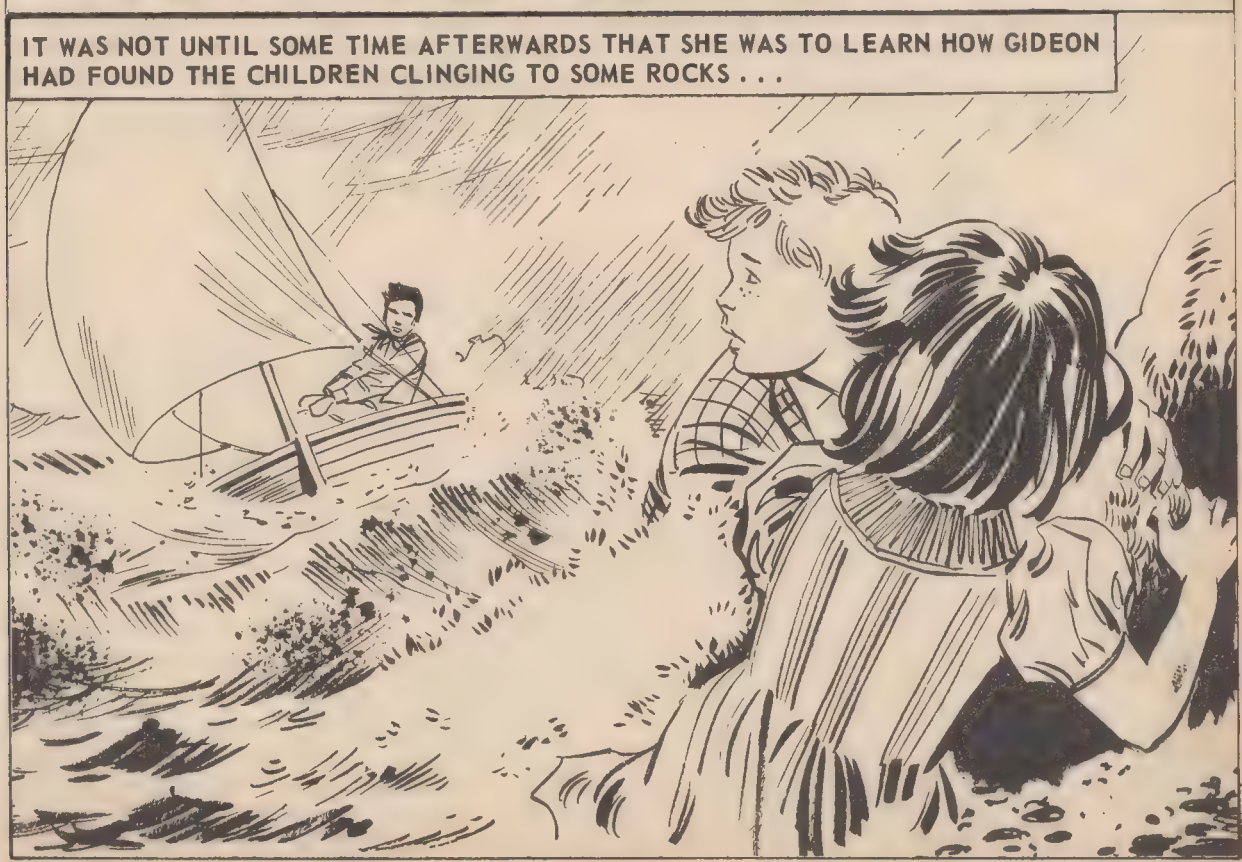

BEFORE PRIMROSE COULD STOP HER, EMILIE HAD LEAPED OUT OF BED AND WAS ALMOST RUNNING OUT OF THE DOOR . . .
EMILIE — WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU, CHILD?
GIDEON WILL FIND THEM! HE'S THE ONLY ONE THAT KNOWS THE FENS THAT WELL!


OUT OF THE HOUSE AND THROUGH THE DAMP, SWIRLING MIST SHE RAN, HEEDLESS OF THE STONES THAT BRUISED HER FEET OR OF THE CHILL AIR THAT CUT TO THE BONE.


SHE FOUND GIDEON IN HIS BOAT HOUSE. HIS FACE WAS DRAWN WITH PAIN AND THERE WAS A CLUMSY, BLOOD-STAINED BANDAGE AROUND HIS LEG. HE LISTENED IN SILENCE UNTIL SHE HAD BLURTED OUT HER TALE . . .
SO THAT'S IT ? I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WORRYING RAKI. HE'S BEEN RESTLESS ALL MORNING. HE MUST HAVE SENSED THE CHILDREN WERE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.
BY THIS TIME, THE TIDE WAS LAPPING HIGH UP THE BEACH. EMILIE HELPED GIDEON PUSH HIS BOAT INTO THE WATER.
LET ME COME WITH YOU, GIDEON.
NO – THERE'LL NOT BE ROOM FOR ALL OF US. GO BACK TO THE HALL, EMILIE!

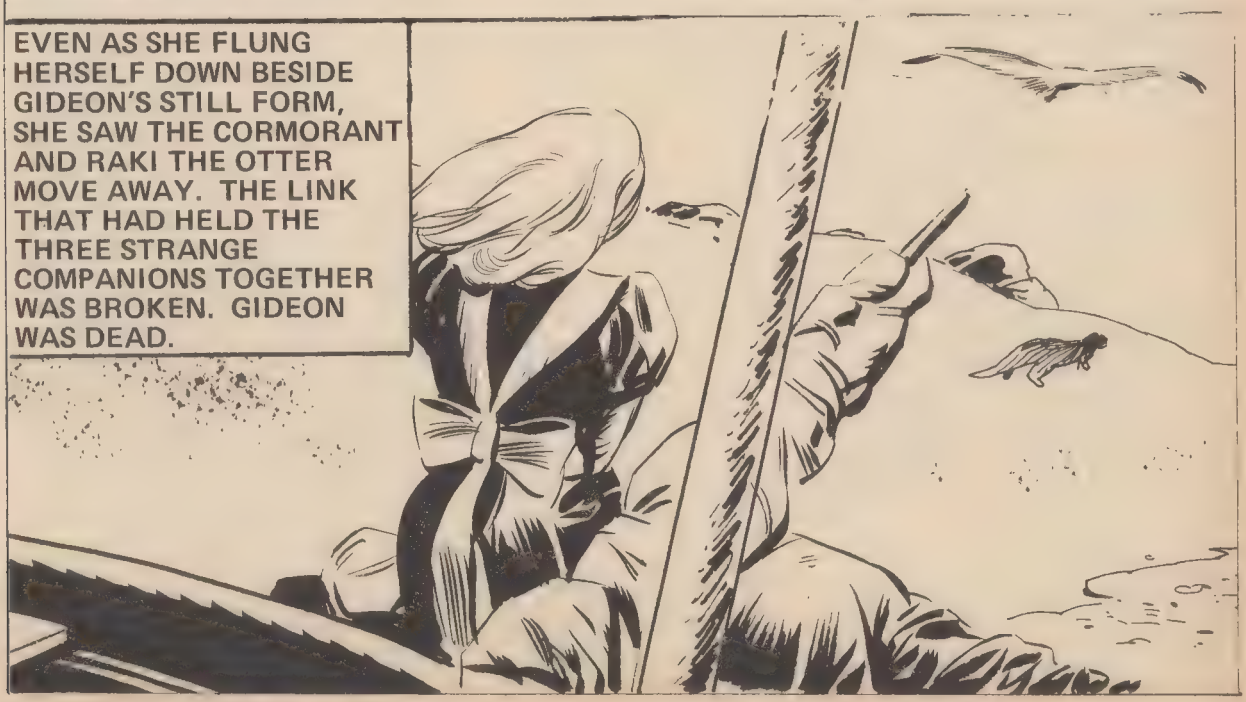

GIDEON PAUSED AND STARED OUT INTO THE MIST . . .
THERE'S A STORM COMING – A BAD ONE ! I CAN FEEL IT. GO BACK TO THE HALL, EMILIE – WAIT THERE !
FROZEN TO THE MARROW THOUGH SHE WAS, EMILIE STOOD THERE SILENTLY WATCHING THEM GO – THOSE THREE COMPANIONS WHO HAD COME TO MEAN SO MUCH IN HER YOUNG LIFE.

IT WAS AS GIDEON HAD PREDICTED. WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES, A TERRIBLE STORM HAD BURST IN ALL ITS FURY ON THAT STRETCH OF COAST. ALL EMILES COULD DO WAS SHARE A SILENT VIGIL WITH THE ARMSTRONGS – AND PRAY.
PLEASE – PLEASE LET HIM COME BACK SAFELY!


IT WAS NOT UNTIL SOME TIME AFTERWARDS THAT SHE WAS TO LEARN HOW GIDEON HAD FOUND THE CHILDREN CLINGING TO SOME ROCKS . . .

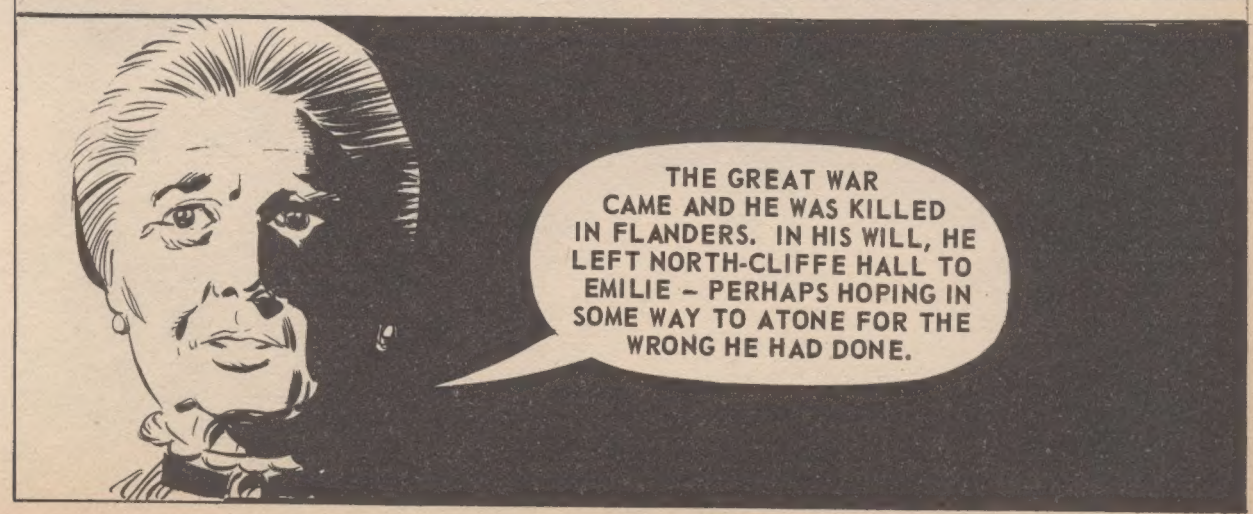
AND OF THE LONG, DESPERATE STRUGGLE THE BOY FOUGHT AGAINST THE RAGING ELEMENTS TO BRING THE BOAT AND THE CHILDREN SAFELY TO SHORE . . .
IT SEEMED HOURS LATER THAT THE ORDEAL OF WAITING ENDED . . .
THEY'VE COME FROM THE BEACH, SIR. MASTER ARNOLD SAYS THE BOY IS STILL DOWN THERE — VERY ILL . . .

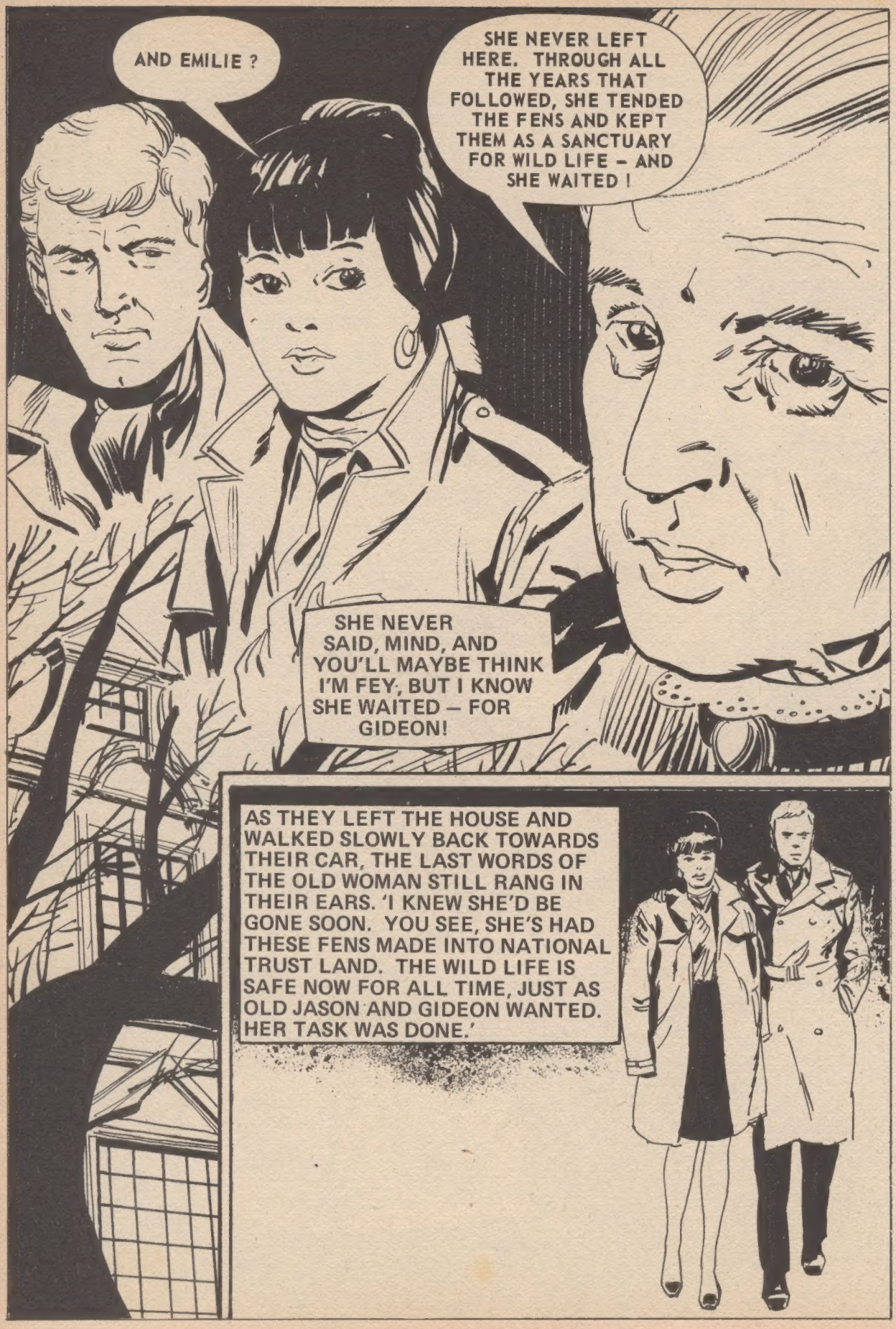
WILDLY, EMILIE RAN OUT INTO THE STORM. BUT, AS SHE CAME WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SURF CREAMING HUNGRILY UP THE BEACH, HER FOOTSTEPS FALTERED . . .
GIDEON ! OH NO . .. !


EVEN AS SHE FLUNG HERSELF DOWN BESIDE GIDEON'S STILL FORM, SHE SAW THE CORMORANT AND RAKI THE OTTER MOVE AWAY. THE LINK THAT HAD HELD THE THREE STRANGE COMPANIONS TOGETHER WAS BROKEN. GIDEON WAS DEAD.

AFTER THAT, EMILIE REMEMBERED ONLY THAT GENTLE ARMS GATHERED HER UP AND CARRIED HER TO THE HOUSE. LATER, SHE HEARD A STERN–FACED DOCTOR SPEAK TO MR. ARMSTRONG . . .
THE LAD MUST HAVE BEEN WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD FROM A WOUND HE HAD ON HIS ANKLE – AND THE STRAIN ON HIS HEART PROVED TOO GREAT !
MARTHA CAME TO THE END OF HER STORY. AS SHE FELL SILENT, MARY SPOKE . . .
AND YOU – YOU ARE MARTHA ? ONE OF THE CHILDREN WHO WAS RESCUED ?
YES, I AM MARTHA ARMSTRONG.

WITH THE ENDING OF THE TALE, THE SPELL THAT HAD HELD JOHN AND MARY FOR SO LONG WAS BROKEN. THEY EASED CRAMPED LIMBS AND REALISED THAT THE STORM HAD PASSED – AND THAT THE FIRST PALE LIGHT OF DAY HAD ALREADY TOUCHED THE WINDOW PANES.


THE GREAT WAR CAME AND HE WAS KILLED IN FLANDERS. IN HIS WILL, HE LEFT NORTH-CLIFFE HALL TO EMILIE – PERHAPS HOPING IN SOME WAY TO ATONE FOR THE WRONG HE HAD DONE.


AND EMILIE ?
SHE NEVER LEFT HERE. THROUGH ALL THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, SHE TENDED THE FENS AND KEPT THEM AS A SANCTUARY FOR WILD LIFE – AND SHE WAITED !
SHE NEVER SAID, MIND, AND YOU'LL MAYBE THINK I'M FEY, BUT I KNOW SHE WAITED – FOR GIDEON!
AS THEY LEFT THE HOUSE AND WALKED SLOWLY BACK TOWARDS THEIR CAR, THE LAST WORDS OF THE OLD WOMAN STILL RANG IN THEIR EARS. 'I KNEW SHE'D BE GONE SOON. YOU SEE, SHE'S HAD THESE FENS MADE INTO NATIONAL TRUST LAND. THE WILD LIFE IS SAFE NOW FOR ALL TIME, JUST AS OLD JASON AND GIDEON WANTED. HER TASK WAS DONE.'

JOHN AND MARY REACHED THE CLIFF TOP AND LOOKED OUT TO SEA. IN THE MISTY LIGHT OF DAWN THEY COULD JUST SEE A SMALL BOAT – SAILING AWAY . . .

MARY TURNED TO JOHN AND THERE WAS WONDER IN HER EYES.

JOHN, DO YOU–DO YOU THINK . . . ?

I DON'T KNOW, MARY. WE NEVER WILL – BUT I HOPE SO!

THE END

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